

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

November

25
Cents

Beginning:

*A Startling Human Document
from The Book of Life*

I LIVED A LIE



HENRY
CLIVE

VIOLET RAY *New Way*

To Health Beauty Vigor

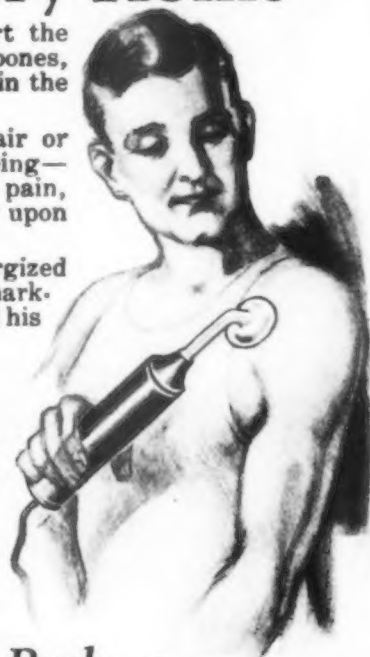


Scientific, Painless Treatment Used
by Doctors, Hospitals, Sanitariums
Now Offered to Every Home

Have you ever considered the vitally important part the billions of cells in your body play in keeping the tissues, bones, nerves, skin, hair and other parts of the human anatomy in the pink of condition?

Only healthy, active cells possess the power to repair or build, absorb or throw off. Healthy cells mean well being—injured, diseased or inactive cells are the originators of pain, sickness, death. Your blood is merely a source of supply upon which these marvelous little organisms draw.

Medical science has long known that cell life can be energized through certain forms of electrical stimulation. Then a remarkable discovery was made when Nikola Tesla gave the world his invention for producing health-giving violet rays.



Read These Astounding Testimonials

Facials Miss Trixie Friganza, famous actress, writes: "It's the best pain chaser and soother I've ever had the good fortune to find. It's wonderful. It cured my brother of neuritis. As for myself, I use it for facial treatments and general massage. I cannot say too much for Violetta."

Rheumatism "The Violetta is everything it is claimed to be. Drugs cannot compete with it for Lumbago and Rheumatism; or when a general toning up of the system is desired."—A. J. Albert, Minnesota.

Asthma "Your Violetta has completely cured asthma that I had for 25 years. I am a booster for your Violet Ray in every way."—W. E. Hopson, Texas.

Headaches "I am tickled pink over it. Beats medicines every way. Suffered with headaches and have never used anything that gives as quick relief. Wouldn't take \$100 for my Violetta if I couldn't get another."—Mrs. Ora Gallon, Michigan.

Acne "I used the Violetta for a severe case of Acne. It helped me considerably, for the Acne is gone."—H. J. Kobber, Chicago.

Neuritis "The Violetta which I received worked wonders on the neuritis of eight years standing. I had taken all kinds of medicine, tried osteopathic and chiropractic treatments without benefit. Now I am able to sleep nights as I did before the trouble came on. Am gaining right along."—J. T. Blackman, Cal.

Headache "I had a very bad headache and pain in my head. I used the machine and in a very short time the pain was all gone. After using Violetta four days I felt like a different man."—John Naunestad, Illinois.

Violetta 10 Days Free Trial

For Health—Beauty—Vigor

Violetta is an invention for producing genuine violet rays from ordinary electric current. Violet Rays go direct to the source of the trouble—the cells themselves—revive and stimulate them to healthy activity as positively as an electric current revives a run-down battery. The mysterious, baffling, supernatural power of Violet Rays is as phenomenal as the marvels of radio. Why Violet Rays should possess such miraculous curative power over pain and disease is as much a mystery as the ether wave's ability to transmit a whisper through miles of space.

Let us tell you how thousands of men and women suffering from rheumatism, nervousness, skin diseases, headaches, constipation, sprains, falling hair, obesity, prostrate trouble and many other ailments, have found quick relief, new health and vitality with this marvelous scientific invention. We also have many positively astounding letters from former sufferers of paralysis—even asthma and hay fever yield to the Violet Ray treatment.

With a Violetta Outfit you can give yourself at home the same treatments for which doctors and specialists charge \$3 to \$5. Saves hours, days, months of suffering. Always ready for instant use. No medicine. A painless, pleasant treatment—for men, women or children. Only the Violet Ray can penetrate to every cell and nerve affected. Anybody can use the Violetta.

So great has been the success of Violetta in satisfying all users that we are willing to send the complete outfit on 10 days'

Free Trial. Why suffer pain, run-down nerves, or poor health, when you can try Violetta in your own home without risking a penny?

Send for Free Book

Send for the free book now, telling all about Violet Rays and the long list of ailments successfully treated. Read some of the many amazing testimonials from users who have tried this new way to health, beauty, vigor. Mail the coupon. Send for all the facts and our liberal free trial offer today.

VI-REX COMPANY
2304 Warren Ave.
Dept. 781 Chicago



VI-REX COMPANY
2304 Warren Ave., Dept. 781, Chicago

Please send me your free book on Violet Rays and details of your 10 days free trial offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Ailment.....

If every married woman sent for a copy of this frankly written booklet



NATURAL enough for the woman of refined tastes to feel a reserve about certain intimate matters. Her whole upbringing has been surrounded by silence, even secrecy. As time goes on she hesitates more and more to inquire of other women. To her former timidity is now added the fear of seeming ignorant. She builds around herself a wall of self-consciousness.

True, she is aware of many of the vital facts of life, but she is not sure of her knowledge. How convenient then to have the real truth, the modern truth, the frank, scientific truth about feminine hygiene. That is what this valuable booklet gives; that is why every married woman should send for a copy.

The truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent women who, in their desire for complete surgical cleanliness have unwisely committed themselves to the use of bichloride of mercury. Well-meaning women, but ignorant of the risks they run of mercurial poisoning.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various compounds sold under the deadly label of the skull-and-crossbones. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic acid preparations always

contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes, finally resulting in hardened areas of scar-tissue.

New discovery does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are, there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there has been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is absolutely non-poisonous. Its name is Zonite and it may well be called a marvel. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is harmless to human tissue. It gives complete surgical cleanliness and produces a soothing and healing effect.

Then compare the power of carbolic acid itself with the power of this great new antiseptic, Zonite, which has been well-called "the gentle giant." It is a fact that Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. Yet what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is a deadly poison—so caustic that it produces a burning and searing wherever it comes in contact with tissues and membranes.

Zonite, on the contrary, is just as harmless to human beings as it is fatal to germs. It will not harden delicate tissues, nor render them dull and insensitive. In fact, dental

authorities are freely using and recommending Zonite for oral hygiene as a gargle or spray for the mouth and throat. As an antiseptic and germicide it is thoroughly reliable. A bottle of Zonite in the medicine chest can never lead to accidental poisoning. It is safe on the shelf, safe in the dark, safe in the hands of a child.

Is it any wonder, then, that the discovery of Zonite has been welcomed by physicians and nurses and women of refinement everywhere who realize the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness? Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

You can buy Zonite at any drug store in the country

Zonite has quickly swept over the country; word of its power has passed from mouth to mouth. Already practically every drug store in America has it in stock. Zonite is a powerful deodorant and leaves no odor of its own after the first few minutes. Full directions with every bottle. Also send for special free booklet prepared by the Women's Division. It is frank and scientific. Read it; pass it on to others. It is daintily illustrated. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Zonite a medicine chest in itself

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

Use Zonite Ointment for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy, burns, scratches and other surface infections. Also, as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

In bottles, 25c,
50c and \$1
at drug stores



Zonite

Zonite Products Co., Women's Division
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Feminine Hygiene (S-19)
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Please print name

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

VOLUME 79
NO. 3

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

NOVEMBER
1926

The BEST True-Life Serials

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Assistance and courtesy in the production of certain illustrations and photographic settings in this number were extended by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, pages 36 and 37, 66 and 67, 76 and 77; Paramount, pages 42 and 43; Universal, pages 46 and 48; First National, pages 72 and 73; International Newsreel, pages 73 and 74; Warner Brothers, page 78.

Next
Month



A Startling Article on Philandering Husbands and Wandering Wives

Why Married Folks Seek Adventure in Love

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Who knows Men and Women

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How the LaSalle Problem Method Doubles Your Salary



—Why in six months' time alone as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507, an average increase per man of 89 per cent!



No matter what you are making now, you are interested in any plan which suggests a practical way to increase your earnings—within a comparatively short time.

There *is* such a plan—it is known as the LaSalle Problem Method—and its practical value is attested by thousands of men who have employed it to plus their native aptitude with systematic training. Read these typical experiences:

Earns Fifty Times Cost of Training—"I say it without boasting, and simply as a statement of fact, that I have earned more than fifty times the cost of my LaSalle training, thru special accounting work, since taking it up; and in addition my regular income, or salary, has increased approximately 125 per cent, so that from a financial point of view it would seem to be a pretty fair investment."

E. G. WILHELM, Pennsylvania.

LaSalle Trained Him—Got Him the Job—"To LaSalle goes the credit for training me so that I was able to turn a refusal into an acceptance, in preference to over one hundred other applicants. I cannot give too much credit to LaSalle and its Placement Department for the success of my application for this very fine position."

E. W. DeMOTTE, New York.

Boosts Salary 400 Per Cent—"From the bench to the position of Superintendent in Charge of Export, with an increase of 400 per cent in salary—that is what has happened to me within a few short years. In all sincerity, I attribute my success in a very large measure to your splendid course in Business Management." C. C. MARTIN, Wisconsin.

The Start of a Successful Salesman—"I was employed by the Depot Filling Station, Inc., at \$22 per week when I enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Salesmanship. I am now working on Text 17. I wish to thank you for your personal assistance on some of the problems, and especially in obtaining for me my present excellent position. In the eight working days I have been with this organization, I have earned \$107.82, which not only places me in the 100% Club (by a large margin), but also proves clearly that LaSalle principles are sound."

R. J. SHEA, Massachusetts.



When thousands and thousands of men in the United States and Canada (not to mention many hundreds in England, Australia, China and other foreign countries) choose the LaSalle Problem Method to speed their progress—when within only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members report definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507—when the average increase so reported is 89 per cent—surely the LaSalle Problem Method must offer an unusually sound way of securing quickly the *kind* of experience that can be *cached*. It does. And here is *why*:

You Learn By Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the head of your firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he

solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to *work those problems out*—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster—*by far*—than that of the man who is compelled to pick up experience hit-or-miss.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by *solving problems*.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—your Chief—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful business houses in America.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering and maybe losing a job now and then, you are *coached* in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher positions. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until, at the conclusion of your training in a given branch of business, you have at your fingertips the *kind* of experience that men are willing and glad to pay real money for.

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

If you are in earnest when you say that you want to get ahead, you will not be content until you put this kind of training to the test—exchange it, just as thousands have done, for a bigger income.

The details of the LaSalle Problem Method—often spoken of as the *salary-doubling plan*—will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value. And it's *FREE*.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon *NOW*.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

CLIP AND MAIL

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 1150-R

Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.

☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant etc.

☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree

☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

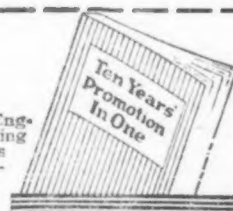
☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.

☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.

☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

What Smart Set's Younger Set Think of Their Parents

"THEY don't understand us"—that's the burden of the complaint lodged against parents by the boys and girls of today.

"Our parents don't want us to be ourselves," cry the youngsters. That's a serious indictment. Is it true? Are you fathers and mothers trying to force your children into something nature didn't intend them to be? Probably you are. This is a tendency as old as the human race. Scientists say that in the dim pre-historic dawn of things human sacrifice, the killing of the first born, grew out of this strange illogical tendency.

Does it persist, in a highly modified form, in the midst of the present civilization? Are Twentieth Century parents unable to say to their children: "Be yourselves?"

In this contest SMART SET editors were gratified to find that the youngsters were not all critical. "My parents are simply wonderful." "I couldn't dream of criticising my parents." There were many expressions like these from the youthful letter writers.

The first prize letter criticises the parents because, being no longer young, they have forgotten that youth is in love with life. The writer says:

Presumptuous or not, my indictment of my parents is on this count: for some reason they persist in regarding me as exactly like themselves, of their slow content, stolid patience and—I'll say it—craving for monotony. They seem to think that, omitting my physical size, I am just—old. They neglect to look back and consider that our desires, pep, and craving for change are, I suppose, the very same as of their youth; and not by any means that of—older people, and especially parents.

They crave memories, I guess, and routine, some sort of certainty. They will not see at all that I crave some clothes and something going on. They won't see that I am young, and alive!

DORIS BAUM,
1387 Albany St.,
St. Paul, Minn.

Our parents are not keeping faith, says the second prize letter. "They are falling down on the job as parents," and the writer then asks, "Where are the dear fathers and mothers our fathers and mothers had?" The letter follows:

August 13, 1926.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

You ask in the September Issue of SMART SET, "Are Your Parents As Bad As They Are Painted." My answer is

—yes, they certainly are.

There is a continual controversy among the younger generation over our parents, the majority of us have come to the conclusion that our parents are not keeping faith. They are falling down on the job as parents.

The fault with them is they are afraid to get old when their turn comes. The result is they are neither young or old, but just a bad mixture of both.

Where are the dear mothers and fathers our mothers and fathers had?

Prize Winners

Doris Baum, First prize, \$15
St. Paul, Minn.

R. M. L. Second prize, \$10
St. Catharines, Ont., Canada

Frank Kenneth Young,
Third prize, \$5

Seven winners of one dollar each: L. W., Texarkana, Texas; Myrtle Shawver, Christiansburg, Va.; Wilhelmine Cranford, Jasper, Ala.; Ella Williams, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Lucia Chambers, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elizabeth E. Saunders, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Dorothy S. Dase, Detroit, Mich.

Mothers now are always too busy to cook. They are always on the move: beauty parlors, teas, dancing and parties.

In our mothers we find rivals. If we take our sweethearts home and mother by magic is home, she flirts and vamps and tries all her tricks. The result is she goes motor riding with our favorite sheik. She borrows our creams, and powders, our hose, our hats and dresses and even our lipsticks.

It tells us in the Bible to "Honor thy mother and thy father . . ." How can we honor parents like these. Won't they please set us youngsters a fair example of what parents should be? They are unfair to us. They are not playing the game.

What is more beautiful than a little lady with silver hair and crinkly, laughing eyes. One of the boys in our crowd has just such a mother, patient and always willing to help us youngsters.

She cheers us up and makes us see our troubles are not really as bad as we think they are.

One thing is certain. We youngsters will give to our children every bit of love and understanding that is in our power to make up for what our own youth has missed, and when it is time for us to grow old we shall do so bravely and our happiness will come in the happiness of our children.

Sincerely yours,
UNTIL THEN.

"My parents are kind, lovable and unselfish people," says the third prize letter. "A bit old fashioned," is the only criticism this writer voices. He says:

EDITOR OF CONTEST:

In answer to the question, "What Is Wrong With My Parents?" I would say that to criticise or cast reflection upon my parents would be to say that I do not love or honor my parents. Such is not the case. My parents are very kind, lovable and unselfish people.

Yet it is true that they differ from myself. Their customs, manners and ideas differ from mine. Their styles, habits and morals are decidedly more old-fashioned than those favored and acclaimed by young and more modern people. This is but natural, due to the fact that my parents were born a generation ago, and that with the loss of enthusiasm that comes with the passing of years, they have not kept pace with the times. Moreover, the opinions formed in early life and the customs followed for years become so much a part of one that it is oftentimes difficult to change them, even if one would. My parents have been content with life as it was in their more youthful days, and have not kept abreast with the fads and fancies of an ever-changing world. Nor do they wish to do so. In brief, though the best of parents and the best of people, they are a bit old-fashioned.

Respectfully yours,
FRANK KENNETH YOUNG.

Next month SMART SET will give the other side of the question when it publishes the letters from parents telling what's wrong with their boys and girls.

On page 60 of this issue is another contest for all who are interested in vital, important present day problems. "Is a Woman's Past Her Own?" That is the question raised by Judge Charles A. Oberwager in his article on page 44. This is just another instance of SMART SET's determination to give its readers a chance to solve serious problems.

**NOW!
FREE!**



**Raised My Pay
700%**

This Amazing Book Showed Me How

This Is Perhaps the Most Remarkable Book Ever Printed. It Has Proved the Turning Point in the Careers of Thousands Who Were Ambitious for Bigger Pay! If You Ever Aspired to Earn \$10,000 a Year or More, Read it Without Fail! It Will Open Your Eyes to Opportunities You Probably Never Dreamed of!

CAN you imagine how a man feels when his earning capacity quickly jumps 700 percent in a few months? Can you imagine how you would feel if your salary suddenly became seven times greater than ever before?

That is exactly what happened to O. A. Jones of Missouri after reading the amazing book pictured above. Between its covers, he discovered something he had never even dreamed of before—a certain force that lifted him out of the routine rut and set him on the road to \$10,000 a year!

Unusual? Not at all. This surprising book has done the same for hundreds of others. For example, A. H. Ward read it and quickly saw the way to increase his pay from \$1,000 to \$13,000 a year. C. W. Birmingham of Ohio, read it and jumped from \$15 a week to \$7500 a year. C. V. Champion of Illinois read it and became President of his company at a salary exceeding \$10,000 a year!

The Secret of Big Earnings

How did they do it? What did the book show them? Just this: Every one of these men realized that a knowledge of salesmanship and the ability to sell brings bigger rewards than anything else in modern business today! But until they saw the contents of this book—"Modern Salesmanship"—they had no idea that they, too, could win quick success through salesmanship. They

believed that this golden field of endeavor was forever barred to them. But they were wrong—and this unusual book opened the way to the success that they had formerly despaired of attaining!

Salesmen Are Made—Not Born

Yes! Any man of ordinary intelligence can become a successful salesman! Just as you learned the alphabet, you can master the secrets of selling as taught by the National Salesmen's Training Association. And through the National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature of N. S. T. A. training—you gain the equivalent of actual experience while studying.

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There are certain ways of saying and doing things to make men act as you want them to: certain ways of getting exactly what you go after! Once you have mastered these fundamental rules, your success is governed only by your energy and ambition!

EMPLOYERS

are invited to write to the Employment Department of the N. S. T. A. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

Big Demand For Trained Salesmen

Right now city and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the North American continent. For years thousands of leading wholesalers, jobbers and manufacturers have called on the Association to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both members and employers

and thousands have secured positions through this service. Surely this is a glowing tribute to the thoroughness and practicability of our System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service.

Free To Every Man

If I were asking two or three dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship," you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. I cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

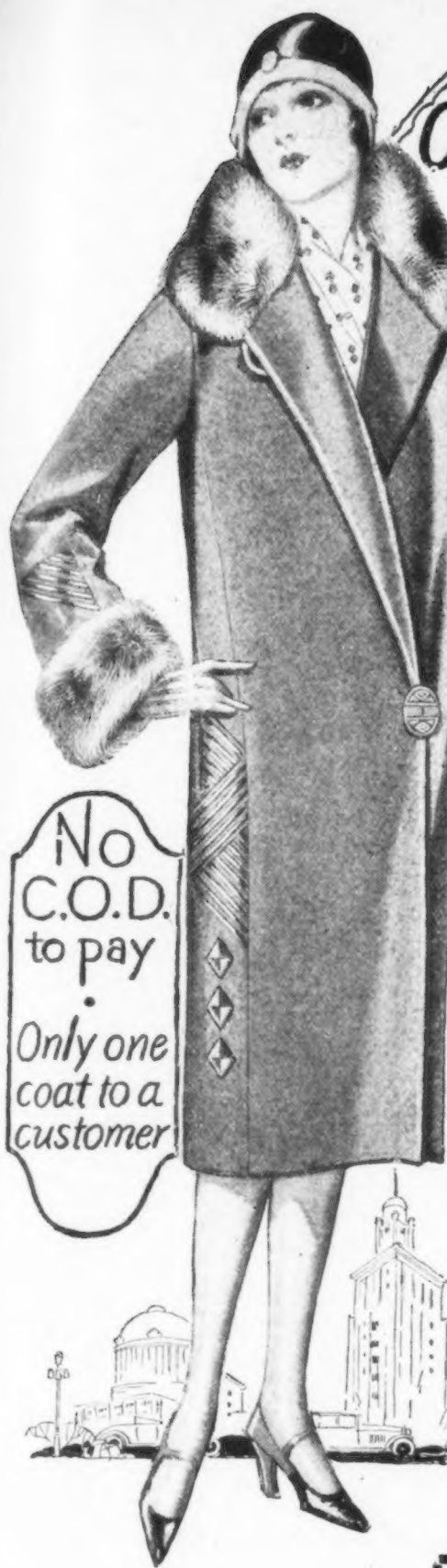


**Dept. S-26, N. S. T. A. Bldg.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

**National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. S-26, N. S. T. A. Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.**

Please mail me FREE, "Modern Salesmanship," and particulars of membership in your association and its Free Employment Service.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Age.....Occupation.....



only \$1.00

deposit

brings your choice of these

Ultra-Stylish Fall Models

Send only \$1.00 deposit for your choice of these beautiful advance fall models. See for yourself if you can duplicate such smart style, such fine quality materials and finished workmanship at the price we ask. You know style and you know value when you see it. We want you to decide in your own home. Your \$1.00 deposit will be promptly returned if the coat does not meet with your approval (See Coupon). Now read how easy it is to have a new fall model with this liberal payment offer—

6 months to pay

Yes, 6 months to pay! That means you send only a few dollars a month. Think of the many ways you can save those few dollars and never miss them—out of household expenses for instance. Won't it be nice to surprise your husband with a beautiful new coat and not have to ask him for the money. You can do it the Elmer Richards way as thousands of fashionable women are doing and be always dressed in the latest fashion. Send only \$1.00 deposit now. We'll send you the coat you select on approval. Try it on, ask your friends about it. If perfectly satisfied take 6 months to pay. You take no risk.

Send only \$1.00 deposit with coupon now

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1918 West 35th Street, Chicago

I enclose \$1 deposit. Send the coat I have checked below. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it and get my money back. If I keep it I will pay the monthly terms until the full price is paid.

☐ VELOUR

No. C-16F Size _____

☐ Rust ☐ Blue
(Check Color Wanted)

\$1.00 with coupon \$4.00 a month. Total price \$24.95

☐ PLUSH

No. C-15F Size _____

Black only

\$1.00 with coupon \$5.35 a month. Total price \$32.90

(Be sure to give size and color wanted)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Order by No. C-16F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon, then only \$4.00 a month. Total price only \$24.95.



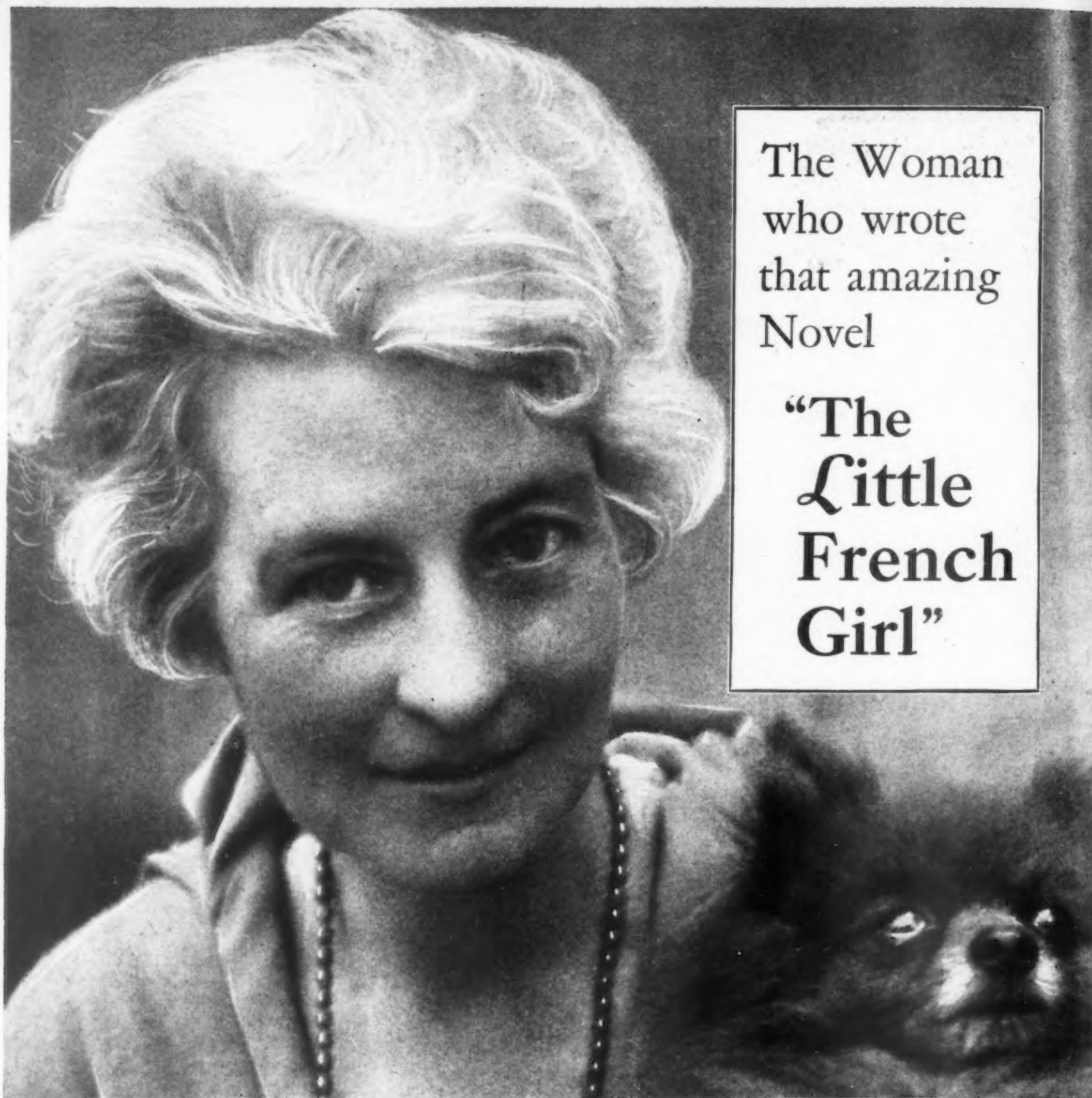
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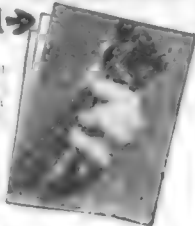
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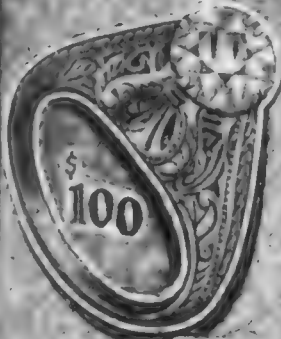
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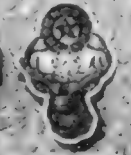
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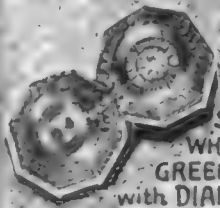
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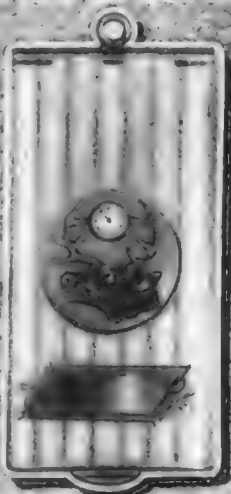
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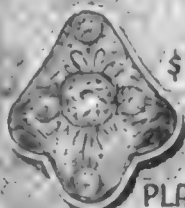
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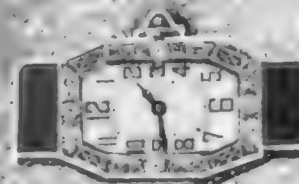
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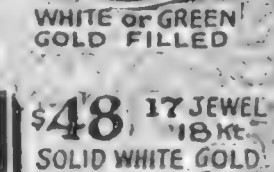
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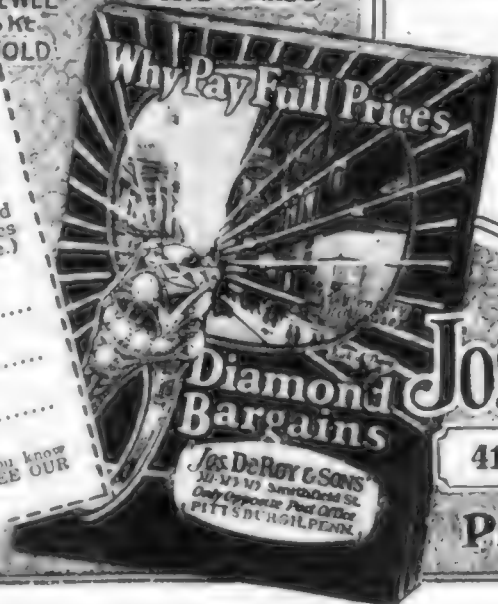
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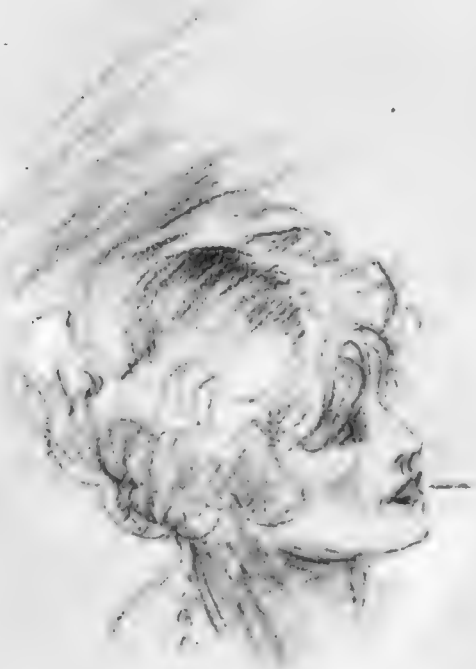
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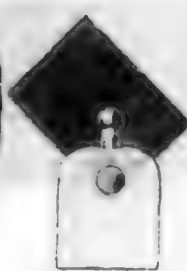
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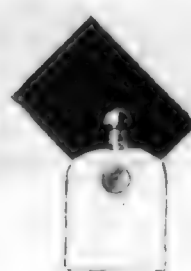
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The three girls in the party, none of them over eighteen or nineteen, were at the wharf when Bert and I joined them. The men were young fellows like Bert, all out for a gay time.

I Lived

I DO not know what other girls might have done, placed in my position. They can't know, either, unless they've actually been through the suffering I went through. It's very easy to theorize about such matters, but it is apt to be different, somehow, when you face the facts. All I know is, I did what seemed to me the right thing, under the circumstances, and in spite of a lot of hardships, if I had my decision to make over again I wouldn't do any differently.

I was born and raised in a small New Jersey town, not a great way from New York. My father, a business man, was fairly well off. He sold materials which made it necessary for him to make friends with city officials and

politicians. Among them he was looked on as a good fellow, something of a "sport." I used to hear a great deal of talk about that, between him and my mother, and between my mother and her friends, talk about his drinking, and running after women.

Often, when father had been out late the night before, and had hard work eating any breakfast, my mother would say:

"Another lodge meeting, I suppose," or "Was the sick friend you had to sit up with a blonde or a brunette?" She was making fun of him, in a way, yet with a look in her eyes that I did not understand at the time. Sometimes, when he'd gone to the office, she'd sit staring out



a Lie

*A Soul Stirring Chapter
from the
Book of Life*

of the window for quite a while without saying anything, but Dad always swore it was business that kept him out nights.

Although Dad did pretty much what he pleased, he was terribly strict with me. I know now that men like that always are strictest with their children. He wouldn't let me do a thing, not even wear a one-piece bathing suit. As for smoking cigarets, or drinking, he was always talking about how degrading such things were for young girls, in spite of the fact that he bought a great deal of liquor himself from bootleggers, and always had it on hand when he and mother gave parties, which they did very often. I've seen him, too, when I knew he'd been

taking too much, yet he never seemed to feel there was anything wrong in that.

I remember now, as I look back, that these things puzzled me. Not the liquor so much, as the lack of logic in what he said. If a thing is wrong, it ought to be just as wrong for one person to do it as it is for another. I used to think about that a good deal, and I can see now that children who constantly find their parents breaking laws are apt to grow up without any great respect for laws.

I'm not trying to blame anybody for what I've done. Most of our troubles are our own fault. We generally know what is right and what is wrong, only we don't

always have the strength to resist things, and that is where I think training and example come in; they give us strength at critical moments.

I am supposed to be rather pretty, with an unusually good figure, which may be due to the fact that I've always been very fond of swimming. I learned to swim when I was young and I've always kept it up. There's nothing like swimming to develop smooth, round muscles, give you a graceful, well-formed body.

I never thought much about my figure, up to the time I was sixteen, and I don't suppose I should have, then, if it hadn't been for something that occurred. My Aunt Myra, who lives in Philadelphia, had sent me a check for my birthday present, and I decided to take the money and buy myself a new bathing suit. It was really a swimming suit, not much of it, but very attractive, thin silk jersey, a dull claret red. I brought it home with me from the store, instead of having it sent, and of course I tried it on, standing in front of the mirror and thinking how snappy it would look the next time I went down to the beach. The town we live in isn't far from the water and nearly every Saturday afternoon, in summer, we'd make up a party and drive down to the shore to cool off.

IT WAS a hot afternoon in July, the day I bought the bathing suit, and after I'd put it on, I sneaked down to the garage for a shower. My older brother and I, when we were kids, had often stood on the concrete driveway and doused ourselves with the hose we used to wash the car. So I went down there and stood in the sun and let the water splash over my shoulders and down my back, to cool off. I didn't know there was anybody around, and wouldn't have thought much about it, if I had.

Pretty soon a boy I knew, who lived next door, came through the hedge and stood looking at me. He is three or four years older than I am, which made him nearly twenty at that time. He'd never taken much notice of me, but when he came over and stood there looking at me, I felt somehow that he didn't think me a child any longer.

Still I didn't think much about it, except to feel rather glad that this boy, who had never noticed me up to now, suddenly asked me to drive down to the beach with him the next afternoon, which was Saturday, and take a swim. We could have dinner, after that, he said, and do a little dancing. So I told him I'd be glad to, and we sat down on a bench in front of the garage and talked.

He was smoking, and insisted on my having a cigaret with him, which I did. He would have thought me an awfully poor sport if I had refused, and anyway, in spite of what Dad used to say about smoking, I'd done it often enough without his knowing—just got away with it, the way he was always boasting about getting away with things he wasn't supposed to do. Not that I'd ever felt there was anything wrong about smoking a cigaret if I wanted to. I'd seen mother doing it thousands of times, and all her women friends, too. It was just one of those things that Dad was strict about.

We sat there talking for a while, when all a sudden I saw Dad coming down the path from the house. His face was red, and I could see he was angry all through. What he was doing home so early I couldn't imagine; he rarely got back from the office before six or half past. I remembered, as I saw him coming, that he never liked the boy I was with, said he was a loafer, a bad egg and all that. I dropped my cigaret in the mud, but I knew Dad had seen it.

He told me to go in the house and get dressed. He didn't say anything to the boy. But when I got to my room, he and mother both came in and gave me the devil

about my immodesty, sitting there smoking with nothing on. I tried to tell them I wasn't a child any longer but they wouldn't listen, and Dad said if he ever caught me wearing a suit like that or smoking again he'd give me a good spanking. He said I'd be drinking, next, and end up in the gutter.

After he had gone, mother kept on scolding about the suit; said no decent woman would show herself off before a man like that, even on a bathing beach; that I had an unusually attractive figure, which couldn't help exciting any young boy, and that a woman with any self-respect would try to appeal to a man's better instincts, not his worst ones.

She talked for half an hour, trying to make me feel ashamed of myself, and all the time it seemed to me that she was very unjust and stupid. I had never thought about appealing to that boy at all, just sat there and talked to him naturally, the same as I would have done if I had been fully dressed. All the things she kept talking about had never crossed my mind, until then.

My girl friends and I, used to talk a lot about the stage and the movies, and we knew how successful some big actresses had become just because of their figures. After that I began to think a lot more about mine than I ever had before, and I wondered if I, too, might not some day get to be a successful screen star. I suppose it was very foolish, but it was natural, and the curious part of it all was that what mother had said to me didn't make me ashamed of my figure at all, but proud of it.

If you remember the things I said a little way back about breaking rules and laws and getting away with it you will understand better, I guess, why it was that in spite of Dad's threats, I made up my mind to go to the beach with that boy next day, and to wear my new one-piece suit. I thought mother was going to take it away from me, but she didn't. She just told me to keep it until I got older, or went in the pool at the club on ladies' day.

Saturday afternoons Dad always went straight from the office to the club to play golf, and mother joined him there to dine and to spend the evening. So I knew I could get away, especially if I said I was going out with a girl friend. That would be a lie, of course, but nobody seemed to pay any attention to little things like lying, in our family. Dad was always boasting about how he wouldn't pay the government a cent of taxes he could squirm out of, and over and over mother had gotten me to swear she was out, when people stopped in, that she didn't want to see. I didn't see any harm in going down to the beach with this boy and I didn't see any harm in keeping my plans to myself.

IT WAS a good thing that bathing suit was so small. I could carry it in my hand bag, all rolled up tight in a little ball. Next morning, while mother was out doing the marketing, I telephoned to Bert to meet me at the drug store two blocks away, right after lunch. He had a car of his own, a smart little roadster that I had never been in, although I'd seen him drive past the house in it often enough.

So when he went by, honking his horn as a signal to me, I strolled out and went up the street, without even having to make any explanations, because mother had already gone to meet Dad. I felt very excited and devilish, as though I were getting away with some tremendous adventure, especially when I got into the car in front of the drug store and we drove off.

There were a lot of people, I knew, who might see me. And the funny thing was, that if they had they wouldn't have thought a thing about it. The only reason I did myself, was because Dad had told me not to wear the bathing suit, and didn't approve of [Turn to page 141]



"Sit down, can't you?" Bert whispered. My voice was trembling as I told him, "You mustn't." "You're silly," he answered. "Come on back. Petting's all right. Everybody pets."

A Tip to Girls from the Producer of The Follies



Florence Vandamm

"THE secret of success is for a girl to develop to the Nth degree her own particular type of beauty or charm, and then place a high value on herself."

Florenz Ziegfeld



Abbe, from Kadel & Herbert

How to Win a Rich Husband

By FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

HUNDREDS of my "Follies" girls have married into wealthy and aristocratic families.

I "glorified" them. They made their own marriages.

My theory of how to win a rich husband is based on observation. Having had a ringside seat, as it were, during these matrimonial campaigns, I have been an interested witness in seeing what happened.

On the surface, it seems very simple. Any Smart Set girl can apply it, but she must find her own stepping stones. If she attempts to tread too closely on the heels of another, she will fail.

It has not always been the most beautiful, the most gifted and the most charming girls in my companies who have made the "best" marriages. These have been achieved rather by the young women who put a high appraisal upon themselves—and worked very hard to qualify themselves for success.

There's a Jack for every type of Jill. Dashing Fifi and demure Priscilla run neck and neck when each keeps in her own class.

It is when Fifi attempts to remake herself into the personality of Priscilla—or Priscilla ventures to borrow Fifi's pep, that things go



"Dolores," now Mrs. Tudor Wilkinson, upper left, was known as the best dressed and most graceful woman in the world. Lina Basquette, now Mrs. Samuel Warner, worked hard to win success.

De Mijun

wrong and the results are not what the girl most desired. The secret of success, it seems to me, is for a girl to develop to the nth degree her own particular type of beauty or charm, then place a high value on herself.

No one else can fix her worth. She must do it herself.

Jose Collins, who married Lord Robert Innes-Ker, youngest brother of the Duke of Roxburgh, was not a great beauty, but she had a glorious voice. She capitalized on that. Her lack of perfect features she submerged in a cultivated charm of manner, scintillating wit, grace and perfect grooming. Like all young women on the stage, Miss Collins received flocks of invitations, which, had she accepted them, would have taken up all her spare time. It wasn't snobishness but a clever conception of personal values that kept her aloof. She attained the reputation of being very exclusive, a highly honored guest when she appeared at any social function.

Lord Innes-Ker's brother had married Miss May Goelet, daughter of Ogden Goelet, and it was while the young nobleman was visiting the relatives of his sister-in-law that he met the girl he later married. Miss Collins was her own fairy godmother.

Jessica Browne, who is now Lady Northesk, was an entirely different type. She was an out-of-doors girl.

Golf, riding and tennis were her pastimes. To obtain a foothold on Broadway, she worked hard. Miss Browne was not the "Broadway type," but she was determined to overcome that handicap. While touring the country in vaudeville, she spent all her time and money in perfecting her dancing. One day, after she had been "lined up" with a hundred other beautiful girls and failed in the inspection, she buttonholed Julian Mitchell, took him up on the American roof and persuaded him to watch her dance. This secured her an engagement.

After theater parties in the circus sets were taboo. She was socially alive in the best sense of the term. She lived very quietly at an exclusive hotel. Through guests she met there, she was introduced to country clubs and received invitations to week-end parties.

During a summer's vacation she made a trip to London. There she met Lord Northesk who is also Lord Rosehill and Eglismauldi, heir to a million dollar estate. He followed her to America, proposed several times and was finally accepted, while matchmaking mamas in the purple and fine linen contingent of the "idle rich" tried every maneuver to divert his



Stage Photo Co.

Jose Collins, now Lady Innes-Ker, had a glorious voice and a charming manner.



Abbe

Jessica Browne, now Lady Northesk, was an out doors girl and a hard worker. Here she is seen as she was in the Follies and as she appeared after marrying an English nobleman.



International Newsreel

attention to girls who were favored by anxious mothers.

"Dolores", another big matrimonial winner, was a model with Lady Duff Gordon when I discovered her or rather when she discovered herself to me. I had gone to the famous establishment to discuss costumes one morning, when a tall, exquisitely beautiful brunette came over and confided that she was simply "crazy to go on the stage."

The girl had the requisite beauty of face and form, but she could neither dance nor sing, and her peculiar fashion of walking, the mincing gait of a professional mannequin, was a tremendous drawback. I explained to [Turn to page 104]

This I Have Written as a Prayer of Thanks



Yes, Cherry Li
was beautiful
to look at and
she was beautiful
to know.

To the

China Girl

Called Cherry Li

WE WERE in New York for the summer, Beth and I, and like all visitors we were eager to see the sights of the city, the sights that New Yorkers themselves rarely see. We had planned the trip three years before as our honeymoon, but my business interfered and it had been deferred.

I stood on the rear platform of the New York train the morning we left Fairfield, watching the little town that had meant home to us fade away, my thoughts speeding ahead of the swiftly rushing train, on to the great city and the promise it held. It was a bright summer morning, and in neither the unclouded June sky nor my equally unclouded mind did there lurk a presentiment that anything unusual would happen to me; nor could I possibly foresee that we were *never* to return.

Then, it would have been incredible that I, David Holden, would ever be writing a confession such as this. The experience I am about to relate might have happened to some of my friends, but not to me. I was known as highly moral, one of the coming young business men of the town, well thought of in every way. All of which proves again that truth is stranger than fiction.

We had been to Coney Island and to the Statue of Liberty. We had viewed Grant's Tomb on upper Riverside Drive. We had marvelled at the deep sea fish in the Aquarium and we had roamed through the Museum of Natural History. There was just one place we had not yet explored and that was Chinatown!

The lure of the Orient must have been born in me. From boyhood, if anyone asked me what was my greatest desire, I had replied, "To go to China." As I grew older

"This is my little Cherry Li," Fu Yung told me. "She is sweet. She is fragrant as the cherry blossom itself." Her eyes held for me a promise, a call that was too strong to be resisted.



the fascination took a stronger hold. I read all the books on the Orient that I could get my hands on. Our Chinese laundryman was my friend. The other boys in the neighborhood called him, "Chinky Charley," but I listened for hours to his tales of the old world and of the Chinese settlements in America.

That was why my wife and I climbed into a sight-seeing bus up at Times Square one hot July night. The gay little Chinese lanterns swung to and fro in the sultry night breeze as we rolled off down Broadway, bound for the mysterious regions of Mott Street.

Our guide, who claimed to be an ex-policeman, was about fifty, and knew all about Chinatown. He told us a lot of blood-curdling stories of tragedies and unsolved murders committed in the very places he was taking us to. Had he been the regular guide and not, as I afterwards learned, a substitute, nothing out of the ordinary would have happened, but this man had access to places

in Chinatown that in general were carefully hidden from the prying tourists.

"You never can tell, ladies and gentlemen," he ballyhooed, "You never can tell what's goin' to happen or when."

Beth shuddered and drew closer to me in spite of the heat. "Never mind, Honey," I whispered, "that's only part of his job."

From the moment we first turned into Mott Street the irresistible spell of the Orient crept over me. Was this the result of my excited imagination? Or was it a dark hint of what the evening held in store for me? Only occasionally did we see a white person, and the streets teemed with yellow-skinned humanity. I felt that we had been miraculously transported into the very heart of China. It seemed unbelievable that within five minutes from any part of Chinatown one could reach the "outside world." To me, it was a world apart, a world that



reached out and drew me unresisting, glad to enter it.

As we were leaving the bus the guide called attention to a brightly lighted store window that immediately attracted the ladies of the party. There were necklaces of imitation jade, ivory elephants, embroidered scarfs on display, and a sign that invited one to enter and "look around." The unctious Chinese merchant had already inveigled Beth and two other women inside and the others followed.

Our guide now revealed his reason for getting rid of the women. "How'd you gents like to see the real thing?" he asked with lowered voice. "For \$10 extra I'll take you to a couple o' places ordinary folks never gits into. Believe me, it'll give you somethin' to write back home about. How 'bout it?"

We looked at each other a bit uncertainly. "How about the ladies?" someone asked. "Is it safe?"

"Safe?" repeated our guide, "Say, you'll be as safe

with me as a baby in its crib, and remember, it's the chance of a lifetime. If there was any more of you I couldn't git you into Fu Yung's. He's particular. What say now?"

"What's Fu Yung's?" again asked the cautious one.

"Swelltest joint in Chinatown," enthused our guide. "Place where the swells come to get dope. Fu Yung's got a tea house next door, but I kin git you into his real place."

I was a bit skeptical. "How can you do that?"

"Easy! Easy! He likes me, Fu Yung does. I kep him outa the hoosegow onct when I was on the force. Yes sir, he's a character, is Fu Yung."

The ladies were on the point of emerging from the store. There was no time to be lost, and with the guide's assurances of perfect safety we paid our \$10 and started out on the great adventure. Was it the real thing? Too real, I'll say!

My wife handed her parcel to me and clung with childish trust to my arm. Our guide led us through strange and confusing ways. One particularly dark and dank passage stands out to this day in all its gruesome horror.

As we followed him through a badly lighted and ill-smelling alley and down a flight of steps, he cautioned us not to touch the walls once we were inside. In the feeble light of a gas jet these walls appeared to be of shiny black ebony, ebony that moved and undulated, attracting and appealing with a suggestion of horrific beauty. When we had passed on to the room beyond, he told us the walls were covered with black beetles, millions of them writhing and squirming!

The room at the end of the passage was much like the back room of a cheap saloon. There were small, crude wooden tables about which drinks and tea and rice were served to the wretched derelicts who frequented the place. At one end was a bare wall space, punctuated by half a dozen peepholes. "Look in," whispered our guide. "It's an opium den. They're smoking real opium!"

WE AWAITED our turns, Beth clinging to my arm, half-frightened, half-awed and on the verge of hysteria. We took our places at the peepholes after the others had looked and passed on. The sight that met our eyes was not so horrible as it was revolting. Had the opium smokers been Chinese we would have regarded it as merely curious, but in all there were eight persons lying in bunks, and only one Chinaman among them! That was too much for us. We drew away hurriedly.

Again we passed through the beetle-infested cellar, keeping as far as possible from the loathesome walls. The woman just ahead of us let out a piercing shriek that threatened to throw the whole party into a panic.

"Get it off! Get it off! OooooooooooooH!" she squealed. What she had thought was a beetle dropping on her was merely a hairpin which had slid down her back, but we all breathed a bit more freely when the odious place lay behind us.

Our guide told us that he had shown us the lowest dive in all Chinatown. Now, he said, he would show us a sharp contrast. He would take us to Fu Yung's, a place patronized by "ladies and gentlemen" from uptown. To our surprise he told us that opium smokers are not all wrecks of humanity; that many wealthy people acquire the habit either through curiosity or the desire to forget, and that Chinatown numbers among its habitués some well known persons. "It gets 'em, folks," he said. "It gets 'em all, and once they've got the taste they can't do without it!"

How well I know the truth of his words, now. How I scoffed at them then. If I had only known!

Before a door of highly polished teakwood he stopped. He knocked. The door was opened the barest fraction of an inch. There was an exchange of softly murmured words and then our guide and the rest of us were admitted.

UP A flight of heavily carpeted stairs we went and entered the inner sanctum of Fu Yung. Seated cross-legged on the floor, pipe in hand, was Fu Yung himself. If he made any sign of greeting to our guide it was not apparent to us. The room was rich in the most beautiful hangings I have ever seen.

Slowly Fu Yung stood up and I was surprised to see how tall and straight and imposing a figure he was. I had thought of Chinamen as little and squat and shuffling and humble, like the "Chinky Charley" of my childhood, but in Fu Yung I found none of these low caste characteristics. In excellent English he said:

"Good evening, my friends. You do me a great honor to come to the mansion of my fathers. It is an exquisite pleasure to show the honorable ladies and gentlemen my humble dwelling."

He clapped his hands again three times, softly but decisively. Instantly a little figure darted from between the draperies and in true Oriental fashion prostrated herself at his feet. Fu Yung appeared not to have noticed her and as he turned to lead the way from the room, the figure rose and followed at his heels. Never have I seen such humility, such utter subservience! And never before had I seen such exotic beauty.

A scarlet jacket, ornately embroidered in gilded dragons, clung close to her rounded form. Yellow flowers over either ear contrasted startlingly with the jet blackness of her hair. The deep olive skin, the narrow slanting eyes that only occasionally met those of the strange visitors, and the skillfully carmined lips bespoke the Oriental. Yes, she was beautiful to look upon, and beautiful to know. In every way she was strangely unlike any other woman who had ever lived. She was a law unto herself, was Cherry Li.

We had left the inner sanctum of Fu Yung and now proceeded down a long hall, following closely in two's as our host led the way. At the end of the hall we stopped. Fu Yung, in a quiet undertone, gave an order to Cherry Li. Quick and bird-like in her movements, she raised her little brown hand to a gong that hung to the right of the passage-way, and beat a muffled signal. To our utter amazement a hitherto unseen door slid open, and Fu Yung again led the way.

THE room into which he brought us was quite large but rather stuffy. The smell of opium mixed with incense was almost suffocating until we became accustomed to it, and the heavy sweetness of the atmosphere once again made the whole thing seem unreal.

There were perhaps a half dozen couches scattered about on which reclined the wealthy patrons of Fu Yung. All were in an attitude of absolute relaxation and seemed oblivious to our presence. One particularly beautiful girl, whose blonde hair was tumbled about her head in a mass of golden softness, drew the attention of Beth and the lady standing next to her. One hand, on which glittered a diamond of great value, trailed the floor. The other was flung above her head in a gesture of abandon. She must have been dreaming something pleasant, for her face was lighted with a radiance it could not have held in consciousness. On a small teakwood table beside her lay the pipe of the Poppy God, whence had come her beautiful dreams. Of the bitter aftermaths I then knew nothing.

There was another woman who had also sought forgetfulness in the pipes of Fu Yung, but she was far from an arresting picture as she slept her way through the night. She was thin, and wan and the skin drew tightly across her nose and cheeks. Her hair was drab—dust colored. In her face there was no rest, no happiness, and occasional mutterings came from her lips.

"Poor thing," murmured Beth, more to herself than to me. "Poor thing!"

"Isn't it terrible?" whispered the woman next to her, obviously horrified. "How can they do it?"

Her husband looked at me and smirked. "It's fake stuff," he said wisely, "tell you about it later." But was it fake? What would he say now, I wonder, if he should happen to read this story and recognize his wife and himself and me?

Beth, having found a sympathetic soul, ready to grieve with her over the sad plight of the two women, now clung quite as feverishly to her chance [Turn to page 128]

Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



Maybe George Cannons, the photographer, told Thelma Hill to "watch the little birdie." Any wise little bird wouldn't have to be told to look at Thelma. She's a Mack Sennetter.



Some girls wear their hearts on their sleeves. Flo Brooks, of George White's Scandals, wears her heart upside down on her forehead. Wouldn't she make your heart turn upside down?



White Studios

When beautiful eyes are serious. That's Jane Carroll looking at The Vagabond King. And to the right, beautiful eyes that twinkle. Likewise dimples. That is our Sally. Sally O'Neil, of course, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



Clarence S. Bull



When Betty Byrd spreads her wings she shuts off your view of the ocean. But what chance has the ocean, anyway, with this toothsome Sennett sandwich in the center of the scene?



What could be as silent as a painted band upon a painted scene? But who cares, with Maryon Dale doing her stuff in full dress uniform before John Held's cunning curtain in the Broadway hit, "Americana"?

A Three Minute Sermon by Billy Sunday

Take the DON'TS Out of LIFE



Underwood & Underwood

I HAVE seen men whose whole religion was summed up in a decalogue of don'ts. And with that sort of religion many seek to handle the younger generation today. They surround them with a bristling hedge of "Thou Shalt Nots."

Paul had a better way. When he was writing to the Roman church, he said: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Problems of education and spiritual training probably were not much different in Paul's day. He set up an ideal and worked toward it. A man who is swinging in the air on the end of a rope, trying to save some one in a burning building, hasn't much time to think of evil. He is too busy doing good.

Many good things are more interesting than evil and the devil will be forced out of business by the competition.

The devil strives to make every variety of unclean living popular. And while some of us are resting on our oars he is hard at work. He never sleeps. It is up to us, more and more, to popularize clean living. It is part of Christ's plan and it makes for long life and healthy bodies and beautiful faces. Athletes live clean lives or they wouldn't be athletes.

Jesus himself said, "thou shalt" more times than he said, "thou shalt not." He knew the best way to avoid doing bad things was to be everlastingly busy doing good things. The boy or girl who is wrapped up in being and doing big, positive, good things need never worry

about avoiding the bad things. They'll get no more attention than a politician's friends do after election.

Jesus was no ascetic. His goodness was not of the hot-house variety. It was robust and red-blooded and He did not fear contact with the world. I am convinced that to be a Christian does not demand running away from the world.

We need sane young blood right now to start making it fashionable to live right and to make a big noise about it. Today too much of the cheering on the side lines is done by the devil's gang. Because the noise sounds like a multitude we get the idea there are lots of them. If we could pull them out in the daylight we'd find every one of them playing a bass drum with one foot, cymbals with the other, a snare drum with his hands and a mouth-organ with his entire lung power. And anybody who holds that pace can't last.

Immorality weakens brain-power. The man who plays the game clean is the one who sits in the driver's seat at the end of the race.

The Smart Set is the one which needs to stop and think once in awhile. You don't have to give up pleasure to be good—you just have to play fair with yourself and with God and try to do as St. Paul said to do: "OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

And if you stick to the end God will say: "Son, Daughter, come up here and spend the day with me," and you'll be God's guest for all eternity, for there's no night there.

*The Romance of
an Heiress
and a Real Man*

Because I Loved Him So

THERE are those who say that all the noble deeds are done by women.

I, Margot Manning, know better! My story will tell you why I know—and how I found out.

I was seventeen in June, when I left Miss Renfrew's finishing school and went down to my father's summer home on Long Island.

My father who adored me would not let me come out yet; so much had happened to my mother, but he invited all Long Island to a party. Looking across the wide veranda I could see them arriving from Syosset, Westbury, Hempstead, Roslyn, Brightmere. We lived at Brightmere.

I can see myself by my father's side, blonde, laughing, happy, eyes like gentian flowers, hair like sun-touched gold, skin like a rose, the happiest, bonniest girl the moon ever shone upon.

There was dancing in the great ballroom of the mansion; and, at the far end, a little stage! There was music, gay gowns, lights, silvery laughter; and I was the center of it all, my father, short, thick-set, dark, handsome, hovering near. On his arm I stepped out upon the floor for the first dance; then, off I whirled, a partner always waiting.

After a time the dance music stopped; and, from the stage, there rose a high sweet song, a queer thing, blown on a little instrument like a flute, all sweet notes like the song of a bird. It was finished to wild applause; there was an encore and then the players scattered. I lingered near to see who had played that strange flute-like pipe.

Down from the little platform there stepped a young man, slender, big-eyed, dark, almost Oriental. He saw me staring at him; he smiled and came forward. I met him halfway, laughing. "Could you be a Count, by any chance or—anything?" I asked.

He did not smile. "Don't you know who I am? I'm Ransom Bennet." There was assurance in his voice, and a becoming pride.

Of course I knew! It was a name known the wide world round, a name on which hung the adoration of a jazz-loving world. "Of course I've heard of you, Ransom Bennet." Though he was older than I, he had a guilelessness in his big eyes, so that I spoke to him as if he were a child.

"My friends call me Ranny." His voice was young, and very gentle.

"Then I'll call you Ranny. I've heard so much of you."

He seemed childishly content. "I've heard of you, too, Margot Manning." He held out his arm, "Come into the garden, Margot." I took his arm and walked

out through the broad and flowery archway, across the wide veranda, down the sloping lawn.

Ranny drew a deep breath; "Let us find the lake, Margot." So, we walked, my arm tucked in his, across the far-flung moonlight, to the lake that lay like glass, twinkling with stars.

"How have you heard of me, Ranny?" I asked.

"As the richest girl in the world," he replied promptly, "but now I see you, it is different."

He was staring straight at me. "Different?" I questioned.

"Yes! Because I see you now as something more, the prettiest one!" All the while, as we walked and talked, Ranny was carrying the queerly shaped little silver pipe, on which he had blown those high, sweet notes, fingering it lovingly.

We seated ourselves by the lake. Ranny broke some boughs and banked them behind me, until I sat like a sylvan queen upon her woodland throne.

"Shall I play for you, Margot?" Ranny asked. He sank upon his knees in front of me and blew upon his pipe, a soft trill of sweetest notes. I listened, my soul in my eyes; it was different from any music I had ever heard. He, whose music enchanted the world, sat there





Ranny and June danced. He whirled her off the floor and she sat on his shoulder. Watching from the darkened theater I wanted to cry out, "Don't you dare touch my husband!"

in the night, playing a new song for me alone, a sweet song that woke the high thrilling echoes from the shore beyond. They answered back to Ranny's flute, like a wildbird's call. My heart too answered that music. I sat there, by Ranny's

side, listening, afraid to breathe while he played for me.

Ranny finished and sat beside me quietly. After a time, he said, "I earn a quarter of a million dollars a year, Margot."

I laughed aloud so merrily that my voice rang across

the water and came back a silvery peal. "What's that to me?" I asked.

He seized my arm. "Everything in the world, Margot for it means that your money is nothing to me. Do you understand? It means that I can love you, and you can love me, if love ever comes to you and me and no one can say that I loved you for your money. Now, do you understand me, Margot?"

"Yes," I said gravely, suddenly awakened. The little lake had broadened magically and was swirling as the mystic pool where brook and river meet. I had come down to that bank a girl; suddenly I felt like a woman grown. "Yes, if love should ever come I shall remember that."

He lifted me to my feet. "Come, Margot. I want to take you over there." He pointed to a hill that rose a mile away.

"These slippers!" I looked down at my feet all silver shod. "I can't walk it in these, tonight."

He glanced down. "No, not tonight, Margot. But sometime I am going to lead those feet afar; and you will follow. There's something over there I want to show you, Margot." He pointed excitedly, with his flute.

"What is it, Ranny?" I had caught the flame from him.

"It's a sunbeam, Margot. I can see it reflected in the sinking sky. And there's a pale moonbeam over that high hill. And the sunbeam loves the moonbeam."

I followed his eyes. I had caught the glint of romance from him, that touch of something that lit his genius and made him leader of song, of syncopation, of dancing steps and lilting notes.

"Do you know anything of love, Margot?"

"Of love, Ranny? Of course I believe that some day I shall get married. I shall have a daughter to wear my jewels; a son to carry on the family name and fortune. Is that what you mean, Ranny?"



There was dancing in the great ballroom of the mansion. There was

He shook his head in a puzzled way. "No, Margot! That is not what I mean. I come of a race that does not know that kind of love as love! I come of a race that sings and dreams; that turns its songs to gold; its dreams to jewels to hang about the fair white throat of love; a race that dares to sing its love at love's own feet. Margot, Margot! Do you know what I mean?"

"Ranny!" I stood close to him. "That's like a fairy story of the Princess in the tower asleep."

"The Princess was asleep until the Prince woke her, don't forget that, Margot."



music, gay gowns, lights, silvery laughter; and I was the center of it all.

"I remember. I tried to smile at his serious fancy."
 "And you'll never forget?"

I promised that I would not forget. We were walking back to the brilliantly lighted house, the dancing guests. As we reached the veranda, I said, "I want to introduce you to my father."

We went into the ballroom. The music had begun. We made our way through the dancing couples to my father. He was seated near the door talking to a dowager. As we came up behind them I overheard what she was saying. I had heard it before, always in a whisper,

all three back to earth, my father talking about money crisply, as I had often heard him talk, Ranny suddenly alert.

"I paid you five hundred dollars," said my father sharply, "Check down, in advance. You were to have done three numbers by this time."

"Ah! that's too bad!" Ranny was alive now, the dreaminess all gone. "I shall have to return that money, Mr. Manning." He reached into his pocket, drew out a roll of bills, and there, in that gay ballroom, before my father's amazed eyes, he [Continued on page 122]

"She's so like her mother." I saw my father's face darken with pain as it always did at mention of my mother's name, and, then, we were in front of them.

"Father," I said, "I want to introduce Ranny."

My father got to his feet. There was something in his face I had grown to know, something ominous. "Mr. Ransom Bennet," I said quickly, and, because I was so young, so happy, I added, "We've been out in the moonlight, father, down by the lake, Ranny played for me."

I glanced at Ranny and then at my father. Neither spoke. My father's face was dark as night. "What is the matter, father? What have I done?"

My father looked at me. "I think this man, Ransom Bennet, understands."

I looked at Ranny. He was regarding my father, intensely, questioningly. "But I don't understand, Mr. Manning!"

"Then I'll tell you. I'm paying you to play for my guests tonight, Mr. Bennet. I'm not paying you to walk an hour in the garden with my daughter."

"Oh!" Ranny's voice was slow, as though he were coming back from a deep dream. "Just how much are you paying me, Mr. Manning? You made the arrangements with my secretary." We were

Two Answers to the Woman Who Asked:



I DID

THE unsigned illiterate letter told me nothing that I did not already know. Whatever Reverdy's shortcomings may have been he wasn't the sort to have intimate associations with ignorant, shoddy people, and yet for the third time some such person had taken a great deal of pains to put me in possession of facts of which I preferred to have no knowledge. Such concrete facts are enough to drive a woman mad. However I fought my madness as best I could, and went down to dinner.

It was the baby's birthday—she was seven—and she was staying up to celebrate it. She was wearing blue embroidered dimity and blue hair ribbons, which were the exact color of her eyes.

It was our wedding anniversary, too, and I had roses on the table. The other children, Jean and John had dressed for the occasion, that is Jean had put on her best white dress, and John had used a little soap in our honor. At the foot of the stairs Reverdy kissed me and Baby made the rounds and kissed us all. We took our places at the table—an ideal family party. But Reverdy had another family—a wife and a little girl two years younger than Baby, in a town not fifty miles away!

Baby had been born in Paris and Reverdy had come home a year before me. We had not planned it that way, but his firm had suddenly recalled him after we

had made arrangements to stay over another year. He had expected another shift so I stayed on, hoping he would get back to me by every steamer—an he never came. John and Jean still chatter in French—which brings it all back to me so vividly; that pension sitting-room where I waited and Reverdy's terrible letters with the gaps between the lines—and his silences. The first of those anonymous communications—that one written by a man—reached me in Paris.

"Twelve years ago today," Reverdy said, as he pulled out my chair, "I'm getting that jade necklace you liked copied for you, but it won't be done until Friday. Spear promised it for today, but his assistant is ill." Then he turned to Baby, saying:

"Did you get the rocking horse I sent you this morning? Oh! wasn't it a rocking horse? I told the man especially——"

"Oh! father, you know it was a bicycle, and a pogo stick; and—and everything," she cried as she ran around to hug him.

"Isobel," I tried to call her by her name, though she didn't often answer to it, "Baby, take your seat now."

Commotion at a meal upsets Reverdy, though he doesn't always realize it, but the older children know when I begin to try to smooth things out for him.

"If we could have the food brought in a little quicker, I wouldn't eat so fast," John said, trying in his boyish way to divert the attention of the family to himself.

"I don't know that that necessarily follows," I said.

John's finger nails may not have been all that could be desired, but his smile was. I realized that he was developing some of Reverdy's charm and I was glad that the other woman's child was not a boy. I had the boy, at least.

Our neighbors, the Curtins, came in while Baby was still ecstatically licking her ice cream spoon. They had remembered the anniversary and wanted to take us out to celebrate. They had with them a Miss Angela Pratt, a distant relation, who was visiting [Turn to page 109]

"SHALL I TAKE MY HUSBAND BACK?"

I DIDN'T

DOES any man really know how he hurts his wife when he leaves her for someone else? I doubt it. Interest dies more quickly in man than woman and after marriage the male instinct of possession so swiftly merges into affection that a wife becomes just habit. I suppose man always longs for the unattainable and it's impossible for a wife to be that once the routine of domestic life begins.

Then it's so fatally easy for a married man to fall in love! A clandestine affair satisfies that hunger for adventure which persists in a male until his last breath. But just as the zest of travel lies in the return home, so it often happens that the end of each new chase sends a husband back to his own wife.

The question is—should the wife take him back? Or should she definitely refuse to live with him, once and for all?

I have been trying to answer this question for five years, and even now I am still uncertain as to my answer.

I married Hugh Dearmer as a girl of twenty and for the first year I was utterly happy. Hugh was an architect by profession, quick, clever and extremely temperamental. He would work by fits and starts and when the mood was on him he had to be left completely alone. When he wanted food he shouted for it, and although it did not make for comfort in the home I never complained.

We used to spend our evenings together until the child came, and then of course I had to stay at home. Hugh could not do without feminine society and as I was not always available he would go out with other women. I didn't worry. I trusted him.

He talked about them freely and I was always interested and pleased to make them welcome at the house. One girl in particular he was very keen on. Sheila Terrant was very attractive, slim, tall, dark and wonderfully shingled. I got a little uneasy as time went on. Baby was six months old and I felt I could go out evenings without worrying; but when I suggested this to Hugh he seemed a little dubious; he wondered if after all it was right to leave baby too much in nurse's care.



I was badly hurt. I grew suspicious and indiscreetly began to make inquiries.

This was a big mistake. Take it from me that you should never inquire as to your husband's doings. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will be hurt. What you don't know cannot hurt you. If Bluebeard's wife had never forced an entrance to his secret chamber she might have been happy and content all her married life. Satisfied curiosity will often wreck happiness.

But I didn't know as much then as I do now, so I started investigations. I rang up mutual friends, made casual inquiries and I got more than I wanted. I heard that Hugh and Sheila were everywhere together, and a kind woman told me they had been seen at a hotel one week-end. I tried to screw my courage up to tackle Hugh, but he didn't give me the opportunity. He always hated anything remotely like a row; he always believed in being gentle and persuasive. He'd smile at you in the most charming manner, say the most delightful things—and hurt you to the heart.

I remember so well the evening he told me; the evening I learned what it means to be no [Turn to page 112]

Men

*I Become a Model
and Meet
A Mama's Boy*

who Have Kissed Me

(What April Told of Her First Love Affair.

I FELL in love when I was seventeen, abstractly in love with life and my own fragile, blonde beauty; concretely in love with a pink organdie frock and Dick Grey, the son of the grocer whose shop was opposite my father's dry-goods store in a sleepy country town.

Father had small patience with my desire for pretty things or with my harmless flirtations with Dick. He had set his heart on having me marry Dick's hypocritical, amorous, old father, but how could I, the very incarnation of springtime, even to my name, which was April, marry a man as old as my own father?

I couldn't, and so when the pink organdie dress was denied me, I "borrowed" it from my father's store, to wear on the day I went to the fair with Dick. That day ended disastrously! To soothe his pride, which I had wounded by having tea with a charming naval officer while he was at the Athletic Field, Dick took me to the garage behind his house. His father, seeing us, maliciously locked the door and called my father to witness our "disgraceful conduct."

That was the climax! The rebellion that had been rising in my heart flooded over. Dick wouldn't run away with me, so I took my savings and went by myself, straight to my mother's sister in New York. I knew she would take me in and I felt sure that father would neither try to find me himself nor permit my brow-beaten mother to do so.

(Now Read April's Second Love Experience:

IT WAS the Sunday after I arrived. My Aunt Mary leaned back in the rep-covered arm chair before the cheery fire, her hands folded in a comfortable lap. Above her Harlem basement-bed-sitting-room her boarders drowsed, sunk in Sunday afternoon repletion. Tea and buttered toast stood on a round mahogany table; the stuffed birds over the mantel-piece gazed fixedly at the oil painting of her late husband opposite. The what-not and the chiffonier lent dignity to an apartment that enshrined the defunct splendor of Aunt Mary's married

life. It was home, her home, in the heart of New York.

"What I say is, you're in good hands," she observed. "You take after your mother. I say nothing against your father except that the Rogers never were any good. Your father had led you and your mother a life, my dear, but your auntie'll look after you now. Have another cup of tea, dearie, don't be afraid of the toast."

Curled up in the other rep-covered arm chair, I stared at my aunt with eyes like wood violets. Seventeen has many long thoughts and this Harlem boarding house seemed like Heaven after drudging in a country store.

The fat, complacent voice of my aunt continued to break dreamily on my consciousness.

"You've got the looks and by and by you'll have the savvy. You ought to do well, my dear, in an establishment like Madame Lucy's, where your auntie's influence has got you. A girl gets a good many chances in those places, and you can always look a lady. If you can't get the style at the best gown shop in New York, then there's no style to be had. While you're under my roof I don't ask you to be good but be careful. It's your business to take everything and give nothing. You must handle the gentlemen, handle them. It soon comes easily and the more you put it over them the

more they think of you and the more they'll do for you."

I smiled.

"I love men," I said, "nice men. Common men want to order you about, but nice men just look after you. I only knew one. He was a naval officer."

"You'll see all sorts in New York," prophesied Aunt Mary. "But if he's no money, leave him. You want some one to pay for your theatres and chocolates. There's a Mr. Senlake in this very boarding house on the parlor floor. He's as nice a gentleman as you could wish, but he owes me four weeks, and he'll have to go if some of

I am the April of these revelations which represent pictures from my life, untouched and unadorned.

Wherever I go I am surrounded by men; yet sooner or later each man goes his way richer by a series of pleasant memories, and in his heart baffled.

The reason is that I know him and his kind as only a beautiful woman who has fought her way, lone-handed, from poverty to success, can know men.

In these confessions I have altered the names of people and places and told the truth, so that the young girls who read this may face life undeceived.

The Second Love Episode in the Life of a Beautiful Woman



Edwin Bauer Hst

Day by day the wisdom of this world came to me. I was popular and the girls talked of their boys, their hopes, their escapes. All day I breathed the scented, sensuous atmosphere of clothes and learned from the indolent women who bought them. I learned to smile the calm smile of perfect content. Plottings and schemings left me untouched but I loved to play with fire.

his rich relations don't pay up for him pretty soon." I stretched my feet towards the fire like a luxurious cat full of cream and smiled across at my aunt as one hour to another. My aunt nodded back.

"I've been a handful in my time," she confessed, "and I don't say even now I'm past flirting if the right gentleman chances along. It would have been a dull life since my

fashionable dressmaking establishment, I stood shyly amongst a score of girls in various stages of disrobing. It was the hour when they put away their own fancies in clothes and lost themselves in the calculated black silk effect of their House of Business, putting on with their uniform the responsibilities, the manner, even the voice and intonation of Miss Smith or Miss Robinson of the cloak or the millinery.

My future lay in the dress department. My mission in life for the moment would be to hold pins, scissors and tape measure, while the Supreme Being of the place moulded silken miracles around acquiescent forms. Being but a door-keeper in the House, they had chosen for me a meek and simple frock with a low collar, very kind to my slender throat, and fair shingled head. With cold



He lifted me out of the car and stood me on the ground beside him. He kissed me—and I let him. He could

poor husband was killed in the railway accident if I were. You're like me and men are your pigeon right enough. But they must be rich. A poor man's worse than no man at all for a pretty girl."

So, through a whole Sabbath evening, Aunt Mary, developed her favorite theme of men.

Next day in a dressing-room at Madame Lucy's, the

excited fingers I put on these disguises as I had been told to do.

A tall, dark, beautiful girl with a perfect figure lounged up to me, surveying me with an appraising eye. This person enjoyed a sort of calm and self-confidence that seemed good enough to carry her anywhere she chose to go in a hostile world. She leaned against the back of a



never shake my inward calm but I loved the sensation of having this big handsome boy in my power.

chair and smiled at me, a wise, companionable smile.

"New," she asserted rather than asked. "Frightened to death and don't want to show it. You're the new kid coming to our department, I guess. Well, nobody's going to eat you unless you're a fool. Old Ma Richards, the buyer's a good sort. My dear, you're like a little ghost. Your make-up's all wrong. Come here!"

The goddess took a lip-stick and ran it wisely across my mouth. She applied a very little rouge to my pale cheeks so that it looked very nearly lifelike. She dusted powder over my face and gave a hinted curve to my eyebrows with a cunning finger tip.

"Now hold your chin up and don't choke with nerves and you'll do," she ended, and [Turn to page 113]

Is a Woman's PAST Her Own?



AS THE case unfolded in the Court of Domestic Relations it became evident that a strange metamorphosis had taken place suddenly in the character of the young husband. Until a month or so before he had been a loving husband, steady, a good provider and devoted to his year old baby. Then almost overnight—according to the young wife's indignant mother—he had changed into a “heartless brute and tyrant!”

The wife herself seemed determined to make excuses for the delinquent. If it wasn't for the baby's sake, she explained, she wouldn't have brought her husband to court at all. He had been “wonderful” up until now, she persisted, and now—well, now she didn't altogether blame him.

“Why not?”

“Well—just because——” And beyond that she couldn't be coaxed.

“I'll tell you why!” interrupted the husband bitterly.

“It's because I'm justified, that's why! Ask her—she won't deny it!”

Then bit by bit the pitiful story.

A few weeks before the husband had stumbled upon an old story concerning his wife, the story of an indiscretion dating back several years before their marriage. He had confronted her with it. At first she made a denial that was sweeping but not convincing. He pressed the matter relentlessly. Finally he promised that if she would tell the truth he would not hold it against her.

Then the wife broke down and confessed that the story was partly true. It had been grossly exaggerated, however. There was proof that the girl had been the victim of her innocence.

Did the husband keep his promise and forgive her? Well, as an answer to that, here they were at the parting of the ways—her life spoiled—publicly branded with a stigma that would rise and confront her the rest of her days.



After a year of almost perfect marital happiness, a young wife brought her castle crashing down about her by confessing to an earlier love affair

By Charles A. Oberwager

City Magistrate of New York

Presiding in the

*Woman's Court and
Court of Domestic Relations*

As Told to John S. Lopez

choosing between love and candor—between happiness and sorrow—she had followed the urge of her heart.

But the husband refused to be budged. "I'd have overlooked what she did," he said. "But she came to me with a lie in her heart. A woman who would do that would do anything!"

The attaché nodded. "Honesty would have saved that girl's happiness," he said.

He was sure that he was right. Candor was the honorable course.

But let us follow the case of another pair in the same court. They were younger than the others and their case was unusual because their married life had been amazingly brief to have reached the rocks. Less than three months of wedlock and they were hopelessly alienated although the wife was to become a mother. There was much bitterness between them, yet it seemed to me that they still loved each other.

"See here," I admonished the girl, "tell the truth. Come—what is really at the bottom of your quarreling?"

"It's his jealousy," she answered after a pause. "He's always suspicious of me—always accusing me. And, Your Honor, I've been a faithful, devoted wife—and he knows it!"

"That's true!" he interrupted eagerly, defensively. "She's never done anything wrong—I do know that. But, your Honor, I can't seem to trust her, try as hard as I can. When ever she's out of my sight I imagine all sorts of things . . . I remember something—something she told me herself!"

"That's it," said the wife, giving way to tears. "That's what I get for wanting to be honest with him and make him trust me. Before we were married I told him about a mistake I had made when I was a silly young girl."

"I forgave her," said the husband, miserably.

"Yes," retaliated the wife bitterly, "you forgave me—but whenever there was an argument or I went out alone you threw it up to me!"

This time it was a woman court attendant who commented on the case.

"Serves her right," she said, "for being such a fool! Risking her happiness by telling something that was none of his business. A woman's past is her own."

Which viewpoint is right—the man's or the woman's? Which is the proper course for the girl with a secret—candor or concealment? Leaving aside the moral question of honesty, which course will react to her best advantage?

That is the big question that always confronts the woman with a secret as she prepares to marry. The need to choose between silence and confession, is even a bigger problem in her life than choosing the man himself.

Those fine marital experts who [Turn to page 92]

That husband would not listen to reason. He declared that it would be impossible for him ever to trust her again. He even, questioned the paternity of the babe—not because he really doubted, but to flay the wife with the lash of recrimination.

Standing by the bench was a court attaché, a man of wide experience and genuine sympathies.

"Too bad," he murmured, "but it's her own fault. She should have told him beforehand."

Here was an average man voicing the views of the average man. It is the right of the husband to know everything about the woman he makes his wife. Her past is as much his as her future! So it has been accepted since time immemorial!

"Why didn't you tell him beforehand?" I questioned her.

"I loved him too much," she sobbed. "I was afraid!"

And in the face of that answer, of what avail reason?

She had been afraid she would lose him. The biggest thing that can come into any woman's life was at stake—her love! And so, confronted with the problem of

A Romance of the Great Wild West

My *Dashing Cowboy*

THE afternoon sun is splashing the rim of the Toquima Hills with orange and vermillion and the men will be returning soon. For the past week they have been building fence down on Lost Cabin Creek, which is the line between our range and the Santa Rosa Reserve. The Basque herders who run their sheep there on permits are not careful enough to suit Rance.

Fully an hour must elapse before I catch my first glimpse of the little traveling dust-cloud on the flats, which will be Rance and the men, and that is time enough to make biscuits and fix the little surprise I have arranged. There will be a Mexican dish to-night—tortillas—because he is so fond of them. For one born and reared in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, I am proud

of my tortillas, but then, I have acquired a Spanish-Mexican vocabulary as well as an inkling of their cookery. There is little left about me to suggest New England. The admission comes cheerfully now, but I hated this West, at first. I missed those mighty elms which march up and down Great Barrington's streets.

Nevada seemed crude, bleak and inexorable; distances interminable; neighbors non-existent; ranching but another name for the shortest and most direct route to utter poverty.

Back in Great Barrington, I had had but brief notice of the change which impended. Father blamed the mail order houses because his hardware business had dwindled. Perhaps it was their fault, but I found it hard to excuse him entirely when he announced that he was going West.



The bank robbers flashed around the moving train and kept it as a shield between them and the pursuing posse.

*Could My Man
Go Straight
After He Had Once
Gone Wrong?*

A month later having bought this ranch he sent for me. I did not know then what a multitude of sins the word "ranch" could cover. Intuition warned me that father was a babe among the wolves, that the business of ranching had nought to do with the retailing of hardware, but I was caught between two fires. I could not leave father alone nor could I, having been a somebody in Great Barrington, look forward to teaching school there.

I waved good-bye to friends and relatives, little realizing how greatly the course of my life was to be changed. It was not so much what I was going to, as something that occurred on the way out which effected that change.

I first saw Rance Darnell from the unlovely and uncomfortable depths of a chair in one of those "free reclining chair cars," which Western railroads are prone to advertise.

We had left Salt Lake City shortly after midnight. I had pillowed my head by the open window, but I had not slept. Dawn was breaking when the train came to a faltering halt and a young brakeman ran through the car shouting, "Stroud! This station is Stroud!"

"Utah?" I queried as he smiled at me. It was not because I cared, half so much as that he was such a pleasant young man.

He nodded and ran on. I had seen Stroud's counterpart fifty times during the past day, little one-street towns of one-story buildings, without even tree or shrub to hide their nakedness. They were all alike, even down to the brick bank-building. I was turning my eyes away from Stroud's main street when they encountered a man on horseback.

Sitting in his saddle, just a little back from the street and almost outside my window, he was quite unaware of me. In his hand he held the reins of two saddled horses. The animals were nervous, and whenever they threw up their heads he would unconsciously pull down on the reins but the horses held no part of his attention. He was staring at the little brick building, the sign on the front of which announced that it housed the First National Bank of Stroud.

I fell to studying him as the train tarried. He was armed: I could see the butt of his revolver peeping out of its holster, and from his saddle cloth a rifle barrel protruded.

I thought nothing of it; men went armed in the West. His Stetson was pulled down low over his forehead, but I could see that his hair was black and curly. His nose was determined. There was something wild and untamed about the set of his mouth. Once he half turned, and I caught a glimpse of his eyes. In them there was a hint of hot temper, of recklessness.

These were definable things, but it was the undefinable



I wanted to cry out to the cowboy robber. He was a hold-up man but I didn't want him to be shot down.

about him that held my interest. Instinctively I sensed that he would do the right thing at the right time; that he would hardly be one to take orders though.

He was only a boy!

As I fell to wondering what his name might be and what the business was that brought him to town so early this morning, two men emerged from the bank and even as they hugged the wall a rifle barked.

One of them carried a canvas bag. He was armed, as was his companion, and I could see their guns flash as they answered that first shot. One of the horses fell.

The street which had seemed deserted but a moment before, came to life with a vengeance. Men drew into doorways, with only the muzzles of their rifles showing.

The train lurched. I knew it would move away in another second, and I moved to the rear of the observation car to see this thing out.

A man ran into the middle of the street a block away and threw himself face down in the dust. Almost immediately his rifle began to speak.

The boy spurred his horse. The two men in front of the bank were calling to him. I saw one with a bag start to run toward the horses. A gun barked, and he went down on his face, clawing the dust, and was still.

Surely the boy would be killed, out there in the very path of all the shooting. He was firing rapidly now; too rapidly, I thought, to be doing any more than making a screen for his companion's escape. His shots were wild but he didn't seem nervous.

The second man ran forward, caught up the canvas bag and vaulted into his saddle. With one movement he swung his horse around and circled the end of the moving train.

I wanted to cry out to the boy, "Go! Go!" He was taking part in the bank robbery. At the moment I did not care greatly. I only knew I didn't want him to be shot down before my eyes, but he was in no hurry. He stooped and caught up the man who had sprawled in the dust. He shook his head and let the lifeless body sink back into the road again. Then he was gone, flying



As I looked at Rance I knew I should never be able to ask him about the robbery and shooting at Stroud.

around the moving train and catching his companion.

The train was their shield, and as it pulled out of town they kept it between them and the posse which was already riding after them.

The train gathered speed. The passengers were all awake and crowding about the windows or on to the platform of the car where I already stood.

Far out on the desert now I could see the two hobbling specks which were the boy and the man. Some distance behind them came the others.

"They're headin' for the Pinwater Hills," an old rancher declared. "If they get that far, they'll be hard



Rance was spending most of his time at our place and father was depending on him more and more.

to find. There's range after range, that-a-way, and they can work way over into Nevada, if they're smart."

I came back to my chair and cried. Oh, it was ridiculous. I tried to shame myself into a semblance of good sense by admitting the folly of tears for one who was a stranger to me—but without success.

I had all day to worry about him. Several times I asked the young brakeman if he had heard any news, but he shook his head each time.

There were no big towns ahead with newspapers to herald the outcome of that pursuit. Late in the evening I arrived in Golconda, where father was waiting. Troubles

of my own occupied me then.

I am not going into the details of that first year in Nevada. It mocked my worst expectations. I was utterly miserable.

It was July when I arrived, and every day that brought winter nearer only added to my hopelessness. Father's health was failing. The shack to which he had brought me beggars description. It was cold in winter; hot in summer. There was no one to help us. We were nearing the end of our money. Something had to be done, and it was squarely up to me, so that fall I became the school teacher at Promotory. There was nothing there but the schoolhouse and the station. It was six miles from the ranch; but that was no distance. Some of my pupils came twice as far.

The salary was small, but I was grateful for it, and my position as schoolma'am did more to establish us in the country than all of father's worrying and building.

I refused to let my thoughts dwell on anything connected with the East, but I often thought of the boy robber and made inquiries now and then. No one had ever heard.

That winter brought problems of its own, among them Knute Nelson. My sense of intuition is normal, I believe, but it took me a long while to understand what Knute was about.

Many times that fall he had driven me to school. He was reputed to be our richest man. Lately, it had been his custom to go to town for the winter. This year, however, he announced that he was staying on the north ranch. He con-

tinued to drive me to school, and one day the truth came out; he wanted me to marry him.

Knute meant well, I presume, but he was as old as father and I was most certainly not in love with him. My no was emphatic, but it took many no's before he finally decided I had refused him. Soon after, he packed up and went into Golconda. The whole county seemed to know about it, and although the laugh was on Knute, I found my position far from pleasant.

Thanksgiving was still two weeks away when Mrs. Ashby, of Willow Creek and Miss Bledsoe, whose father ran the stageline, dropped in at the schoolhouse to inform

me that they had just received the usual permission of the school commissioner to use the schoolhouse for a dance and basket party on Thanksgiving Eve.

They asked me to arrange the program and sing one or two solos. I was quite willing to do my part, although it meant leaving father alone for the evening. As the days passed I waited for some one to offer to escort me home after the party, but no one stepped forward. Knute's experience with me had evidently frightened away more eligible suitors. I did not mind for I had often ridden home alone from Nita Bledsoe's in the evening.

NITA invited me over to dinner the night of the party, and as there were some last minute preparations to make, she and I were the first to arrive at the schoolhouse. We had not been there five minutes before the first of the guests, big Ed Tyrell, from Bucksin Mountain, arrived.

I was standing on a step-ladder, pinning up the last of the decorations, when Ed opened the door.

"Good evenin' Miss Mather," he called out to me cheerily, "how are you? You sure got things fixed up pretty."

"Why, I'm fine, Mr. Tyrell," I answered.

"I didn't come alone, to-night," he went on. "When you git done, I want you to meet my friend Rance Darnell."

I stepped down then and turned to find myself facing the boy who had held the horses that morning back in Stroud, Utah.

My knees trembled. "He's alive; he got away!" I whispered to myself. I could not trust my eyes, for a moment.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Ma'am," I heard him say with the pleasantest drawl.

He was handsomer than I had supposed him to be. There was no sign of wound or scar on him, and in his manner no hint of the hunted.

"Rance is something of a stranger around here lately," Ed enlightened me. "He used to break brons for me. He's about as good a twister as I've ever seen."

"Don't you believe him, Miss Mather," Rance replied. "He might offer to help you, instead of standing there talkin' about me."



I was lost two days. It was Rance who found me when I lay freezing to death in the snow.

So I invented some tasks for them and the others came soon after.

I don't know just what I had expected this party to develop into; certainly nothing particularly pleasant, but I was agreeably surprised. These people were not crude. They were plain, of course, but what they lost in gentility they more than made up in frankness and simple honesty and genuine concern for their neighbors. I began to revamp some of my opinions about Nevada.

An accordion and a violin furnished the music for the dancing. At first it was the boys and not the girls who were shy. I hoped Rance would ask me to dance. I wanted to talk to him; to learn if he was staying in the Basin for the winter. I wanted to get behind the smiling mask of him and see just how right or wrong he was.

I knew I should never be able to ask him about that affair at Stroud. For good or evil, my lips were sealed; and it was a secret that even then I realized could only make me miserable. It was too unfair an advantage for any one to hold over another.

I LOOKED up to find him standing before me, smiling his shy, wistful smile. In a daze I heard him asking me to dance. As he whirled me away I noticed that he limped. "I had a little accident lately," he murmured as he sensed my thought.

"At Mr. Tyrell's place?" I asked stupidly.

"No, over in Utah," he laughed.

So he called it an accident. I could find nothing to say for the longest while though we danced again and again, and when the baskets were opened for supper, Rance shared mine with me.

Nita came over and sat down with us for a minute. She seemed to take it quite for granted that Rance and I should like each other's company, and when he insisted on riding home with me, and I tried to demur, she took sides against me.

I tried to draw him out on the way home, but without much success. He admitted he was staying in the Basin for the winter though there would not be much work for him until after the spring round-up. I had to be satisfied with that.

When we rode up to the house, I didn't know whether to ask him in or not. He decided for me.

"I'll be gettin' along," said he. "It's a right smart ride to Ed's ranch, but I'll see yuh again, ma'am, if I may?"

"I hope so," I replied a little unevenly.

He did not go immediately, and I saw he was running his eyes over the house.

"'Bout time you sodded up around those posts there. It's going to be mighty cold this winter for yuh if yuh don't."

"I—I guess that's so," I answered. "Father's thinking of that."

"I suppose you got plenty of firewood to see yuh through, all right," he ran on.

"That pile there," I pointed out. "The Bixby boys brought that over several weeks ago." I knew as well as he that it would never last all winter.

Rance shook his head.

"You ain't aimin' to git through the winter on that, be yuh?" he inquired, and then: "You'll need four times as much as that. If you don't git it in before snow flies you're goin' to have trouble gittin' it at all." [Turn to page 106]

How I Tamed My Terrible Temper



They Called Me Little Spitfire

I USED to excuse myself on the ground that I had the "nervous temperament." It was Mother who first put it that way.

My brother and sister were not so lenient. They called me "spunky, spitfire, wildcat, T. N. T." and things like that. Father only said that I was spoiled.

There is no doubt that the family had a hard time living with me. I was sensitive. At least, that was the way I put it. Tom and Courtney said I was "touchy," that I went around with a chip on my shoulder and that I had a hair-trigger temper.

It was true that at the least provocation I would fly into a screaming rage, especially where my brother was concerned. When he teased me I would fly at him like a mad wet hen, and beat him frantically, or try to. Of course I didn't have the strength to hurt him much. He would sometimes laugh and get hold of my

wrists and hold me tight, while I struggled and cried, and he would call out, "Hey, Ma, call the dog off—she's at me again." Then he would duck as he let go of me, and Mother would pet me and try to soothe me, while I had a crying spell.

But there were times when Tom thought I was going too far that he was not quite so good-natured, and would give me two or three slaps. He never touched me except to spank me—on the right place—and I thought that humiliating. When Mother remonstrated with him for that, he would remind her that it was self-defense, and that if she had control over me, or had always spanked me when I needed it, he wouldn't have to. Mother always replied that it would not do to spank a nervous child like me, while the others agreed that I was pampered and coddled.

"Good Lord, if she ever gets married, the poor fish

is going to have a hot time of it," said Tom, one day. "Who? Pearl get married?" said Courtney. "Fat chance. Not unless the fellow's blind and deaf."

On my fifteenth birthday, while waiting supper for Father, with the birthday cake and candles all ready, we received a telephone call from the hospital. Father had been struck by an automobile. Witnesses said the driver was intoxicated, at any rate he did not stop and in the excitement no one got the license number. Poor Dad was dead before we reached the hospital.

HOWEVER, this time there was no outburst of nerves. I was too paralyzed, too numb. The others watched me, and wondered that I, who was so upset by mere nothings, should stand up bravely under a heavy blow like this, but I couldn't realize it. I know that I was a pretty subdued wildcat for a long, long time, so that it really must have hit me pretty hard.

Of course it all meant, after the funeral was over, that Tom and I would have to go to work. Father had had a comfortable job, but left only a moderate insurance. We reduced rent by taking a smaller house. Courtney was a year and half younger, Tom older than myself. Fortunately, I had taken the business course during my one year in high school, and had learned shorthand and typewriting.

I went to work, bravely enough, but they were miserable days, on my own account. I was in no fit condition of health for work. I could not fly to pieces in the office as I did at home, but I was excited and upset over every little annoyance, and I was constantly having nervous headaches. If a door closed with a bang, or anything dropped, or if any one spoke to me unexpectedly, I would jump. One of the girls asked me one day why I jerked my mouth and my eyes the way I did.

I did not grow any more after I was fifteen. In fact, I got thinner. I blamed that on the confinement of the office. Courtney grew very fast and in time was four inches taller, so although I was the older, she began to call me her little sister. In a couple of years I had a complete nervous breakdown and had to give up my job. I was so weak I could hardly walk. I spent three months on the farm of a distant relative, where I slept and loafed and lived largely on fresh cow's milk and berries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and blueberries. I had never liked milk, but on the farm I could drink fresh milk, still warm from the cow.

I recovered and went back to work, in a new job. When I was eighteen I began to smoke cigarets, because the other girls were doing it. I didn't care for them at first, but soon I began to smoke them just because I was nervous. I got thinner than ever. Courtney had left school and gone to work, and Tom, now twenty-one and interested in seeing the world, joined the Navy.

Finally there came the adventure of my having a sweetheart. Donald Forbes wasn't really blind or deaf, either, but he might have been partly blind, for I didn't look like much. He was a typewriter salesman who came to the office to fix my typewriter, and tried to convince me that I needed a new one. I told him I didn't need much convincing, if he could convince the office manager. He came an unnecessary number of times to try to sell them a type-

writer for me, but only talked to me about it, until the girls began to josh me about him and I began to suspect his motive. Then he began to call and take me out.

"It's nice of you, Don, to want to take such good care of me, taking me out in the air," I said one evening, when he had me sit down to rest on a park bench.

"You poor little Pearly Girlie," he said, "you need some one to take care of you."

"A lot of girls need that," I said.

"But you're different. The others need somebody else to take care of them." And then he took my hand. "I want to always take care of you, Pearl." I didn't know what to say, and he added, "Do you understand what that means?"

"I'm afraid it means that you would be taking on an awful burden," I said.

"No, a very precious one, but I'd call it a privilege."

"You're a dear old Don," I said, and then he wrapped me around with his arms and kissed me, so tenderly. That was all that was said, but everything was perfectly understood.

But after that relations were different, more personal, more familiar. I found that he had ideas about what I ought to do, and I began to resent his assumption that he could change my habits, or make me over into a pattern of his own. My point of view was that he was criticizing me, and I had never learned to take criticism from any one. It seemed to me that in trying to give me advice he only showed that he disapproved of me.

BEING sorry for myself, I wanted sympathy, not advice. Telling him about my troubles one day I complained that I was of the nervous temperament.

"But that's the best temperament," he said. Perhaps he meant it as commendation of me. I thought he meant that I had nothing to complain of. "People of nervous temperament are much stronger than others, and they accomplish more," he added.

"Stronger? What nonsense?" I declared, thinking of my own condition.

"Your trouble is not temperament, Pearl. I think it's just your health."

There was one Sunday that I spoiled for him and for myself, as well, by having a toothache. We had gone to the park and Don had rented a rowboat. The toothache made me very cross and nervous, and when it got very bad I told him about it. He immediately asked if I had much trouble with my teeth. I told him, expecting sympathy, that I hardly had a sound tooth left in my head. He whistled when I said that. You would have thought that I had said that I had a wooden leg. But I would not show him my teeth because I was ashamed of them.

"I wish you'd go and see my dentist, Pearl. He knows his business."

"Do you have much trouble?"

"Practically none. That's why I'd like to have him take care of your case."

I promised to see his Dr. Harvey. My own dentist had tortured me for years, in return for a lot of my earnings, and still my teeth were crumbling away.

Then Don began asking questions about the kind of food I lived on. Well, if he's one of these food cranks, I said to myself, he can't get on with me. So I just told him that I ate ordinary food, the same as other people.

"But there's something wrong. These things don't come without a cause."

"I wasn't born strong," I said.

"Just the same, take your nervous condition



along with your teeth——"

"Please don't talk about my teeth. I'm sorry I mentioned them." Just then my tooth began to throb terribly, and it stirred me all up in anger toward him. Why couldn't he sympathize, instead of wanting to give advice? I began to cry.

"I don't want to be lectured," I bawled. "I've such a terrible toothache. I want to go home."

He rowed ashore and stopped at the first drug store for some toothache drops. I went into a telephone booth to put some into the tooth. That eased it, and we went home, but I did not ask him to come in. My brother Tom would have said, "Spunky."

Late the next day, by appointment, I saw his Dr. Harvey, a fairly young dentist.

"Dear, dear, dear!" he said, with genuine pity, as he looked over my wretched teeth, with all their fillings, some of them gone entirely.

"Isn't it terrible—to have such teeth?" I asked.

"It is terrible—because it's so unnecessary. It's the tragedy of a million girls, much like yourself."

"What do you mean—not necessary?"

"You might just as well have had every tooth in your head—in perfect condition," he said. "It's the typical American diet."

"So you think food has something to do with it?" I asked, with my mind going back to what Don had said.

"Where else do you get the building material for your teeth? You use a tooth brush, of course?"

"Religiously," I replied.

"There, you see, that hasn't saved you."

"Do you mean I shouldn't brush my teeth?"

"Certainly not. Brush them, for cleanliness, but you just can't build teeth out of white bread, choc-



I threw Dr. Harvey's book about food to the floor with a slam. Then I thought of Don and how everything was over—and I cried.

olate creams, waffles, doughnuts, pastry and ice cream sodas——"

"How do you know I eat those things?" I demanded.

"You do, don't you?"

"Yes, but who told you?"

"Your teeth. They shout it. Also you eat meat, and you think you're nourished. But you're not feeding your nerves, nor your teeth."

"What shall I eat?"

"Not the sweet stuff. Green stuff, vegetables, fruit, milk—and whole wheat bread. I'll loan you a book."

"Oh yes, please."

"I can save what teeth you have left, little lady, not by the work I'll do for you here in this chair, but by getting you to eat the stuff that will build up good blood and strong teeth."

I took the book home with me and laid it on my dresser, but I didn't open it. I procrastinated. I liked what I liked. I was sure it would tell me to eat things I didn't like. Yet something seemed to tell me that Dr. Harvey knew the truth. I thought it was a duty to read the book, but to acknowledge that this terrible condition of my teeth, my health, my nerves, was due to my own folly in eating, to what my father had once called my mere whims—the thought was humiliating. I hated to face it. And so the book lay unopened.

Don came one evening, just as if nothing had happened.

"I've been worrying about you, Pearl," he said.

"Oh, I'm not worth worrying about," I replied.

"I think you ought to live on a farm for a couple of years, and drink milk, or something."

"I've got to work," I objected.

"You say it is not a matter of food," he said. "Oh, by the way—you're so thin—do you smoke cigarets?"

"But that hasn't anything to do with being thin," I said, not answering his question.

"Yes, sometimes it does," he said.

"Now, I smoke very little, an occasional cigaret. I only smoke the front end, two or three puffs, and then I chuck it, but I found that when I smoked cigars I got thin. In three months I went down twenty-five pounds. I think that's one reason why you see so many skinny girls these days."

"They want to be thin."

"It isn't good to be underweight," he replied.

I felt dishonest at dodging his direct question, so I said, "Why yes, I smoke cigarets, same as everybody," and then I was sorry I spoke. I didn't want to be lectured. I thought he would be disappointed, and so I started to argue the matter. A girl had just as much right to smoke as a man. He said that wasn't [Continued on page 138]



INFATUATION

I SUPPOSE older people, who know a great deal about life, will say that I did the whole thing on an impulse, and that I might very well have ruined my life.

Though I am only twenty now and this happened a year ago, I must disagree with them. It wasn't an impulse. It was a devastating passion, the like of which I shall probably never know again, for as we grow older we learn wisdom. The blood cools, other things become

as important as love, and so our passions grow saner and less agonizing.

As for the end, I admit that it might have been very bad indeed. Some of you who read may think that it was very bad, for certainly my intention was evil, my desire was wrong, and at the moment my only fear was that something might interfere to prevent the accomplishment of my desire.

In the strangest fashion, in the maddest situation, it



How I Learned True Love from False in the Heart of Hollywood

taught me the great lesson every woman must learn—the difference between infatuation and love. I shall tell you the story briefly, for I am not a writing person and cannot pad the naked outline of fact with delicious fancies. Besides, all the bad things I have to tell in this story are about myself, and though I am much more humble than I was before I went to Hollywood, I am not humble enough to enjoy dwelling upon my faults.

I don't suppose I should have chanced it if I hadn't

been so pretty, but being pretty, as I was, a girl gets carried away by a sense of her own power. Having so much prettiness is, I suppose, rather like having a great deal of money. You think you can get away with anything.

At eighteen, I was bored with men. I had ceased to be flattered when heads turned in supper clubs to stare after me, when taxi-drivers sat paralyzed after I got in their cabs, when I could always [Turn to page 102]

My Love Ship

*A Lonely Island
Was My Home,
But
My True Mate
Found Me*



MOST men like to think of the girl they want to marry as an angel on earth. Many of them would be terribly shocked and upset if they really knew what was in our minds and hearts when they begged us to marry them . . . I know Davey Sanders would have been shocked to death if he'd even dreamed the truth the night he asked me to be his wife.

Most likely he would have thought of me as a bad girl instead of an angel.

I had been going with Davey Sanders ever since I stopped running up and down the beaches bare-legged at the age of fifteen. That made five years.

Long enough, you'll say, for me to have decided on marrying him. Everybody on Bar Island figured we

That Came in the Night

*I rushed forward
and threw myself
upon Richard and
clung there, wait-
ing for a blow that
never fell.*



were a fine match. The sea was in his blood and mine. We had both been born and bred to the same kind of dreams and traditions: a ship for a man, a snug cottage close by the flying salt spray for the woman. Children with sea blue eyes, and voices laden with the song of winds for both of them.

Folks predicted that some day Davey would command

his own ship. Like my old father, Cap'n Wheeler, Davey's had skippered schooners.

But, in the face of all these things I had not made up my mind about marrying Davey. Yet, I loved him enough to make me want to see if he was really the man destined to be my husband. When he asked me to marry him, I gave an answer that seemed to scare him

—Davey who'd never learned to fear anything but God.

We were standing far down the beach then under the southern stars. From the mystery of night to the south'ard the summer breeze, salt-scented with the tang of open sea drifted to me like music, and I thought of ship lights as I'd often seen them passing our island home in the night. It was the thought of those ship lights that kept me from being sure that I wanted to marry Davey. They had always suggested something that I wasn't certain I could find as his wife. They were the lure of the unknown; the thrill of adventure; the dream lights of romance.

"I asked your dad this morning, Mary. He said yes. He knows I'm sailing for Rio as a mate aboard the *Grace L.* tomorrow . . . Won't you marry me in the morning so I can think of you as my—my wife when we're running before Caribbean winds. Mary, Mary it's been so lonely in the watches of the night without you, without knowing that you—you really belonged to me. With no memories that would be yours, and God's, and mine only."

"Oh, Davey! I've always been yours, haven't I? There's never been another man on Bar Island for me," I answered. It was true. There never had been another man on Bar for me. But, I had often wondered if there was another man out there with the ship lights for me—if there was something out there that Bar Island and Davey could never give.

"YES, Mary, you've always been mine that way, but—" Davey's voice seemed suddenly to drop down. There was only the sound of the sea and wind between us. I understood Davey wanted me before he went away so that nothing on all the seas could ever make him believe he didn't own my heart and soul—my body. He wanted me to be his wife.

If I had told Davey exactly what was in my heart then there's no telling what he might have said or done. Men in love misunderstand such things so easily. But, because we do not dare to tell our lovers the truth; because we go on letting them believe that we are angels on earth, our feelings do not change. Suppression never really changes anything. I decided to try a scheme with Davey. For I was eager then to discover the mystery that lies between being a sweetheart, and being a wife.

"Davey, I've dreamed about marrying you for a long time. I love you as much as I know how to love a man."

"Mary," he said drawing me to him with a strength that took my breath away. He thought that my words were my answer. I let him go on so I could find a way to tell him. "For five years I've seen your blue eyes looking up at me from strange seas, seen your hair like wind-touched gold in a thousand breezes, heard your voice calling me through long nights. I—oh! Mary don't you understand? It just can't go on like this." He ended suddenly letting his arms fall away from me, as if afraid of my touch.

"Davey, let's walk down the beach to the old empty Morris cottage. We'll be away from all the world down there," I said dropping my eyes before the look on his face. It was as if he had at last half read my feelings and seen into my heart.

"Mary!" he said in a strange voice that made him sound short of breath. "Oh! my God I love you, I love you. Tomorrow we'll be married."

I did not answer him, for I did not know what my answer was to be. But, I lifted my face up to his, and kissed him so that he would believe his own words . . . Arm in arm we walked down the night shadowed beach like a man and woman walking toward an altar of some great mystery.

Davey looked at me as we went up the steps of the abandoned house. I cannot describe the look he gave

me. It made me afraid that he was going to turn back. I put my arms around his shoulders, and stood on tiptoe so that I might kiss him but just as I was about to close my eyes to the night of stars and sea I saw lights gleaming offshore like points of moving gold. I drew back swiftly as if someone had called me through the dark. Those ship lights did something to me that Davey Sanders sensed and he stood dumb and inert. They made me know it was a good thing I had never married him because I felt that they were the lights of a ship I had waited for all my life, a dream ship that would not pass in the night but would stop in accordance with the mysterious laws of Destiny.

Ships lights passing our island home in the night had always been like stars of romance. They had always called me, filling my heart and soul with a craving to follow them.

The sight of that ship passing to the north'ard stirred all the emotions in me which had made me uncertain I wanted to marry Davey. And then in a flash I understood my uncertainty. Davey Sanders was not the glamour of far places—the mystery of the unknown. He was Bar Island that I knew from tip to tail.

Fascinated, I watched the gleaming lights. Suddenly they began to drift shorewards. My heart stopped beating for a fleeting moment. No longer was there any doubt about the white ship.

"Davey, she's heading for Bar Island harbor. Come, let's go see her," I cried, commanded by some inner urge stronger than any force that had ever before moved me. I just had to meet the yacht *Fate* had sent into my life. If I didn't I would never again have a chance to find out the truth in my heart about myself and Davey, about the man I had secretly dreamed would come to me from beyond the horizons.

But, Davey Sanders was like a deaf and dumb man. For all the heed he paid to my words strange ships might have come to us out of every night. It was only when she drew almost abreast of High Point, and I started away as if drawn by some irresistible magnet, that he made a move.

"She's a pleasure steam yacht. Had a breakdown. Runnin' under nothin' but canvas," he muttered. His seafaring eyes were not missing one detail of the craft though he followed me like a man in a trance.

We walked across the sand-dunes, and through the patch of brooding woods to the wharf where most of the island was gathering to see what kind of a mystery ship had called upon us in the summer night. If I had told them the real reason they would have thought me crazy, and damned me for being a bad girl, because in their minds I belonged to Davey Sanders. I had walked upon the beach with him ever since my bare-legged days! And yet, some kind of an intoxication possessed me as the yacht dropped anchor that made me want to tell Bar Island and all the world of night, and stars and moon why the ship had come.

I WAS standing on tiptoe when a small boat put off with three men in it. A searchlight playing on it from the yacht showed that the two men at the oars were sailors. The third was a tall handsome young man in a white yachting uniform. My eyes seemed glued upon him as he stepped ashore. Almost instantly his eyes met mine. A spell of trembling seized my limbs. I shut my eyes knowing even then that I had fallen in love with the stranger at first sight. In his white uniform with its touches of gold and black, he was the picture of my dream man. Tall and slender, fair of hair, blue of eyes, and bronzed by the sun! A man of the sea who yet seemed to be of vastly more than just the sea alone.

I opened my eyes at the sound of his voice. It was like



His arms went around me, and the stars all ran together into a river of gold. My strength seemed suddenly that of the tides and the winds. . .

music. He was talking to my dad, telling him that he was captain of the yacht Opal which belonged to Arthur Squires, the tobacco man of our North Carolina, and that he had put in to repair a propeller shaft.

"My chart shows this as Bar Island. I could have run into Southport eight knots below, but—" he paused, and I felt his glance upon me just as if he had caressed me. "But one of those unaccountable urges sent me

here. Isn't there an old historic lighthouse ruin near?"

"Yes," cut in Dad, "it's a mile or so down the beach to the south'ard."

"I've heard about it. Think I'll stretch my legs by walking down and looking it over."

"You better not, Mister. It's haunted, an' most every stranger has something happen to him down there," spoke up old John Mason who was a sort of patriarch on

Bar Island and I knew all the interesting local legends.

The young captain from the Opal laughed in a way that thrilled me. It wasn't the laugh of a braggart. Just the laugh of a fearless young adventurer: "So I've heard. That's why it interests me . . . And, to tell the truth I've had a feeling that something was going to happen if I came to Bar Island. I guess that's why I came," he said, and looked squarely at me again before turning to his two sailors: "Stand by aboard ship for a call from me later," he ordered.

The next minute he was walking down the beach toward Ghost Lighthouse. I could not keep my eyes from following him though Davey Sanders held my arm none too gently.

"You're stuck on that young dude captain, Mary, and he's stuck on you. I could see it plain as the Big Dipper in the sky. I got a strange feelin' too, like as if something's going to happen. I—I feel like we're not goin' to get married tomorrow," he said slowly, a hoarse note in his voice.

"What a thing to say," I began, trying to cover my own feeling that something was going to happen, because I knew that one look at the young stranger, one sound of his voice had done more to me than all the five years I had spent going with Davey Sanders. Just the sight of the Opal's captain; just the sound of his voice had made me know that he was my dream man and that I loved him.

"It's as true as we're standin' here. Don't ask me to tell you why. I just feel something's goin' to happen. That's all," Davey insisted gruffly.

"All right—if you're so sure, I'm going home with Dad," I said . . .

Dad went right to bed. He was due to go outside on the pilot boat next day, and being past sixty, he needed lots of sleep, but there was no thought of sleep for me. No sound, or sign in the summer night, or in the sea drumming against our shore, dared deny the voice of my heart that said the Opal and its Captain had come out of the night in accordance with an order of Destiny . . . I slipped out of the cottage and went down the beach to find him. Fate was commanding me.

We came upon each other just as he was walking away from Ghost Lighthouse . . . I do not remember just how we met, nor what we first said. All that I can be sure of is that we drifted along together in the half-light of the stars that quivered in the sky every time his eyes met mine.

His voice haunted me when he was silent. His face was that of a man I knew I would never forget. He

seemed surprised when I told him I belonged on Bar Island, and had lived there all my life.

"Your people, have they too always lived here?" he asked.

"Ever since I can remember we've always lived here," I told him, "but my mother came from the North. Dad was captain of a schooner. He saved her life at sea. She fell in love with him and came here to live."

"She never went back to her own folks? She was satisfied to stay here!" the stranger asked.

For a few seconds I couldn't answer because of the lump in my throat. Then I told him my mother had died on the island when I was a little baby, and had never gone back to her folks.

He took my hands tenderly: "I'm so sorry—I didn't mean to hurt you . . . Somehow, the minute I landed on Bar Island wharf, I was possessed by the desire to know you. Since I met you I've wanted to make you happy, and here I've gone and made you sad."

"Oh, no! no! you haven't made me sad. You—you've made me glad," I cried, pressing his hands to my heart.

"I don't even know your name," he said. "And, yet, that doesn't matter. I know that you're the reason why I came to Bar Island instead of putting into Southport."

"My name's Mary," I said, feeling as if I were happily drowning in the depth of his wistful blue eyes.

"Mary—Mary," he murmured slowly. "the sweetest, dearest name in all the world now . . . Mine's Richard Hayne. Will you call me Richard?"

"Of course, Richard," I repeated. "Oh! now I know why I've stayed here on Bar Island all these years—"

"You've been waiting, Mary, for the same reason that I came tonight—"

"Because I've been waiting for you to come," I said simply, without caring to prove further the beautiful mystery of what had happened to us both.

His arms went around me, and the stars all ran together into a river of gold. My strength suddenly seemed that of the tides and the winds . . .

After our first kiss we strolled down the beach, arms around each other like two people who had found something they were afraid of losing in the night. I did not want to lose the touch of his hands as he talked softly to me about himself. He had run off to sea as a boy. A lucky chance had given him the opportunity to take charge of a pleasure yacht. But always from his cabin boy days, he had dreamed of love, and never found it until he came ashore at Bar Island wharf.

"Didn't you notice the way I [Turn to page 90]

Should a Woman Tell?

QWhat do you think—you wives who have a past?

QDid you tell the man you married? If you told what happened, are you glad you told?

QYou wives who didn't tell—did your past ever find you out? Do you wish you had told or are you glad you didn't?

QIf you are a girl with a past, do you intend to tell when THE man comes along?

QAnd how about you men? If you love a girl and she has a past, do you want her to tell?

QSMART SET wants to know. What you think or what you did may help other troubled girls and boys. Write out, in not more than 300 words, your answer to these hard questions.

QFor the best answer, SMART SET will pay \$25; for the second best, \$10; for the third best \$5, and for each of the next ten best, one dollar.

Address all letters to Contest Editor, SMART SET, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. The Editors of SMART SET will act as Judges. Contest closes November 10th, 1926. No letters will be returned.

Look Who's Here



Dorothy Saunders, one of the prettiest of the pretty ladies in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's delightful production, "Pretty Ladies."



Catherine Gallimore of, "A Night in Paris," throws her hat into the ring all ready to strut the Charleston.



Madeline Hurlock of the Mack Sennett Company. A Spanish shawl, a cigaret, real black tresses. With Madeline on the scene what gentleman would prefer a blonde?



Movie Fads and Fashions

Aileen Pringle, of Metro-Goldwyn, knows that black is always fashionable. A two-toned flower of any favored shade relieves it and jewelry of black onyx and white gold adds the last note of smartness. If your best beau doesn't like you in black, perhaps he'll like a neck scarf tied as coquettishly as Aileen's in the lower picture.



Russell Ball



Feather fans, like the one Norma Shearer is carrying, are coming in again. Any girl who owns one should be as proud as a peacock. No wonder M-G-M. is proud of Norma.



In rags and tatters! Wouldn't Evelyn Francisco melt a heart of stone? To say nothing of the devastating effect of that cute little curl on her forehead. Evelyn, as you should know, is a Mack Sennett beauty.

The Price of VICTORY



*I pitched forward and
fell into Bob's out-
stretched arms.*

IT WAS the beginning of my senior year at Siddern University. Gazing at the gray, ivy-clad buildings which had stood impassive while so many generations had passed through them and on into the world, I felt a sentimental blur cloud my eyes, but not for long. A shout with glad welcome in it brushed the mist away.

"Blythe. Blythe Ware!"

Bob Mainard was hurrying along one of the campus walks with his long, forceful stride. I smiled with pleasure to see him again; this bronzed giant of a man who had grown before my eyes out of the shy, snub-nosed, freckled boy in knickerbockers who had carried my books

*I Faced Disgrace if
I Confessed. But
There Was Something
Bigger Than I
at Stake.*

*There Was the Honor
of the School
and the Honor of My
Half-back Sweetheart.*

home from high school long ago.

"You get prettier each year, Blythe. You're a sight for sore eyes," said Bob's deep voice, and his strong hand clasped mine.

"Your eyes don't seem to be very sore," I laughed. "Wherever do you keep yourself during vacations? You're never at home any more."

"Didn't you know I was at the engineering camp?" Bob asked, disappointedly.

"That's so. I heard you were going. Have a good time?"

"As good a time as anybody has working ten hours a day," he answered. "What sort of time did you have?"

"Spiffy!" I answered. "The lake



The frenzied thousands grew hoarse cheering for Bob. And, oh, my heart was bursting for joy and pride and fear.

colony was really lively this year. We had dances almost every night, and there was swimming and boating, of course; they've got a new nine-hole golf course. Pretty sporty one, too."

"I hadn't heard that," Bob responded, ruefully. "Haven't been at the lake since 'fresh' year. Too busy getting out with stakes, and axes, and rods, and transits, and grouchy bosses, all of which seem to be the necessary evils of an engineering course."

"Sorry you weren't up there, Bob," I said, softly, and I meant it, too.

"Dudley Trenholm was at the lake, I suppose."

"Naturally," I drawled.

"Naturally," Bob echoed. I caught a hint of implied criticism in his tone, which made me a tiny bit resentful of his attitude.

"I'm thankful that Dudley was there," I said, indolently. "If everybody wanted to be an engineer, girls would have lonesome vacations apparently."

"Fortunately, everyone doesn't," Bob retorted.

"Well, I've got to be going. Football practice, you

know. Can't get away from that for anybody."

"Bother your old football, Bob Mainard," I exclaimed. "It's always something. Football, basketball

and baseball during the college year, and engineering camps in the summer. You're a regular hermit. Nobody ever sees you, unless they're sitting in a stand watching a game."

"You used to like to watch the games when we were at Maybury High together," Bob protested.

"That was different. Now they keep you away from everyone, even friends like me, who have known you since you were a tiny boy."

I saw an odd, reflective light in Bob's eyes.

"That's true," he admitted, and then went on, after an awkward pause that I rather enjoyed, "Sometimes I wish I'd never come to college. I wish we were all back in Maybury, kids again, so I could carry your books and punch some fool's head for



joshin' me about it. They were just jealous, I'll bet."

"You always did enjoy punching fools' heads," I smiled.

"I must go," he said again, but he lingered on. Suddenly, he spoke quickly. "It will be all over next June and my time will be my own again, I hope. Then I'll have something to say to you, Blythe, if you'll wait."

"Waiting is one thing I do poorly, Bob," I retorted, but the bronzed giant had turned abruptly and was striding toward the football field.

I walked slowly on to the Zeta Xi Zeta house, pondering Bob Mainard's last remark. I knew he was hinting at an engagement, but I didn't take it seriously. I had grown old enough to realize that it is not wise to take any man too seriously in sentimental moments. Particularly when there is in those moments a mingling of gladness and sadness, such as our meeting had just provided.

There was the usual post-vacation furore at the sorority house, laughter, and welcome, and exclamations of joy. In time, these subsided into the confidential chats when we compared our vacation experiences, our conquests and our beaux. Then, at last, we fell back on the never-failing topic of dress, of forthcoming dances, and of the occasional engagements being rumored, now that we were seniors and the more serious years of life were about to close on us.

Dudley Trenholm telephoned me a few nights afterwards. He was late getting back to Siddern. Bess Lathrop had a letter from her cousin, saying she had seen Dudley in a Chicago night club with a wild party.

"That boy Dudley is no dud," said Bess. "He sows his wild oats far, wide and handsome."

"Nothing of the sort," I defended. "Dudley is hav-

the signs when a girl gets a phone call and spends the better part of an hour mixing up her complexion, and contemplating what dress she should wear."

"You go to grass, Bess Lathrop," I said.

"Anything to oblige, Blythe, dear," she answered, "and you go to Dudley."

That was precisely what I did.

Dudley Trenholm was a nice boy, in my opinion. He was good looking, always well-groomed, and possessed a poise beyond his years. He was amply provided with money, which was understandable back home since his father owned the electric light, gas and traction companies in Maybury. He was a bit wild, I must admit, but so were most of us, if you would call it being wild to prefer a good jazz orchestra to a hymn song, and a dance with an occasional cocktail to a church social with strawberry shortcake.

"What do you think? I have to ditch my car," said Dudley, when we had gone through the flush of greeting.

"Why?" I asked. "Has your dad gone sour on it?"

"No. Dad's all right. He doesn't care what I do so



ing his fling, as most of us are, but there isn't anything vicious about it."

"Tune out that indignation," Bess advised. "I know

long as I keep myself decently out of trouble. It's the faculty. They've shut down on the students having cars. Having one here will result [Turn to page 95]

Concluding

A WIFE Who

(What Bertha Ann Has Already Told You:

BELIEVING that my secret dream lover would never come to life, I married John Westmacotte even though I knew the family curse, "living you shall be as dead, in your thirty-seventh year," had hung over only sons in each generation for three hundred years. I only laughed at John's fears, when on our wedding night, he made me promise to send for Dr. Richard Galbraith, a friend of his who had promised to give him poison if the curse ever took effect.

My husband gave me everything that money could buy and I forgot about the curse until the day when he pensioned his servants and made his will, leaving everything to me. We were talking in the library when my husband, catching sight of a white peacock whose coming supposedly presaged the falling of the curse, crumpled in a heap at my feet.

Four specialists and my father, who was a doctor failed to do anything to help him. Remembering my promise I sent for Dr. Galbraith who proved to be, in every outward appearance at least, the secret lover of my dreams. He called to me and I went to him but I remembered my husband, lying upstairs helpless, and I broke away. I was held true by an invalid who only wanted to die.

(Now Read the Rest of Bertha Ann's Story:

AND what's to become of him when we've gone?" I asked watching him with curious appraising eyes.

"Get him in a couple of first rate nurses; put a first



"We're not so near to God," I told the old butler, "as the people were in the days when miracles happened."

o Couldn't Be BAD

*Virtue Finds its Own
Reward
in Happiness*



"God is very near to us, ma'am," the butler said. I looked at him startled. Word for word it was what my husband had said—almost the last words he had ever spoken.

rate doctor in charge; shove him into a nice big room with a nice big fire and a shaded light. Settle him all nice and comfy before we go!"

"But he's already got a couple of first rate nurses"—I wondered if he heard the change in my voice—"A first rate doctor, my father, is already in charge. He doesn't want a nice big room. He doesn't want a nice big fire. He doesn't want a nice shaded light."

"Then what the Hell does he want?"

"This." I opened my hand and showed him the little black glass bottle.

At sight of it his sleek head seemed to flatten like the head of a hooded snake about to strike. His eyes narrowed again till they were mere slits of light. "You give that bottle to me, my pretty. I've told you already there'd be the devil to pay if ever that were found."

"I don't see why?" I answered him coolly no trace of the rising storm within visible in my face. "It has no smell; it has no taste; it leaves no trace. Why be frightened of being caught? You said yourself it was perfectly safe."

"Don't you believe it, you little fool! No poison's perfectly safe. That first-rate doctor you put in charge,—that father of yours,—he'd be on to it like a knife." He snatched up a match and ripped it alight on the top of the high-backed chair. "No, we're not taking any little black glass bottle, thank you kindly. We'll let somebody else attend to that part of the job."

"Do I understand you propose we should hire a man to murder my husband?"

He looked at me sharply over his cupped hands. The flickering flame of the match they shielded cast strange shadows on his face, distorting its exotic beauty into a fantastic travesty of itself. "And why not?" said he.

"Why not, indeed?" said I. "And where do you propose to find this accommodating assassin who is prepared to attend to that particular part of our job?"

"Never you mind where I propose to find him. You leave that to me. I'll find him all right."

"Are there such men to be found?" I asked him gently—but it was the gentleness of a tiger before it springs.

"Are there such men?" He dropped the expiring match into a finger-bowl and laughed to himself as he watched it go hissing to its watery death. "Are there such men! My sweet little fool, there are thousands of men who'd murder their own mothers every day of the week for one thousandth part of your three million pounds."

"What do you mean—my three million pounds? I haven't got any three million pounds."

"What do you mean,—you've not got any three million pounds? Didn't you tell me he'd left all his money to you?"

"So he has," I said calmly, "but I didn't say I was going to take it."

"Not take it? Not take three million pounds? You must be mad!"

"I am!" I answered him quietly. "I'm mad and I'm bad but I'm not so bad and not so mad as to kill a man and take his money. We're coming to this thing with clean hands."

"That's where you're wrong! We're not coming to this thing at all."

"Oh yes we are!" said I, facing him fearlessly. "If you won't give it to him, I will."

"Then give it to him, you little fool, give it him! But I warn you that with that will drawn in your favor and that butler of yours putting his own construction on our little dinner tonight, no doctor in the world would give you a certificate,—not even your own father. You'll hang, my little devil, as sure as you stand there."

"Then I'll hang," I said, and picked up the bottle.

"Then hang and be damned!" said he and he picked up the cheque.

A strange, strange thing those swift revulsions of passion that have their obscure foundations in the dark profundities of unsatisfied desire! We who had risen to the heights of the solitude of love now sounded the depths of that most terrible of human relationships,—the companionship of hate.

HE PUT his hand into his breast pocket and took out his note-case. Stupefied, I watched him carefully fold up the cheque and put it away inside.

"What are you doing with that?" I cried. "You can't take that. That cheque's not yours."

"Why not?" Smiling at me maliciously he slipped the note case back into his pocket. "It's my fee."

"Then earn it!" I struck the table with my clenched fist with such force that the white flesh went scarlet with pain. "If you want it, earn it!"

"Earn your own fees, my pretty! That poor devil upstairs hasn't had much change out of the money he's spent on you, I'll be bound! Earn your own fees! They must have come considerably higher than mine! Why, that necklace of yours alone must be worth close on five thousand dollars." He leaned forward suddenly and caught at the string of jade beads shifting and shimmering at my waist.

The contact of his touch drove me to frenzy. I jerked back my head; I thrust back his hand. The silk thread that held the necklace together,—worn by time, fretted by the constant friction of delicate Chinese fingers,—gave with a snap. The jade beads went rolling hither and thither all over the floor.

The unexpected disaster, insignificant in itself, put the culminating climax to my fury. The pent-up excitement that I had controlled up till then with an iron hand

found its vent in an outburst of words that came pouring out of my mouth like flame.

"Get out of my sight!" I said. "Get out of my life! Take your money and go before I ring for my servants to turn you out!"

My voice was so menacing,—my look so terrible, that even while I still spoke the curtains parted and he vanished. He went as he came,—without a sound.

I stumbled across the room and fell into a chair by the side of the hearth. I sat by the fire and I warmed my hands. Gradually my body ceased to shake and tremble; gradually the tumult raging in my soul died down. The old grandfather clock ticking peacefully away in its corner; the soft falling of the log dust on to the hearth,—those dear familiar commonplace sounds,—came to me like a healing hand soothing my jangling nerves.

The strange events of the night began to shape themselves together into coherent form; they began to pass in their ordered sequence before my bewildered eyes. I asked myself now he'd gone, as I'd asked myself when he came, how it was possible for such things to be. How could a woman meet a man, kiss a man, love a man, hate a man, stay with a man for ever, part from a man for ever—all in a breath? How could she? Yet I had done it. This thing had happened to me. I had crowded the emotions of a lifetime into one frantic hour. I had snatched what I had wanted regardless of the cost. A prey to a disillusion more bitter than death, I told myself that no matter if it had lasted an hour or a hundred years, in the final accounting the end must inevitably have been the same.

I STRETCHED out my hands to the consoling warmth and I found myself still holding the little black glass bottle.

All through that mad loving—all through that mad hating, I had held it. I looked at it lying, no longer sinister but brightly shining, on the palm of my hand.

I turned my head sharply and listened. There was the sound of a door closing softly; the fall of a quiet step. The curtains moved softly aside. I looked at them in terror, but it was only the old butler who stood there with his silver tray in his hand.

At sight of me sitting there alone by the fire, he stopped. "I beg pardon, Ma'am. I didn't know you were here. It was so quiet outside I thought you'd gone upstairs." He hesitated an instant as if uncertain of my mood. "If I might clear the silver, Ma'am?"

"Clear whatever you like."

"Thank you, Ma'am." He peered past me searching the room with his troubled old eyes. "Is the gentleman staying the night, Ma'am?"

"The gentleman's gone."

"Gone? Oh, Ma'am! Wasn't he any good, the gentleman?"

"No. He wasn't any good."

"That'll be a bitter blow to all of us downstairs, Ma'am. Seeing you dressed and so cheery-like at table, we all made sure there must be some good news."

"No. There's no good news. There never will be. You must make up your mind to that, Robins. There's no hope left."

"Oh, don't say that, Ma'am." He left his clearing and came to my side. "I don't seem able to bear it, Ma'am. While there's life there's hope."

"Not unless a miracle happens."

"Miracles have happened, Ma'am."

"Not in our days, Robins."

"They might happen again, Ma'am."

"They might, but they don't," I said.

"That's true, too, Ma'am." The sensitive old face



"Then give your husband the poison, you little fool," said my dream lover. "But no doctor will give you a certificate and you'll hang, my little devil, as sure as you stand there."

puckered up into deeper lines of thought. "I've often wondered why."

"Perhaps we're not so near to God as people used to be in those days."

"But God's very near to us, Ma'am."

I looked up at him startled. Word for word it was what my husband had said,—almost the last words he had spoken to me on earth. The coincidence brought it all back so vividly, it was as though John himself spoke to me through the old servant's voice.

The thought brought me to my feet. "Your master may be wanting me. I must go."

With the poison in my hand and the name of God shining like a lamp about my feet to light me on my way, I went up Death's stairs to kill John Westmacotte.

In my husband's room it was very quiet. The door

was shut. The nurses were gone. The lights were out. The Great White House lay wrapped in slumber. John Westmacotte, master of all its millions, lay in the darkness and the silence, alone.

I opened the door softly and went in carrying a lighted candle in my hand.

I stood looking down at my husband in his iron camp bed shading the light with my hand. For a long long time I stood there saying nothing. When I spoke, I came direct to the point as I always did.

"He's gone," I said. "He can do nothing. He's a thief and a cheat and a liar. So he's gone. I sent him away."

I bent down suddenly and held the candle close down into his face flashing it to and fro. The heavy lids fell slowly over the tormented eyes as if [Turn to page 82]



Ernest Steider, Berlin

Have you a little sheik in your home? They're perfectly harmless, really, says Lady Drummond Hay. No Anglo-Saxon woman knows these desert men as this distinguished writer and traveler knows them. They are afraid of their wives, these real Sheiks, just like ordinary American and English husbands. Lady Hay found them tame and gentle and honorable, and, listen to this, girls, by no means handsome or picturesque.

At The Truth

By LADY

I KNOW all about Sheiks. In fact I don't suppose there is anyone who knows them better. My husband born in the East, speaking and writing Arabic like a native, is the son of Sir John Drummond Hay, the famous diplomatist, whose father, uncles and brothers all lived gloriously in the dazzling East, as great Pashas, hobnobbing with real Sheiks. So it happens that I am admitted to the secrets of real Oriental life.

While a Sheik has his secrets, like the Sphinx, he is at heart a very ordinary fellow. He is as tame and gentle as the traditional American husband, if caught young enough, and no one knows this better than his veiled lady-wife. In the motion pictures, he storms the harem door and all the girls in the audience are disappointed because the censor won't let them see what happens when he gets inside. Let me tell you what really happens inside. He gets as far as the Harem. He looks from the door to the floor and then probably slopes away! Big strong man that he is, he is frightened by a few pairs of dinky little embroidered slippers standing in a priggish row, but he knows the sign! Madame the Sheikess has company! Nothing would induce Mr. Sheik to break all the laws of Islam by intruding on the visiting hours.

They know not the East who only know "The Sheik." The women of the East, Mesdames of America, have much to teach you even in the way of managing husbands. One of the Egyptian princes in Cairo confided to me that he wouldn't for the world marry an Egyptian girl because they are "so exacting, extravagant and jealous." Most of what is written about the downtrodden harem woman, the helpless "victim" of brute men, the slave, the plaything, is all rubbish; these days the harem woman could easily give pointers to her less subtle Western sisters.

The Sheik's life isn't a gay one, which possibly accounts for their saturnine and cynical countenance. The leading English lawyer in Cairo employs Egyptian clerks, one of whom, Moustafa Bey, was a by-word for gloom and misery. Judge the astonishment in the office when Moustafa fairly skipped into



Last about Sheiks

DRUMMOND HAY

the room one morning like a young two year old. My English friend, with all the reserve and dignity of long association in the enigmatical Orient, greeted him in these carefully chosen words "Oh . . . Bey. Enlighten us, your good friends, as to the cause of your transformation, illumination and regeneration."

Moustafa turned upon him a face more radiant than the sun rising on the desert. "Most Excellent," he vouchsafed, "yesterday I married my second wife. The whole of Cairo knows how my first wife would bully me, ill-treat me, slam the door in my face and make my miserable life more miserable still. Long had I prayed for guidance and help before Alla had pity on me. Now I have married a second wife, heftier and stronger than the first for," he lowered his voice to a wily whisper, "according to all the laws of God and Nature two women will never band together against a man."

Of course there are Shieks and Sheiks. I'd hate to tell you what a real Sheik is like. The least I can say is to explain that he is not at all like the Sheik of the movies. To begin with he is generally old, not young. A long beard may hide a weak chin, nothing like the strong square chin of the movie Sheiks. A Sheik in real life is generally associated with a mosque or school or some such religious institution. Sheiks of the desert are generally unwashed, primitive men in every sense of the word. Real Sheiks are dear old fellows who would not or could not harm a fly. I know lots and lots of them and they never inspired me with any fear. Of course, they must have been young once but they probably were not Sheiks then but mere Effendis.

What can be more conclusive of their innocuousness than the fact that Sheiks are chosen to teach in Moslem girl schools. Imagine it! One, two or three hundred buds of femininity, quite undisturbed by the presence of silken robed beturbaned Sheiks.

There is the Sheik el Haret, too. I do not know what to compare him to in the Western world, unless it be something on the order of a ward leader, or precinct captain, in American politics. This poor man is responsible for ten or twelve families in his particular quarter. He must see that they vote at the elections, hand over a wrongdoer to justice, settle family squabbles, in short, act as father of the flock. According to all comic reports he has an awful time of it, and is rather to be pitied than feared.

There are Sheiks whom you would not guess were

*The sheik of real life
who lives in terror of
the voice from his
harem.*



Sheiks, unless they told you so themselves. Take the case of a very high official, a Sheik in name and fact. He is a wonderful example of the paradox of Eastern home life. He is jealous and overbearing with his wife, to such an extent that there are very few even among women who ever see more than the tip of her nose. When she would go out from the house, she is veiled from head to toe, utterly unrecognizable. On the other hand she finds full compensation in the fact that her husband lives in terror of her, and her tantrums. I cannot imagine that such a thing would be possible in Europe.

As to his office, I dare not hint more, than to say it is a very Exalted one. He is a Personality, resplendent in gold and decorations. Like all other Oriental officials, he is much invited out into European society, but custom forbids him bringing his wife.

He makes a great show at parties and receptions, and is the very life of the party, until the telephone rings. A "ting-a-ling" in the next room is enough to send him into a frenzy of nervousness, and usually with some cause. Madame never leaves him alone for a minute. I do not really think that she believes he spends the "long tedious" hours at business at all, and certainly she is most suspicious as to what he does outside. The poor man never can enjoy a party, without an imperative summons to the telephone from his veiled wife, who rings up, to find out whether he is really where he told her he was going! It is one of the standing jokes of Cairo society. Heaven alone knows what she says to him when she does get him on the 'phone, for he comes back "all of a shiver" and the party is completely spoiled for him.

On one occasion, at a private house, I am afraid I helped not only to spoil the party but to spoil a whole week for him. Mr. Sheik was holding forth in a most authoritative manner, telling an admiring audience that he

didn't believe in women's emancipation anyhow. "Ting-a-ling" went the telephone in the next room. The would-be domestic tyrant trotted mildly to the receiver. I knew it was his wife at the other end, and broke the silence (for she was doing all the talking) with three clear loud peals of feminine laughter. He dropped the telephone on the floor, flung himself on a divan with his head in his hands, swaying to and fro, moaning or chanting some kind of invocation or prayer. Nothing would console him. First he wanted to go home at once, and then he didn't want to go home at all. At last he decided to go, on condition that one of his friends should accompany him and bear witness as to his innocence.

Of course this unfortunate wretch was a butt for the most unmerciful practical joking. Perhaps the worst quarter of an hour he ever spent in his life, was when a friend took advantage of his changing from ordinary clothes, into Court uniform, and slipped a couple of photographs of two pretty girls into the inside pocket of his discarded coat. When he got home his wife had found them. Gossips do say that he went to work with a black eye next day.

I could go on quoting instances like this to disprove the Sheik tradition. I'm not sure, however, that I'm acting fairly to coming generations of flappers; it would be a pity to destroy their illusions with all the unkind stories I can tell!

There is another case, that of Z Bey, a very dashing young man whom I knew in Egypt. His wife was of course strictly harem. I say "of course" because he was attached to the court and King Fuad insists that his entourage shall keep their wives secluded. Z Bey as I said before, was a very dashing young man until he got a diplomatic appointment in Europe and took his harem with him. The "lady" emancipated quickly, and took it into her head that it was her turn to do the secluding. The poor Bey hadn't the ghost of [Turn to page 87]



Oh, the Sheik of fiction! Here he is in a movie scene and how unlike the real Sheik whom Lady Drummond Hay knows.



Mother O' Mine

AS I look back, over the crowded years; my first memory is a cruel one. Cruel because of its brutality and ugliness. I see a woman—red faced and untidy—bending above a disorderly cook stove. I see a man sprawled in a corner, sleeping, with his mouth sagging loosely open, and an empty bottle held tight in his hand. I see a child—white cheeked, large eyed, cowering upon a dirty pile of bedding. A child with a broken doll clutched tightly to a frightened little heart, a child with an undisguised horror in her soul and a wordless pity in her scared, small glances. The man and the woman—they are my father and my mother. I am the child!

My father and my mother — God knows how they happened to marry, to drift, together, into the maelstrom of the city's East Side. Certainly they

were not held by bonds of love or loyalty. There were harsh words spoken in the tenement room where I, a baby, grew into childhood. There were harsher blows struck.

Sometimes I think my mother sought the dark bottle that haunted my childhood as an escape, as a way to forgetfulness. Certainly she took no pleasure in drunkenness. But my father drank because he loved it.

Into my life came a very small portion of love. Once or twice I can remember that my mother clasped me in her arms with an affection that had, almost, a touch of the animal in its primitive ferocity. Once, only once, my father brought me a gift. The doll, broken even then, that became

my dearest possession. The doll that I held in my arms, each evening, as I drifted off to a troubled rest. The doll that I kissed, each morning, as my eyes opened reluctantly to

*The Story of a Boy Who Had Everything
and a Girl Who Had Nothing—Yet
Which Had "the Right Sort of Blood?"*

*"Come away, dearest," Roddy said.
"That woman is saying things I don't want the girl who will be my wife to hear."*

the dim light of the windowless tenement room, a room unaired and crowded with the fumes of stale whiskey. A room in which my father and my mother, still partially clothed, slept the sodden sleep of the unjust!

My earliest years: But a child is no judge of Time. Perhaps I was five when the crash came, when I awakened in the black of the midnight, to the sounds of cursing and blows. By the flickering light of one candle I watched, huddled upon my heap of torn blankets, a battle between the only two people that made my world. A battle that was being waged in deadly earnest—to a deadly finish.

I do not know how the fight started. They say that my mother, on the witness stand, was utterly inarticulate as regards it. Even she did not know. They had both been drinking all evening, for I had seen them at it when I drifted off to sleep. Perhaps it was over the division of the liquor that they quarrelled, who knows?

My mother, as I first saw her, after being startled into wakefulness, was lying prone upon the floor. Her hair (had it been clean and cared for, it would have been a lovely cape of black satin!) was lying spread about her. One leg was twisted into a grotesque knot, under her, quite as if it had no bone in it. But her strong arms were wielding a broken chair. The sound of her voice, crying aloud in agony and rage, was as broken as the chair!

My father stood above her. Always a large man, he

seemed, in the light of the candle, an immense figure. Like an ogre in a fairy book! (I make the illusion, now, after years. In that day I did not know that there were fairy books in the world!) As I clutched my doll in my arms—too frightened, even, to sob under my breath—I saw him raise a club. I saw him bring it down over my mother's body with astounding strength.





I broke away from Roddy's detaining hand. "I must go to her," I said, with a touch of hysteria in my voice.

as he struck out, for my mother, raising the chair with the vigor born of despair, gave him a terrific push. He staggered back, clumsily—as a wounded animal might stagger—and flung out his arms as if to steady himself. For a moment he swayed, clutching at thin air.

At that instant I heard the sound of many people gathering outside our door. There were knocks and calls, threats to "bash in the door." My parents apparently did not hear. My eyes were glued upon the tall, swaying figure of my father.

He seemed tremendous as he stood there. Tremendous and utterly evil! Then, in some way, he overbalanced—and, like a tenpin, he fell over backwards.

If he had struck the floor I am sure that he would have been able to rise again. And I am sure, had he been able to rise, that he would have killed my mother. But he did not strike the floor, for the iron stove, at which my mother had prepared our meals, stood in the way. He fell straight backwards and his head, in falling, struck the stove. I heard a curious noise, a small noise, as compared with the other

It may seem incredible that my mother, lying upon her back, with a crushed and useless leg, was able to deflect that blow—and the blows that followed—with the broken chair. But she did—her brain, I think, must have been clearer than my father's. And then, suddenly, the climax came, as climaxes do come quite unexpectedly.

My father must have been carelessly sure of himself

sounds of that night, but one that I shall never forget. A noise that I might best describe as a soft, crushing sound. The stiffness seemed to go out of my father's body, and he folded up, like an unstarched, half damp garment, upon the floor, with never a sound.

My mother, lying upon her tired back, flung aside the broken chair and began to laugh [*Continued on page 136*]

How Can I Get My

To a Troubled
GIRL
Who Has Lost
Her Good
NAME



Make your kisses precious and desirable by keeping them as a symbol of your love.

I WISH you could see my desk—how it is piled with letters from readers of *Smart Set*! Even though I can only give a few lines to each letter, dear correspondents, I am sure you all understand that you have my affectionate sympathy and enthusiastic desire to help you. I have read each letter carefully, and I am going to try to give the keynote of the answer to each problem. Then you can work it out for yourself.

The flapper of today has problems to meet that were never dreamed of by her mother and grandmother in their sheltered young lives. For the girl of today is very much out in the world, facing facts that are shorn, it would seem at times, of the least vestige of romance or illusion. Yet this tense modern life of ours is gloriously beautiful and all the more alluring and fascinating because it is difficult.

Freedom always brings tremendous responsibilities. And the typical modern girl is free as women have never been free before—free to make her own decisions, free to choose her work, to enrich her life with ideals and fine friendships, to marry the man of her own choice.

Is it any wonder that this freedom sometimes proves intoxicating, and the flapper is more daring than discreet, going just a little further in her hunger for the joys of life than wisdom would dictate?

Experience, it is true, is the best teacher. But what price experience! A girl too often learns at the cost of happiness, health, youth and self-respect.

The modern girl seemingly starts her quest for romance and adventure, joy and love before the years of childhood are really over. How hard it is, with the judgment of fifteen or sixteen to know when to say

"Yes" and when "No," how to enjoy the good times of youth without sacrificing the happiness and well-being of years to come.

A girl with a sympathetic mother who is also her chum, is safe when mother and daughter talk things over with friendly frankness and affection. Make a chum of your mother. She understands life. If you appeal to her judgment and sympathy, her affectionate counsel will save you from stumbling.

If you are not fortunate enough to have a mother who welcomes your confidences and sympathizes with your point of view, then talk things over with an older woman who is like a mother to you.

No one in the world needs counsel and advice quite so much as the girl in her teens. She is dazzled with the beauty and joy of youth, tempted by much that seems to be love yet may be something far less lovely. The happiness of her whole lifetime depends on the foundation she lays today for character, happy romance and successful marriage.

Good times? Of course you want good times, dear girls. And you are entitled to good times. But do not mistake the meaning of good times. A good time is not genuine if it leaves a terrible memory and menace. That sort of good time robs a girl of peace of mind, clear conscience and happiness, as it has robbed Mary, who writes the following letter:

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"I am fifteen and considered good-looking. I guess I led too wild a life. But I regret it now.

"One of my boy friends knows something I did. He told the rest and now they all talk about me.

Reputation Back?

By *MARTHA MADISON*

Mender of Broken Hearts

"Please tell me how to be good and act as I should. My mother and Dad do not like to have me go out with boys. But sweet things! They let me do it just because—well, because I'm spoiled.

"My girl friends did like me but they are acting queer now. Please tell me how I can gain their intimate friendship again.

"I am considered fast. How can I get a new reputation?

"Is it true that a boy likes a girl better if she doesn't pet? If you don't let them they call you a 'baby'. But I guess when it comes to picking the 'one and only,' they take the other kind."

Mary dear, you are started right now because you want so much to be good. That's the principal thing—wanting very much to be good. The rest will follow.

You see the only way people can judge us is by our reputation. So if you care to be loved and respected, you can't be too careful of your good reputation. It is more precious than any other possession, except your honor.

Don't pet with men. Petting is likely to go much further than it should. And at best it is cheapening. Never be afraid to say No. Men like you better for having courage and character to take a stand when you do it sweetly without preaching or acting goody-good.

After this wherever you go, and whatever you do dear, guard your reputation and live up to your best self, which is your real self. In this way, you will grad-



"Experience is the best teacher. But what price experience! A girl often learns at the cost of happiness, health and youth," says Mrs. Madison who invites girls to write her for help in solving their love problems.

ually live down the old reputation, build up a new and enrich your life with high ideals.

Here's a flapper who is "Brokenhearted at fifteen," just because like Mary, she isn't quite sure how to use freedom.

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"I'm not yet sixteen but I'm in love with a well-to-do boy of seventeen. He never comes to see me until after nine and when he comes, he wants to pet.

"Shall I do everything he wants me to do? I don't think it is right.

"Is there any way to prevent a girl from 'getting into trouble' with a boy? Please state how. What harm is there in petting and necking?"

BROKEN-HEARTED.

Dear Broken-hearted:

Nothing in this world will prevent you from 'getting into trouble,' if you 'do everything' all men want you to do.

The girl who can't say no is a plaything soon tired of by men, because she hasn't their respect.

Do only what you know is right, my dear, then you will not get into trouble. The danger in petting is that it removes barriers and too often leads to further familiarities, degrading and cheapening a girl.

Make your kisses precious and desirable by keeping them as a symbol of your love for the man who earns them by proving his love and respect for you through a proposal of marriage.

Make yourself so entertaining and bright and
[Turn to page 118]



THIS FUNNY WORLD

By ALECK SMART



SO YOU think you've found me out, Doris. You say in your letter that Aleck Smart is just plain Smart Aleck. Keep on thinking so if you like, but I know the name I was christened. When I was born into the Smart family the fairies prophesied that I would graduate into the Smart Set—and here we are:

Get this, Girls

Raymond Griffith gives the best reason for bachelorhood we have ever come across:

"It's my belief," he says, "that no man is good enough to marry a good girl."

"And of course, no real man could think of marrying a bad girl."

"Hence—the bachelor."

Not So Foolish

A medical officer of England has just declared that bobbed and shingled tresses are an aid to education, because they assure "the freedom of the brain case from the heat and weight of great masses of hair."

And they say that educators are finding that the bobbed and shingled school-girl of today is less liable to headaches than her mother was.

No Kissing in Hollywood

Red Grange is said to have found the girls at Hollywood less inclined to caresses than co-eds.

"What of it?" asks Charlie Paddock, who sprinted his way into Bebe Daniel's heart. "Just because a movie star kisses in a picture is no sign that a fellow can mug her in private life. Hollywood girls aren't any different from the girls of any other town."

Scolded by Jeritza

Maria Jeritza, the Metropolitan Opera's great soprano said recently in London:

"American women are growing more masculine every day. In Europe girls cultivate romantic ideals—every meeting with the male sex is a premonition of sex! In America it's a prelude to sport."

"Just for that," says Sadie, the stenog, "I'm not going to occupy my box in the diamond horseshoe when Jeritza sings."

Fashion Note by Duke de Mode

The pretty Parisiennes use a very different make-up from American girls. They cultivate ghostly white cheeks and purple lip sticks, and their flirtatious eyes look out at you from purpled lids.

They wear almost nothing underneath—but they are shocked at American girls who roll their stockings.

"Roll 'em, girls" is really a shocking song in Paris, the city of shocks.



This Month's Fairy Tale

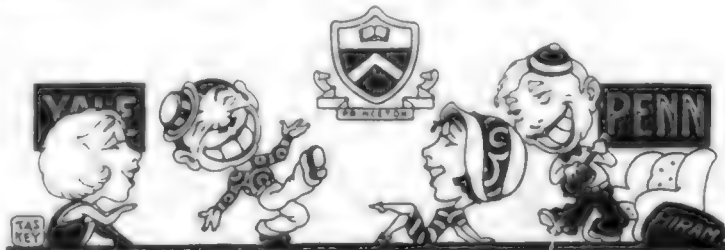
Once upon a time there was a girl who bobbed her hair; liked cigarettes and supper-clubs; and used rouge, lip-stick and pencil. The folks in her row, hearing her beau's car stop at her door just before day-break, would murmur drowsily: "What a sweet, innocent

old-fashioned girl our dear Maybelle is!"

No More Blushes

There was once a young lady who'd blush—
With a long, deep natural flush

But, Oh my aunt's cow—
Where is that girl now—
She's gone with the horsehair and plush!



With the College Cut-Ups

He—I haven't seen much of you lately, what's been the matter?

She—I can't wear an evening dress all the time, can I? PURPLE COW.

Good-By

A woman called unexpectedly at her husband's office and found him kissing his pretty typist. With remarkable presence of mind he explained that he was kissing her good-by. That was the truth!—BROWN JUG.

Will Ileana Pick a Yankee Prince?

Here's a choice bit of news for young men who haven't as yet encircled beautiful fingers with wedding rings. Diplomatic circles of Europe are whispering that the lovely young Princess Ileana of Roumania may give her hand to some American prince instead of Prince Fall-Off-His-Horse of England. Set your caps, boys!

The Aging Movies

Here's an item that makes us realize that the movies are no longer young. I'll bet there are thousands of girls among our readers who never saw Francis Bushman play the great screen lover:

Los Angeles: Virginia Bushman, 20-year old daughter of Francis X. Bushman, screen actor, has announced her engagement to Director Jack Conway.

Game to the End

"Did you hold the mirror to her face to see if she was still breathing," the doctor asked the nurse.

"Yes," nurse replied. "She opened an eye, saw the mirror, and reached for her powder puff."

Two Contests this Month

Send me a last line for this limerick:

Dolly, who hails from Duluth,
Delights in stories of truth
So she hurries to get
Each month her SMART SET,

II

Girls, what's the best thing to tell a man when he says to you: "Then you'd better get out and walk!"

Send your suggestions in both contests to Aleck Smart, care of SMART SET. We'll pay \$5.00 for what we think is the best limerick line, and award five one dollar bills for the five next best.

For the best answers to the second contest we will pay a dollar each for those we select.

That's all for the now—Let's rendezvous again next month—

Aleck Smart



What color do you feel today?

(A CURIOUS QUESTION)

CURIOUS? Yes. . . . Silly? Not in the least. Mysterious perhaps, but we *do* "feel" different colors. When sad, we feel "blue"; when happy, we feel rosy, glowing, bright. All true, isn't it?

But—and here is the startling thought—how do we *look*? We are judged by that! At golf, for instance? Cheeks too pale, costume neutral, the impression is *depression*. If in reality your mood is gay, the gayety *seems forced*. You *do not look the part*.

Or, again, if you feel deliciously tranquil, how sadly at variance with your true mood are too bright and robust colors. Your whole day may be spoiled simply because you *do not look the color you feel*.

So we come, convincingly, to the reason for the *new mode* which is rapidly changing the rouge preferences of America's cleverest women. It is the most exciting vogue in years—using rouge to *express one's moods*.

Princess Pat developed this fascinating theme of *mood expression*—by delving deep into the mysteries of color psychology. But *you* can experience all the results without troubling about scientific explanations.

Try it. Suppose you feel that uplifting inner urge toward gayety. You feel brilliant, vital, alive, eager. You want desperately to have that mood register, to evoke quick, understanding response in others. Then *look the part*. Use Princess Pat Rouge Vivid. Watch the mirror. See how the wonderful new *color note* is instantly achieved. It is so "just right" that you get a complete new thrill from your own reflection in the glass. But the point is that you'll *thrill beholders as well*.

And the soft, delicate effect of Princess Pat Medium! Ah, that is for the hour and occasion when dreams mist o'er realities and "beckon romance softly." It is the shade that gives the rich, warm creams and pinks of a "peaches and cream" complexion. Its *color note* is serenity, cool, soft serenity, like moonlight silvering a breathless lake on a still June night.

For those fuller, glowing moments when rich, natural color is your desire, use Princess Pat English Tint, the famous orange shade more imitated than any other rouge in the world—but never successfully. English Tint changes on your skin, blending of its own accord to the exact color note required by your own complexion *tone at its natural best*.

Think, Milady. You choose your frocks with vast care so that they may express *you*. Your choice of rouge is *even more important*. For a brilliant costume with a neutral rouge is terribly discordant. Similarly, a soft, pastel gown with a brilliant rouge is disharmony. You invest heavily in gowns—why not make the investment yield fullest beauty?

It costs no more to have the three wonderful shades of Princess Pat on your dressing table—because they last *three times as long as one*. So follow this new vogue. You can readily *imagine* its fascination; but actual results will far transcend anything you can conceive.

NOTE: Color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With Vivid Rouge, use Vivid Lipstick; with Medium Rouge, or English Tint, use Princess Pat Natural Lipstick.



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The Most Popular Cream in the World for Evening use

Social activities are always an incentive to "look your best." Many women know that there is nothing to equal the delicate, refined, soft appearance Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders to the skin. The arms, shoulders and complexion are blended into an entrancing, pearly beauty that will not streak or show the slightest effects of moisture or perspiration.

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is so subtle and refined in its effect, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. It is very simple to use, no rubbing in, or messy treatments. Just a moment's time each morning assures you of possessing your "evening affair" beauty throughout the day.

Isn't it just as important to always appear at your best, as it is to look well for a particular occasion? Commence its use today, and learn how effectively the astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles, freckles, tan, flabbiness and muddy complexions. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.
New York



M-27-6

A Wife Who Couldn't Be Bad

[Continued from page 71]

startled, then lifted slowly again. "So you can see," I said nodding my head. "They said you couldn't but I knew you could." With a sudden movement I flung up my hand so that the soft radiance of the candle shone on my neck and arms and the disorder of my hair. "Well, look at me!" I said bitterly. "I'm worth looking at! I'm a thief and a cheat and a liar too, a thousand times worse than he!"

I set the candle down on the table. I pulled out the hard-wood chair and sat down by his side. For a long, long time I sat there, staring in front of me, lost in thought. Presently I began speaking again. "I wonder if it's true you can't hear? The doctors all say you can't but I believe you can. I wonder . . . Whether you can or whether you can't I'm going to tell you all the same. That man that came here tonight, that doctor you told me to send for.—I'd never heard his name until you told it me. I'd never set eyes on him in my life, but I'd known him ever since I was a girl of fifteen. He'd been my secret lover for years. That sounds impossible, doesn't it? It is. Lots of impossible things happen in this world. This thing's happened to me."

I SHIFTED a little on the hard-wood chair. My voice dropped to a lower pitch. "It began when I was a girl at school. I was just fifteen. One term after the Christmas holidays my best friend, Vesta, came back engaged. Nobody knew about it but me. At first I was thrilled to the core to share a secret like that; then gradually I began to realize that everything was all altered between us. She didn't care about me any longer, only about him. I was sick with jealousy. I nearly racked my brains out trying to think of ways to get back her interest in me.

"One day I had an idea. I'd always copied her in everything else. Why shouldn't I copy her in this? Why shouldn't I have a lover the same as she had? Why shouldn't I get engaged? The question was who I was to get engaged to. Except the stuffy old fogies that came to see my father, I didn't know any men. I determined to make one up out of my own head. I called him 'The Unknown.'"

"At first the other girls wouldn't believe I was really engaged, so I got round mother to lend me one of her rings,—an old garnet heart set round with pearls. I used to wear it on a chain hidden under my frock. One day I took it out and showed it to the other girls.

"That did the trick. The minute they saw the ring they believed every word I'd told them. Vesta was so mad with curiosity she wouldn't let the other girls come near me. She wanted to keep me all to herself. I was so excited and happy about getting her back I used to lie awake half the night making up things to tell her.

"One day Vesta showed me a photo of her lover. I determined to go one better than her and have a painting of mine. I was rather good at that kind of thing so I set to work and I painted him with a white face and black hair and weary brown eyes that looked as if they'd seen everything in the world and were sick to death of it all. The girls all thought he was wonderful. They all fell in love with him on the spot.

"It was then I think that I first began to fall in love with him too. Before very long he seemed so real I didn't care about anyone else. The rest were all like so many shadows that came and went in a

dream. He was the only real thing in the world to me."

With a kind of horror I looked across to the shadows where, a few hours before, that secret lover of mine had stood. "When I looked up and saw him standing there tonight, white face, dark eyes, black hair, just as I'd painted him, I felt as if I were going mad. I was sick of sitting here in this perishing cold, saying nothing, doing nothing but just waiting for him to come or for you to die. I felt I simply couldn't go on any longer. I was mad for life and love."

I leaned forwards and took John's hand and held it tight between my own. "Can you hear me?" I said. "Can you? Oh, try, try and hear me! I'm a beast but you've got to listen. You've got to hear what I've got to say.

"I put on my silver dress," I said. "I put on my silver shoes. I put the jade beads you gave me round my neck. We went downstairs and we dined together. He sat in your place. He smoked your cigarets in your black onyx holder that you'd said was too precious to use. I didn't care that you were lying up here alone and helpless. I didn't give a damn if you were alive or dead. I was perfectly happy sitting down there with him. Oh God!" I cried. "How is it possible for men and women to be so base? Yet they are!"

As if stunned by the force of my own words, I sat silently searching John's face for some sign of a response; but there was none. Motionless, as one who is dead, he lay there. Only his eyes remained fixed on mine, steadfast even in hell. I set the candle-stick down on his breast so that the light fell between his face and mine. I slipped to my knees on the hard bare floor. I set my lips to his ear. "Can you see me? Can you hear me?"

"I sat on his knee. I lay in his arms. When he kissed me I kissed him back as I've never kissed you. When he asked me if I wanted a child I said 'Yes.' I never wanted a child of yours. I didn't love you that way, but I wanted a child of his."

AGAIN I stopped, my attention arrested by a look on his face that made my heart stand still. It was as if John's eyes were absorbing my very life into his. In their terrible depths I sensed a change.

"Is that all?" those eyes questioned me. It was as if he had spoken aloud.

"That's all," I answered him slowly. "I loved him. I loathe him. I sent him away."

And still those terrible eyes questioned me. "Is that all?" they asked. "Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?" I asked him as he had once asked me. "Isn't it enough? What more do you want me to tell? I've stripped my soul bare before you and still you lie there with those questioning eyes and asking me 'Is that all?'" The pent-up passion raging within me suddenly burst forth into words. "Yes, by God, it is all. If it weren't I should have killed him before I came upstairs to kill you." The candle flared up; flared down; went out.

We were left in the darkness alone.

Exhausted though I was by emotion, worn out with physical strain, yet, with the quenching of the light, I was instantly aware of that strange quickening of the spirit, that sudden heightening of nervous activity that was like a force set free.

For the first time there came to me the

[Turn to page 84]

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Prettier Lips at the Ritz

Dear Nan:

..... They are *all* back in town. —I knew it the minute Theodore at the Ritz gave me my table today. The women who come to New York for the smart season are *all* so *comme il faut!* — So many of them are using the dainty Pompeian Lip Stick. How it adds to their youth and beauty with its *natural* coloring ... *si belle!*"



Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural rosy tint; protects lips—pure and harmless; has chisel-point for easy application.

Pompeian Lip Stick

'blinding' realization of what this thing meant that I had sworn to do.

"How can I kill him?" I cried in anguish. "How can I kill him? Yet I must."

Already I could feel closing in on me that frightful isolation of the soul which is the real punishment, the true death penalty of those who break the great primeval law guarding the sanctity of human life.

In my extremity, my longing for the reassuring warmth of human contact, I reached out for my husband's hand.

The instant those ice-cold fingers touched mine I was conscious that mine was not the only heart that waked in the night. I knew with the certainty that admitted of no question that within that motionless body that lay like a log in his bed was housed my husband's brain, as active, as alert, as alive as my own.

Blind, deaf and dumb he lay there, striving to reach me through the medium of that mystic sixth sense at which I had always scoffed and in which he had always believed.

IT WAS like a voice crying to me in the night but in a language I did not understand.

What was it trying to tell me,—that voice?

"Oh God! God! God!" I cried. "Punish me! Torment me! Send me to Hell if You will! But give him the power to tell me what he wants before he dies."

It was the first time I had ever prayed in my life.

Breathless with expectation I knelt there waiting . . . waiting for I knew not what—some stupendous demonstration of supernatural power; but nothing happened.

Only the moon came through the window, serene and calm, like a shining Presence in the room. It covered the bare floor with a carpet of silver; it clothed the bare walls with hangings of gold. It laid a halo of living light round John's tormented head. By the light of that moon I looked down and saw that his eyes were full of tears.

At the sight of those tears something went crack in my heart; something went snap in my head.

I saw as in a magic looking-glass the goodness and the greatness of the man I had betrayed. I would have died a thousand deaths to save him if I could.

I lifted that helpless head and laid my face on his.

In that supreme moment I came to my great decision. All fear had departed out of me. I faced the truth as I always did. I had taken all and given nothing. Now it was my turn to give.

"You can cheat life but you can't cheat death!" I said, and laughed in the saying. "We will go out together on this great adventure, my husband,—you and I."

I took out the little black glass bottle. I broke the seal; I unscrewed the stopper; I poured the poison out into the empty glass. I held it up before his eyes. "Half for you and half for me."

I bent my head and for the last time I kissed him. I raised the glass to my lips.

A frightful cry rent the night like the scream of a wounded beast. A breath of flame scorched my cheek. A hand of iron seized my wrist. The glass fell and shivered to atoms on the floor.

John Westmacotte rose up out of his bed as Lazarus rose up out of his grave at the call of a God who was stronger than death.

Transfixed we stood together in the moonlight,—the dead who had returned to the living and the living who was not to die.

"In God's name,—stop!"

I pitched headlong forward into my husband's outstretched arms.

God had answered my prayer.

The sun was shining on the great White House; the blackbirds were singing in the cherry trees when I came back from my long journey in the dark places of delirium and found myself looking up into my father's twinkling eyes.

"Is that you, father?"

"That's me, daughter."

"Where am I?"

"In bed, my child."

"In bed? I thought I was in heaven."

"Next best place, my dear!"

I wanted to smile at that and I found I couldn't.

"I've been ill, haven't I?"

"You might have been better."

"Very ill?"

"You might have been worse."

"What's been the matter with me?"

My father's eyes began to twinkle. "One might call it brain fever if you happened to have a brain."

That struck me as the funniest thing I'd ever heard in my life. A little ghost of laughter floated up from my fevered lips on to the quiet air. "I don't believe I have a brain. I can't remember a thing. Funny I've tried and I've tried and I can't remember. It's something most important, too, something dreadful."

"I'd try and remember something now if I were you. Now shut your eyes like a good girl and go to sleep."

I shut my eyes like a good girl but I couldn't go to sleep. The thing I wanted to remember and couldn't worried me too much. Something important, something I'd promised to do, something somebody'd given me to keep and I couldn't find.

As the days went by and the fever abated, I began to worry about it less until by the time the great day came when I first got up I was so excited it had gone clean out of my head.

I lay on the couch in the blue spare room propped up with fat blue satin cushions. The sky was blue. The sun was out. There were great crystal bowls full of forget-me-nots set about the room.

The dour Scotch nurse had made me wear my blue wrap trimmed with ermine and my little blue silk shoes. She had brushed my hair until it lay in little flat gold rings all over my head. She was quite excited by the time she had done. She called to my father to come and look. "There's a picture for you, Doctor! Isn't she lovely?"

"I've seen uglier," he said and his dark eyes twinkled.

"Ah! That means I'm hideous," I said. Sick people always are."

"Hijjus, indeed!" said the nurse indignantly. She fetched the silver hand-mirror from the dressing table and held it up in front of me. "If you don't believe me look for yourself."

"But it isn't me at all!" I said. "It's a new Bertha Ann."

SOMETHING in my voice must have caught my father's quick ear. He flashed a look of warning at the smiling nurse. "How about that new medicine we have for the patient, Nurse?"

"New medicine?" I said dolefully. I had expected something very different—a chicken sandwich and a cup of hot milk with a dash of brandy at least by way of a sitting-up treat. "I don't want any new medicine."

"Oh yes you do!" coaxed the nurse. "It's nice medicine. It's not bitter like the last. Come along now! It's got no taste or smell."

I looked at the crystal fluid shimmering and glimmering in the sunlit glass like molten gold. "I don't want it!" I said angrily. "I won't have it! Take it away!"

"Well, what do you know about that!" said the astonished nurse. "You can see she's getting better, can't you, Doctor? Making such a fuss! You'd think it was poison!"

"Poison!" I cried. "Poison! Father," I screamed, "father! I'm a murderess! I've poisoned John. John!"

"Control yourself, Bertha Ann!" he said, catching me by the arm. "You've done nothing of the kind."

"I have! I have! I HAVE!" I cried, clutching at my head. "It's all coming back to me. I remember everything."

"If you remember so much," said my father sharply, "it's a pity you don't remember a little more. John seized the glass out of your hand just as you were raising it to your lips."

"DID he?" I said wildly. "Did he?" Yes. Now I remember. So he did." I hid my face in my father's breast and burst into frantic crying. "Oh why didn't you let me die?" I wailed. "Now I've cheated him again. I promised I'd go with him and here I am alive and well and John is dead."

"John is not dead, you foolish child."

"Not dead?"

"He's no more dead than you are."

"But I don't understand," I said trembling. "It was all finished. I'd told him everything and kissed him goodbye . . . And all of a sudden he got up in his bed in the moonlight . . ." Shuddering, I closed my eyes as if to shut out the thought. "I don't know what happened after . . . I think I must have fainted . . . I can't remember . . . Tell me, father, tell me."

"When you stop that silly crying,—not before. You don't want to make yourself ill again, do you?" He set the glass to my lips and stood there patiently until I had drunk the medicine down. With his finger on my wrist he waited until the frantic flapping of my pulse had quieted down and the color had come back to my face. "Well, when you've quite finished making a fool of yourself, Bertha Ann," he said in his cool, matter of fact way, "perhaps you'll listen to me."

"I'm sorry, father. I'm all right now. Please go on. I'm listening."

He drew up a chair and sat down by my side. "Now let's get this thing quite clear between us, Bertha Ann. In the first place you didn't poison your husband: in the second place your husband isn't dead; in the third place your husband is no longer ill."

"Not ill?"

"He's as well as you are and better."

"But how can he be well?" I gasped. "You said he was incurable."

"I never said such a foolish thing. I said I didn't know how to cure him."

"What did cure him, then?"

"The same thing that made him ill, my child—fear."

"Fear?"

"Fear." Into my father's face came the look of the great specialist he might have been if an accident when he was young had not blinded one of his twinkling eyes. "Fear for himself made him ill. Fear for you made him well. The fear of your committing suicide when he saw the poison at your lips galvanized him back into life. You needn't look at me like that, my dear. It's not the first case of its kind by a very long way. You can find its exact parallel in any text-book, the case of the woman who lay helpless in her bed unable to move for over two years, who got up and ran into the nursery to save her child when she heard the house was on fire. And she was suffering from organic paralysis, mark you. I'm not prepared to say John was."

"What was he suffering from then?"

"Some obscure nervous condition,—



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(Letters from Lovers: II)

"I can't explain it even now—but you seemed to draw into the room with us an invisible company of elusive memories—memories of exquisite hours—and they seemed to be hours we spent together...somewhere...long ago. And the magic of them touched you with a mysterious fascination."

FROM HER DIARY

"It was different somehow—last evening—and beautiful. But why? I can't believe it was—the temple incense..."

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'complex' as we call it today—an inherited mental tendency that expressed itself in a physical form."

"I don't understand."

"If money's been accumulating for you for three hundred years," replied my father, "you're likely to inherit money. Equally if fear's been accumulating for you for three hundred years, you're likely to inherit fear. Your husband did not only inherit the legacy of the Westmacotte millions; he also inherited the legacy of the so-called Westmacotte Curse."

"Father! You don't mean you believe in the Curse?"

"Not the Curse of the old gentleman dying on the sands, my dear. The real Westmacotte Curse was fear. John drank it in with his mother's milk; he breathed it by day; he dreamed it by night. The very atmosphere in which he lived was impregnated with fear. As he drew nearer to the supposed 'dangerous age' this terror complex of his became more and more acute until it became an obsession. He hadn't a chance, poor chap. Those old servants of his who had seen the same thing happen before were literally sitting on the mat waiting for something dreadful to happen the minute they heard he'd made his will."

"MY LITTLE Bertha Ann, don't you ever have any truck with fear. No matter what life has in store for you, face the truth as you always do."

"I'm facing it now, father," I said. "Tell me the truth. I'm not afraid. You say that John's cured, but will the cure last? Will this illness of his recur?"

"Ah! That's up to you, my child."

"Why? What can I do?"

"Love him, my dear," said my father solemnly. "Love is a greater force even than fear."

"Oh father," I cried, "where is he? I want him. I want John."

"Then have him, my dear!" he answered me laughing. "I don't want him! I want my lunch!" He strode to the door and threw it open. "Hi there! You outside! You're wanted!" He stepped out into the passage and I heard his cheery tones go ringing down the corridor. "Now, then! Step lively there! Don't keep the lady waiting!"

I shut my eyes and I held my breath.

My husband came into the room.

Weeks later I sat in the bedroom waiting for my husband to come upstairs.

Down by the copse where the gardeners lived, the nightingales were singing. Their sweet throbbing and trilling filled the garden with rapture. The night had gone mad with joy.

But I was not listening to the nightingales. I was listening to the magic song of my own heart—the song of little pattering feet running down the terraces; the song of little voices calling me by my name—the song of the Motherhood of the world.

The door opened quietly and John came in. At the sound of his step I turned and held out my hand. "How long you've been, dearest! What have you been doing?"

"Looking at this," He opened his hand and showed me the old gold case with the ruby-studded lid.

At sight of it my soul went sick within me. Was the old misery going to begin all over again? I stole a look at my husband's face and the thought of my father came to me. My courage rose at the

thought. Smiling, I looked at John.

"Going to read it?"

"Going to destroy it."

A cry rose to my lips. I held it back with an iron will. "Oh, are you, darling? Why?"

"It's done enough harm, don't you think?"

"If you believe that such things have the power to do harm, it certainly has."

"THREE hundred years of evil," said John, as if speaking to himself. "Three hundred years." He opened the case and took out the scroll. An extraordinary look of resolution came into his eyes. "We'll burn it together," said he.

He reached a lighted candle from the dressing-table and held the paper to it. The thick parchment blackened, smoldered into a ring of reluctant fire; it went out. A shudder ran through John's body. "It refuses to die," said he.

"Give it to me!" I cried. "I'll kill it!" I snatched the scroll out of his hand, fastened it out on my knee and held it spread out close down directly over the flame.

Suddenly in the empty space left between the Legend and the Latin tag strange letters began to appear.

"Gracious!" I cried. "What's that? Look, John, look! It's secret writing. The heat's making it come alive!"

Breathless we watched the invisible hand tracing the words in letters of fire until the blank space was filled.

The missing verse of the Legend lay before our astonished eyes.

"What does it say?" I whispered in a fever of excitement. "Read it to me, John! Read it me! What does it say?"

In a voice broken with emotion, John read me the verse:

"When a faithful friend proves faithless
And a faithless wife proves true,
Then, Westmacotte, go scatheless!

The Curse is loosed from you!"

The mystery of that strange command to read what was not written was solved.

"The Curse is loosed all right," I said bitterly. "He was the faithful friend that proved faithless and I,—two great tears welled up into my eyes,—I was the faithless wife."

"That proved true," cried John. "That proved true." He caught me to him and held me as if he would never let me go. "It's you who have loosed the Curse. Beloved! I'd never have dreamed of burning it if it hadn't been for you."

"Then burn it, dearest: burn it." I laid my hand on his, urging him to do my bidding. Together we held the charred fragment of parchment in the flame. Together we watched it burn.

"So ends the Westmacotte Curse," I whispered.

"So ends the Westmacotte Curse," said John. He stretched out his hand as if in blessing towards the dying sparks. "May the spirit of the one who spoke it, rest in peace at last!"

Silently the two of us stood there lost in amazement at the stupendous power of thought; its limitless capacity for good or evil; its potentialities of sorrow and joy.

In that moment of sublime uplift, I realised the truth underlying the old butler's saying that the same miracle that happened of old can happen still today.

Miracles can never cease as long as Thought, the divine breath of the God-head, animates the clay of man.

I CARRIED on a love affair with a married man and got away with it—but I read No One Will Ever Know and you will see that I know and that the memory is as the bitterness of death in my mind. My story will appear in December SMART SET on sale November 1st.

The Truth about Sheiks

[Continued from page 74]

a chance. She knew what time the office closed, and she knew how long it took to walk home. If he wasn't home on the dot there was the very devil to pay.

Late one afternoon, the Minister and I were enjoying the company of some distinguished Egyptian gentlemen visitors. The minister invited Z to stay to dinner with him and the visitors, which was quite a natural thing to do. Confused and bothered, Z made some stammering excuses, which the Minister, a kindly soul, took for shyness on the young man's part. He encouraged Z Bey to go and telephone his wife that he wasn't coming home till 10 o'clock. Etiquette obliged the Bey to telephone, but he came stumbling back, mopping his brow, to announce the bad news that his wife wouldn't let him stay. "Excellency," he stuttered, "my wife won't let me stay. She says that if I'm not home at 8 o'clock she'll lock and bolt the front door." According to rumor it would not be the first time that that same lady has actually done it.

Romance depicts the Sheik as the master of men's and women's destinies but it has forgotten so far to mention the Mistresses of the Sheik's destiny. My European ignorance has taught me to believe that American women bully their husbands. I have never been to America, but my near Eastern knowledge has taught me that Oriental women manage their husbands more cleverly than any women in the world.

THE Sheik at home is a lamb. The very fellahen in the country, a toiler in the fields, whose home is but a mud hut, whose harem an unbeautiful woman, used more as a beast of burden than anything else, is commonly told on market days just how much scent she wants, and how much sugar and oil. If he doesn't bring it back, woe betide him, for the doorless entrance will be barricaded. What's a poor man to do when the very law by which he lives, the law of the Koran, exacts that before he takes a second, third or fourth wife, he must guarantee to bestow on each an equal amount of affection, to say nothing of the material outlay. If he has more than one wife he generally has to have more than one house, more than one motor car, more than one everything that costs money, and if he wants to get rid of one of them it's just as expensive a process.

If in everyday life, the Sheik does not differ much from his fellow beings, at weddings he cuts more than a sorry figure. Do you think that the Sheik dashes up on horseback and grabs a weeping, unwilling bride from the bosom of her outraged family? Well he doesn't! He may sigh for a veiled maiden, and if she, peeping through the lattice of a harem window, doesn't like the look of him, he'll go on sighing in vain. Can you see a movie sheik caring two pins about an irate papa? He may not, but your real Sheik does and he's got to give a mighty good account of himself before he can win the hand of a modern Fatima or Scherazade.

First, there are all the financial negotiations. Then there is the betrothal ceremony. While the bridegroom entertains male friends in tents in the garden, the ladies in the harem upstairs are having all the fun. There are musicians, dancers

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and feasting for them. The climax is reached when the bride-to-be, seated on a silver and white throne, receives her betrothed in the presence of all her women friends. She is supposed to see him for the first time then but in reality, what she doesn't know about him already, isn't worth knowing. Before five or six hundred pairs of mocking eyes, an apology for a Sheik approaches his future wife, who, gazing with cold appraisal, makes it very clear that she has no illusions as to the romance of his person. I should imagine it was the worst moment in his life, and custom forbids him fixing any of these mischievous orbs with a stony censoring gaze.

They marry young in the East, so a Sheik's career is cut short before it has really begun. He is managed by women. He knows it without resenting it, for it is done more gracefully and graciously than any American woman can imagine. As wife or mother, the Oriental woman has things mostly her own way. Brought up in an atmosphere of subtlety, centuries of tradition have gifted her with instinctive knowledge of how to exploit her femininity.

Western customs have perhaps robbed the East of its Sheiks. Sheiks, according to the story-books, flourish best in the open desert under a burning sun, in tents, in romantic green oases; but now-a-days the youth of the Orient spends a season at fashionable watering-places and makes regular visits to Paris and other centers of occidental "culture" so you can't expect the tribe to last long. They aren't content with abducting one chaste maiden at a time, but aim at outvying the most dangerous and Don Juanish heart breakers in a Continental salon. I don't think a modern Sheik even feels at home in a tent furnished with nothing but cushions. He looks rather for a cubist drawing room with Bakst decorations.

The modern would-be Sheik is an effete creature, dressed in the latest masculine modes, proud of his waist, fussy about his fez; a delicate lounge in hotel lobbies, or society salons. He flutters round the reigning beauty of the diplomatic corps, outrivalling the Paris Gigolo in the art of pleasing, and, to do him justice, he is pleasing, for the Oriental is a gentleman always. Contrary to popular conception, a woman has nothing to fear from a "Sheik." I have lived long enough amongst the Sheiky tribe to know them pretty well, and can affirm that a woman is never in danger of insult or annoyance so long as she herself does not invite it. That is where the Oriental shows his inherent refinement. Your Sheik is too proud to risk a snub from a mere woman, and if he does make advances, it is because he is pretty sure of his ground!

THE tales I could tell of the Sheiks of Society would disprove all existing theories! A. Pasha, for instance, is a rake, a roué, an international gallant, the Sheikiest Sheik on the calendar, whose known love affairs would fill a volume. Who knows, or cares that he has the most sentimental heart imaginable? As a student in Paris, he loved a midinette and throughout half a century's scintillating career, he has never forgotten her, but tenderly cared for the well-being of his little Parisienne sweetheart. As Pasha, ex-Prime Minister, diplomat, he still protects the faded old woman whose one-time fresh beauty taught him love.

Another noble Oriental, married to a brilliant foreigner, merged his whole existence into hers, laid the Glory of the East at her tiny feet, and worshipped at her shrine. Death took her many years ago, but the aged Pasha still "visits" her

each week, bringing a bouquet of perfumed flowers to her tomb. With tears in his sad eyes, the Pasha confided to me the secret of his heart. "When my wife was alive, she was the most wonderful woman on earth. Her receptions were always crowded with the élite of the world, and our mutual joy lay in her success. Lying in her lonely tomb, she will surely miss these weekly parties, so I go every week on the day of her "At Home" and spend the afternoon with her—as her last, and only guest." That is a touching secret of a Sheik, is it not?

You, who would depict the Sheik as crude, rude and cruel, are wrong! His material age can show few examples of tender sentimentality or gentle affection, to rival the chivalry of the cultured Oriental for the woman he respects. A woman can cross deserts, travel unattended, penetrate lonely lands without fear of molestation in the East, which is much more than she could do in Europe. Given the choice of entrusting myself to Moslems or Europeans, I, with my experience of the East, would choose the former, without misgiving, but here is the truth that many ignore. Once roused, the tide of Oriental passion cannot be stemmed. All the romance ever conceived, would pale before the real facts, if a woman dared to play with the scorching fires of Desert Love. The "Sheik" of fiction is latent in every Sheik of society, but the woman alone, and every time is solely responsible for fanning the flame. No Oriental will raise his eyes to any woman who does not deliberately encourage him, and any woman who wants to be is as safe in the desert, as in her own drawing room.

THAT brings me to a point of intense interest to Mrs. and Miss America on tour. I speak of the Dragomans gathered round the Cairo Hotels, of the guides who haunt the Pyramids representing the Gigolo type in Arab countries. Paris has its Gigolos in professional dancers. Why not the East? If Mrs. and Miss America can amuse themselves in Paris, and on the Riviera with accommodating young men of a leisurely class, why should not the same treatment be extended to the handsome youth of North Africa?

The real Sheik of today is a gentleman, like any European gentleman. He is a husband who is henpecked, like any American husband, and a man like any other man, but the pseudo-Sheik of the novelette and the movies is easy enough to find. The real Sheik of the Desert lives on his green oases, a life to which no European woman could reconcile herself. His tents are plain and coarse. Soft sand and ragged rugs replace the downy cushions of romance. The real Sheik is no amateur of elegance and comfort. He may be a lover of women, but he is not an artist in the tender passion; he would quickly disillusion those who seek to preserve the glamour of Romance.

No further than twenty minutes from Cairo live whole tribes of so-called Sheiks. They are handsome, debonair, clad in silk-embroidery. For financial considerations they will entertain and initiate the curious fair ladies into the mysteries of the desert; will house them in embroidered tents carpeted with the rich rugs of the Orient. Here the soul-starved daughters of the New World can lie under the Stars which shine like steel points in a pansy-purple sky, under a golden Moon, swinging censer-like in the heavens. Sentimental femininity can dream its dream and live its moments of illusion; for ignorance of the real thing does not curtail the enjoyment of a substitute. The illusion is so pretty! It has brought, and will yet bring satisfaction to so many

starring imaginations that I hardly feel justified in tearing the veil of fantasy from the glittering scene, but let us look at the pseudo-Sheik at home. He is a young man of good appearance who has learned just enough, and remained ignorant of just enough English, to express himself in intriguing terms to fair tourists. As the red ball of fire sinks below the sparkling desert sands, he returns to a hut made of mud and nothing more than mud, threatened by the season's rain and frequently demolished. The silken show robes are discarded and the old balabieh of doubtful cleanliness, takes its place.

THERE is a wife in the hut. One, two or three children swarm about the muddy floor like little animals. The eyes that not an hour ago gazed contemptuously on the uncovered whiteness of European arms, neck and face, now gaze lovingly at the brown mites on the floor and tenderly at the young-old wife. His hands caress her as they could never caress a white woman: for blood is thicker than water. His wife is of his own race, and the young, misguided, adventure-seeking white girl will never hold her Sheik lover. East is East and West is West. How often have the two tried to meet and how often do they meet successfully. Mixed marriages according to my experience, can be, and often are, very happy. I can cite innumerable instances of Orientals who have married European brides and after many years still find the marriage happy and successful. However, the brides in question are rarely English; they are mostly French, or at any rate belong to one of the Latin races.

These ladies who have been "carried off" by Sheiks seem to me to be very contented. No one could have been more respected or loved than the French wife of Ruchdi Pasha, one of the most eminent and distinguished Egyptians of modern times. This lady held a salon in Cairo and was known far and wide for her brilliant qualities, to which her adoring and devoted husband gave full rein. There was never any question of discord or disagreement in that menage.

Several of the high officials in Egypt today are married to European women, and in all cases except one single one, where the girl is English, I can personally vouch that the marriage is successful.

The Sheik as depicted in novels and on the cinema does not exist. How can he? He is the creation of a starved imagination. A legendary personality, with as little possibility of materializing as the gallant Robin Hood or Dick Turpin, whose exploits were wrapt in Romance before they had closed their eyes on this world. The traditional Sheik is just such another one of these personalities, but the real Sheik is a very human fellow.

That Sheik is a High Priest of Romance, a national Hero of Noveldom who does not exist in the flesh; but the Sheik who is the Spirit of the East, the sacred flame of Patriotism, leaping from the mists of ageless mystery, exists today, and now, in the person of one of Egypt's young men who is the Sheikiest Sheik alive. Equally well-known in American and European Society, I can only say that he is a strange being, young in years but older than the Sphinx in soul. His eyes reflect a hundred deaths and a hundred births. He gives the curious impression of being young and old in turns: a soul which had its beginning in the chaos of creation. The desert is his playground, the things of the desert are his slaves, and the people of the desert his Brothers. With heart afire with love of the East—His East, he is the Apostle of the Orient and Sheik of Sheiks.

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My Love Ship

[Continued from page 60]

looked at you from the first, Mary?" he asked.

"Of course—and I knew then what I know now," I answered.

We strolled on.... The sand-dunes seemed to be whispering among themselves to us. The sea and the wind were voices lifted in song, the stars still ran together in a river of gold, and I continued to forget all else until we drifted toward my house at dawn. Dad and Davey were far from my mind. Life for me centered in the promise of all that was to come.

"I must take the Opal out for a test run.... If the propeller shaft is O.K. I'm coming right back and see your Dad, darling. My employer, Mr. Squires, does not want the Opal for a week. We could spend our honeymoon cruising—would you love that, Mary?" he asked.

"**L**OVE it? I—would love anything—with you."

"Then—we'll take the Opal, Mary. Will your Dad be all upset about it?"

His question made me remember Davey for the first time. Of course Dad would storm. Like all of Bar Island he believed I belonged to Davey. But, nothing could keep me from the happiness I knew Richard Hayne could give me. "Don't let that worry you, dear," I said, "I'll take care of Dad."

We were close by the house. I put my arms around him, and he drew me up and up until my slippers left the beach sand.... A last kiss, and we parted. I watched him walk away, and then went up our steps. Once on the porch a feeling that I was being watched by unseen eyes swept over me. I looked up and down the beach but there was no sign of anyone.

"It's only nervous excitement," I said inwardly and tiptoed up to my room.

Richard Hayne's face seemed to be bending over mine when I opened my eyes an hour or two later. I got up hurriedly as soon as I was sufficiently awake to realize it was only my imagination at work, and ran to the window overlooking Bar Island's harbor. Yes! a beautiful white yacht was riding at anchor. I shut my eyes for a little moment, and remembered all of the night before. Then I dressed to go and awaken my dad. He would want his breakfast at once as he was going out on the pilot boat.

"Dad,—dad!" I called, knocking at his door. There was no answer. I opened the door. He was not in bed, or any other place in the room. An unaccountable fear clutched at my heart. The little nameless song I'd been singing died on my lips. Somehow I realized that Dad's being up and about had something to do with what had happened to me the night before. I tiptoed downstairs. Voices suddenly reached me from the porch.

Dad's and Davey's! I ran lightly to the open door, and stood stock still at the threshold, bolted there by what Dad was saying—

"—And you still love her after seein' 'em come home at dawn—"

"Yes sir. Even after seein' and hearin' 'em, Cap'n.... I been up all night standin' by to see if the Opal made a move. If she'd showed a sign of gettin' under way I'd gone aboard and dragged him back and killed him.... She's fixin' to get under way shortly—"

"You figger the scoundrel's up to slippin' off, eh?" demanded my father, his voice terrible to hear.

"A feller like him wouldn't do anything else. He'd be scairt to stay around after what he's done. That's their game, Cap'n. They come into a place like this, find a gal, then shove off—"

"Hell! I'd like to gaff the scoundrel," roared Dad.

An awful silence fell for a few seconds. In that spell of quiet a strange misgiving came to me. My heart seemed to sink down into my shoes at the recollection of Davey's words. They mocked me, taunted me. They were like loud blows against my belief and faith in Richard, and his love. Could he have just taken advantage of his knowledge that I had fallen in love with him at first sight?

The voice of my heart and soul cried "no." But a voice that seemed to belong to Davey Sanders cried "yes." These two voices were struggling within me when Dad called. I waited a few breathless moments before joining them on the porch.

"Mary, Davey and I know what happened last night," he said turning on me, the roar suddenly gone from his voice. He was like a beaten old man instead of the captain Bar Island knew. "And, we know that—that scoundrel's about to run off."

"No—no—no!" I screamed, "He's not going to leave me for good. He's only going out to test the repairs—"

"Bah! That's his way of lying to you. I know his kind. Oh! Mary how did you ever let him fool you?" begged Davey, agony in his voice.

"Because I loved him," I answered feeling that the truth was my only defense.

"Loved him!" echoed Dad and Davey together.

"Yes."

"How can you say that, Mary?" Davey begged again, "How can a woman fall in love in a night? Folks have got to go together a long time, like we've done to fall in love."

"**D**AVEY, I can't tell you how folks can fall in love at sight, or in a night. But, they can. You don't understand because that's the difference between you and me. That's why I've never been sure I wanted to marry you—"

"Mary!" blurted Davey.

"It's true," I sobbed, turning away from him.

"My God! Your ma must be turnin' in her grave to hear you—" moaned Dad.

"It's only the truth. I fell in love like you fell in love with mother the first time you saw her—the time you saved her at sea—" I told him.

"She's under way—the Opal's putting to sea," shouted Davey.

Dad and I wheeled about.... The white yacht was swinging around slowly.... My heart was in my mouth. That strange misgiving mastered me. I knew I had to suppress my secret fear, but it must have been written on my face, in my eyes. Davey Sanders must have read it there for with a terrible oath he ran down the cottage steps toward the wharf shouting: "I'm goin' to bring that devil back, and—kill him—"

A woman's heart swells with courage when her lover is in danger. All my faith in Richard flooded back at Davey's words. I rushed after the man who had threatened to harm Richard. I was determined I would stand between my lover and death.

Davey Sanders was a giant of the sea, and he ran with the speed of the wind.

He was shoving off in a launch when I reached the wharf, panting from fear and lack of breath.

Panic swept over me for the moment. Then my brain cleared. There was another launch made fast to the pier. I knew boats, sail carriers, and motors. Without another moment's hesitation I cut the launch's lines, leaped aboard, and started her motor.

The Opal was laying to when I reached her. I did not wait to make the launch fast but ran up the ladder at top speed. Shouts and cries forward told me which way to go. Men swarmed the deck. They were only blurs to my eyes until I reached them. They broke away at my arrival, and beyond them I saw a sight that made me feel momentarily faint. Davey and Richard were rushing and swinging at each other like two mad men.

"For God's sake why don't you stop them?" I cried appealing to the men.

Captain Hayne ordered us to let them go. "shouted a man at my side—" "He can take care of himself."

Cries from other men drove my eyes back to the fighting scene. Davey Sanders was rushing at Richard with a heavy club-like piece of wood in his upraised hands. Richard saw him coming, and stood bracing himself for the blow. He seemed like a man waiting bravely for Death to strike him! All my love for him flamed into strength and courage. I rushed forward and threw myself upon him while Davey Sanders was yet a few feet away, and I clung there waiting for a blow that never fell.

"My God, Mary, Mary, you loved him enough to be killed for him. You—"

"YES Davey, I would rather be dead than have you kill him," I answered clinging to Richard Haynes.

There was a heavy thud. Davey had dropped his weapon to the deck. That thud was the last sound I heard until I awakened an hour later in a beautiful room aboard the Opal. Dad and Richard were bending over me.

"We're at sea, darling. I wouldn't let them take you away from me. So your Dad had to come along. He doesn't seem to understand about us."

I tried to tell Dad. But, he didn't seem to want to understand then, and it was many months after Richard and I were married before he softened.

About Davey? He shoved off that night and caught his ship at Charleston. He never came back to Bar Island because the war broke out shortly afterwards. He joined the Navy, and went down in a ship that was torpedoed off the Irish coast. The report was that Davey drowned because he gave his life-belt to someone who couldn't swim. A man like Davey would have done just such a thing.

Time, like the ebb and flood of Bar Island tides goes on with the dawn of new suns and the rising of new moons. But, I never listen to the sea drumming against our shore, or to the voices of the winds gathering beyond the horizons, without realizing it was the sea and wind that sent my dream man into my life, and often a voiceless prayer goes up in my own happiness for men like Davey who go down to the sea in ships.

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Is a Woman's Past Her Own?

[Continued from page 45]

settle the matter by rules of morals, by questions of expediency, and what not, all seem to overlook the big factor in the case.

That factor is the man, the husband-to-be! How will knowledge of the secret react on him?

The gravity of the indiscretion is of little consequence. Some men are so constituted that a harmless flirtation, with kissing as the limit, would seem more damning to the honor of the girl than actual moral disaster would seem to men of a different sort.

Every woman really in love knows this instinctively. Instinct warns her that sorrow may come if she tells, sorrow for him because of his love for her, sorrow for her after the romance pales and jealousy and recrimination fill its place.

Instinct also tells her that sorrow may come to both if she does not tell and later, her secret discovered, his faith in her is ousted by distrust.

It is a harrowing predicament for a woman—and the more deep and sincere her love the more poignant her torture.

If she were convinced that knowledge would surely make for her man's happiness, I do not believe that the average girl would spare herself.

Love is a very erratic emotion. One might almost judge its intensity by its contradictions. It is a barbed lash to the girl with a secret. On the one hand her love is the flower of unselfishness, quickening every noble quality, urging her to lay bare her secret to the man she loves, on the other hand her love is the essence of caution, warning her to deal charily with her confidences.

What shall she do? Uncertainty is the iron that sears her soul—payment in full aside from any ordinary penitence that may be awakened.

In these days of greater frankness and confidence between the sexes, I wonder how many who approach marriage can say, truthfully, there is not the slightest incident in their whole lives which they would hesitate to tell without reservations.

IT NEED not have been anything serious. Perhaps an incident that was innocent in itself but compromising in the eyes of the world. It may in fact have nothing whatever to do with sex, may be nothing worse than a charge of petty dishonesty, or a family skeleton.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, few girls marry their first lover; and while that first love may have been pure and sweet and almost sexless, the knowledge that it once existed can never be palatable to the man who finally marries her.

It is all right and proper for him to have had not one affair but many; and he is not concerned now that some of them were far from harmless. He does not tell of his adventures because he considers them unimportant; and the girl does not ask. She takes it for granted that he has a past but does not want to know positively.

So, partly through her own acquiescence, the problem of a past is exclusively the woman's problem; and no doubt this thought stirs rebellion in the breast of many a modern girl, making her ask, "What right has he to expect something he does not give?"

If, backed by this argument she holds her secret, lying in defence of her happiness, remember that love was the motive and do not be too quick to condemn.

The conventional world sees on a picture of a guilty woman cowering behind a barrier of concealment to save her life.

Most often her reticence has not as whatever to do with selfishness. It might hold true if all girls married for selfish reasons. But most girls marry for love, and Love, the miracle worker, sets self to one side, at least temporarily. So the girl's concealment usually springs from something nobler, finer, more inspiring than self interest.

What will become of his beautiful confidence in her if she tells him the truth? She knows that he loves her enough to forgive, perhaps, but is it ever really possible for him to forget? His is the sort of love that has changed her every conception of the love possible between a man and a woman. Can this blind, unquestioning devotion of his, come through the fog of disillusionment unscathed?

SHE knows that his is a love built on illusions about her—beautiful illusions—a love with trust and veneration for her absolute purity as its foundation. It is this super-confidence in her integrity that has made him choose her from among all the other girls to share his life and mother his off-spring.

All these illusions will vanish sooner or later if he knows. Remember, it is his radiant concept of her that has awakened the answering fire in her heart. This is no ordinary physical attraction. Each of them has had affairs before but never a thing like this. Just as he adores her for being pure and flawless and different from other women, so she adores him for loving her that way, for being different in that respect from other men she has known.

Is she to sacrifice all this as payment for an indiscretion? Does Justice require so bitter an expiation?

Leaving her own feeling out of the question, what of the effect the knowledge of her error will have on the man she loves? Must he pay, too, for something he did not do; must she be doubly punished through his suffering?

She knows full well that if she is shaken from the pedestal upon which he has placed her, he will suffer a hurt to his heart and his soul from which he will never fully recover, that he will never again have the same trust in mankind.

Why then should she tell him, since telling cannot cure the past and will only make him unhappy? Why should she torture herself by mulling over the problem until she is dizzy?

Realizing that her future happiness and his rest on the course she chooses, she knows too, that not reason, nor intelligence, nor honesty, nor anything in her power will help her to choose the best course.

So she is beaten back and forth by uncertainty, one moment desperately afraid to tell, the next moment equally afraid not to tell.

The girl with a tender conscience knows well that, if she resists the impulse to confess, her secret always will hang over her like a pall, a ghost to prevent her complete happiness. Then, too, there will always be with her the dread of discovery.

I recall the case of a young wife who after a year of almost complete marital happiness brought her castle down about her head by confessing to an earlier love affair.

It seemed almost impossible that a woman as intelligent as this one would

uncover a fatal secret that had been safely buried for years.

It was not so strange after she explained. She had never done worrying about that secret, not only through fear of discovery but because it made her feel like a cheat.

When her husband became unduly quiet and obsessed at times, she jumped at the conclusion that in some way he had become suspicious of her past. It was only the anger of accusing conscience. As a matter of fact, business worries were at the bottom of his manner. But finally the torture of uncertainty became so great that she had disclosed the ancient story.

She paid the full penalty—not for her indiscretion, nor yet for her concealment; but for having married a man with a big heart and mind. He had seized upon her double offence as license for unending manusses. If she had told him before their marriage, he would have raked it up to lash her with later on. The ego of a man of this sort may be set aside but not for long even at the urge of what goes for love with him. Even if there had been no secret it is extremely doubtful if there could have been lasting happiness for a girl like her tied to a selfish fanatic.

Following cases like these through the courts it would be easy to conclude that whenever a wife is found out, or makes a belated confession, there is an unhappy termination—or again that trouble always follows where a girl tells before marriage.

SO FAR as anyone can tell the balance may swing decidedly in the other direction. There is no way of knowing. It is only those marriages that go to smash which reach the courts or the public ear. Beyond a doubt there are wives without number who, having told, have reaped a reward they could never have hoped for with continued silence.

Into the court one day came an intelligent young woman in search of advice. Her husband, from a loving, industrious man had become a heavy drinker, neglecting business and almost ignoring her. What could she do?

Pressed for details which might explain the husband's conduct she told of a fear that haunted her. There was a secret experience in her past life which it seemed to her might be making her husband suspicious. Had she better confess at this late day?

That she must decide for herself.

The matter was preying on her mind, so she told. She discovered that her intuitions were right. Her husband had learned of her indiscretion, which worried him so much that he drank to dull his imagination.

But, it developed, he had not been worrying about her indiscretion. He had been worrying because she had not told him about it. Her concealment had seemed proof of an unworthy character. Now, since she had confessed of her own free will, he knew that he had not been mistaken. She could be trusted.

Instinct seems to tell most girls that it is impossible to gauge the extent of a man's charity or generosity or tolerance from his actions at the courting time. How then is she to judge whether it is better to tell him now, or after, or never?

She knows that at this time a man is seldom what he seems to be. He is doing everything to make a good impression, being a sort of masquerade preening himself with qualities that may or may not belong to him.

Many a girl, listening to the urge of love to tell all, no doubt has stopped short because she has seen, through her suitor's veneer, that his seeming tolerance and

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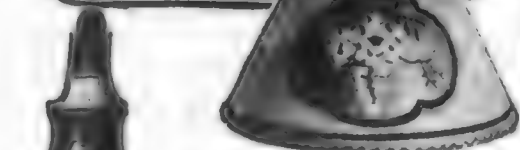
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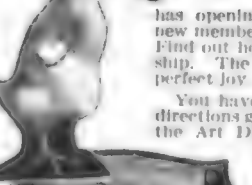
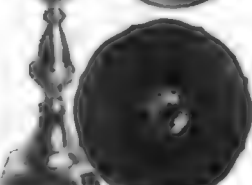
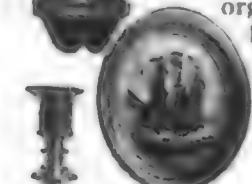
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liberality were only plumes borrowed for the occasion.

I remember a certain couple hopelessly alienated because he was forever casting up to her an early indiscretion.

The fact that she had confessed fully to him before their marriage did not seem to him evidence of her honesty. There was no doubt whatever of her entire loyalty; but he had brooded over the matter until he believed positively that a girl who had once erred could never again be altogether trusted.

She was asked how he had taken her confession at the time.

"HE WAS wild at first," said the wife. He gave me up for awhile—said I was unworthy to be a clean man's wife. But he came back and asked to be forgiven. He said he couldn't live without me. But he warned me that he would always watch me because I had a weak character. And I was fool enough to marry him," she concluded bitterly. "I loved him and thought that I could prove to him that I was worthy of confidence."

Although this love-blinded girl had not profited by confession the attitude of that man was a striking demonstration of the one unquestioned advantage that accrues to telling before marriage. It gives the girl an inkling of what she may expect later on, disclosing the sort of man he is before she is permanently shackled to him.

The man who at this time shows intolerance instead of sympathy, whose sorrow is all for himself instead of for the girl, who is self righteous and indignant—that man will be a hundred times worse after the complications of wedlock have cooled his ardor.

He may be fair minded and liberal in all other matters. Yet men of this sort lose all sense of equity and logic when the question of their wife's past is at the front. The fact that an indiscretion occurred long before his wife knew him makes no difference whatever. Any straying was disloyal to him—the man destined to be her lord and master! Singularly, the more shady the past of the man, the more exacting he is apt to be. A man's rights in his wife reach backward to the cradle and forward to the grave, covering the domains of her mind, her soul and especially her body.

Not often is the girl about to marry called on to report upon her past. A man, enough in love to want to marry, does not usually question her morals. The only problem the girl faces is whether honor obligates her to tell.

This is a question to be answered by the girl alone, after she has debated within herself all the special circumstances, pro and con. When she chooses the course of silence, there are many good arguments to vindicate her course. She alone can know what her motives were.

But what if the man does put the question direct—is she obligated to answer and answer truthfully? Is the fact that her happiness is at stake no excuse for dissimulation? Does honor compel that she tell the truth and the whole truth?

Yes—if she answers at all!

But it seems to me that a girl should be slow to answer that question whether she has anything to tell or not. In fact she should be slower to answer when there is nothing to tell. Nowadays silence need not impair the position of a woman. The

woman of today is not a chattel. The man confers no boon in making her his wife. She is entitled to equal rights with him and the more she asserts those rights the more the man respects her.

Asked the question by her lover, she should make it clear that whatever he demands of her she will demand of him. Theirs must be an equal partnership in everything. If he expects her to take him as he is, he must do the same thing with her. If he prys into her past, she will certainly pry into his.

She should make it clear that she does not want to do that because she might find out things that would prevent her from marrying him. Or he might lie, and if later on she found it out, she would lose her respect for him.

If he is the sort of man who can make a girl happy, he will question no further. He can well say to himself that he is about to marry a girl too honorable to lie about something that she feels he has no right to know, or too proud to assert a virtue that needs no defence.

Men do not always understand that the woman who quickly and loudly protests virtue is not always the woman above suspicion. A question concerning her past does not upset the girl of lax morals because she is used to the question and prepared for the quick answer. It is the innocent girl, the girl with a tender conscience, who would display embarrassment if her virtue were questioned. Her worst indiscretion might have been a harmless flirtation, but she would stammer and display all the symptoms of guilt if reminded of it.

THERE was brought into the Woman's Court recently a young wife who had been arrested during a raid on a disreputable cafe. Her husband, a hard working, glib sort of chap, felt deeply humiliated. But most of all he seemed surprised. Yet, it developed, that before their marriage he had been expressly warned that she was a girl of loose character.

He was asked why, knowing this, he had married her.

"She took an oath that it was all lies," he explained. "She jumped all over me for believing it and said that though she had been foolish she had never been bad."

Because she had been quick with her denials, and loud in her assertions, he had believed her.

Not every girl, of course, has the strength to assert the right to silence. She fears, and not always without reason, that silence may be interpreted as guilt. Afraid to be silent, and loving too deeply to tell the truth, is it difficult to understand why she lies on impulse? She is in a corner, defending the thing she values most.

If she is to be blamed, what of the man who placed her, the girl he pretends to love, on the rack—by his inquisition forcing her to deceit?

She will pay, never fear, for resorting to the lie—but he will pay, too, for having forced her to it!

Their marriage, that might build upwards on a lasting foundation of mutual trust and understanding and tolerance, begins instead on the quicksands of deceit—and in wedlock particularly, deceit is a vice that undermines the self respect of a woman, weakening her moral stamina, and encouraging the very laxity against which the man thinks to insure himself.

DOES Gold-Digging really pay? What Has Gold Digging Got Me? is the story of my life on the Street of Heavy Sugar Daddies where girls think it is the men who pay and pay and pay but find at last that it is they who have paid with their youth and health and happiness. See SMART SET for December.

The Price of Victory

[Continued from page 67]

in suspension of all privileges and may mean expulsion. That's all."

Somebody's always taking the joy out of life," I exclaimed. "Wherefore this latest joy-killing?"

"Don't you remember those two nasty cases last Spring?" Dudley asked. "The city papers got hold of something about them, lately, and wrote wild stories about the campus orgies. You know, there are some newspapers that can make an orgy out of an ice cream soda."

"I still don't see what this has to do with students having cars."

"The faculty must blame everything on something, and the automobile is a safe goat," said Dudley. "That's the way these crusades always end. They blame human nature on the fad of the moment. Lord, as if they didn't have scandals before automobiles were ever thought of."

"I'm going to miss that bus of yours, Dudley," I told him. "She was one fast stepper in her prime."

"Sure was," Dudley Trenholm grinned, "but it's not gone altogether. I've got it stored in the garage past the railroad tracks on the other side of town."

"Isn't that dangerous? Everybody knows that yellow roadster of yours. It's as conspicuous as a cry for help at midnight."

"I'm not going to run the roadster around town any. You can bet on that. But, once in a while, we might want to take a trip to Woodmere Inn and Charleston for an hour or so. Then we can shoot back to the garage without anyone seeing us."

"YOU'LL have to be careful, Dudley," I warned.

"Careful is my middle name," he laughed. "Let's trot down to 'The Sundae Shop' and inhale some ice cream. Maybe a reporter will see us and write himself a powerful account of our orgy."

We passed Bob Mainard on the way, and he bowed rather stiffly.

"Old morality has a grouch," said Dudley, easily.

"Oh, Bob is always serious," I answered.

"Darned if I can see his way of living," Dudley observed. "Of course, he's the big football man and the campus hero, and all that sort of thing, but what does he get out of it? He's in training before school starts until after it ends; and he has to work like a dog on all those teams. Not for me, lady; not for me. I'm no libertine, exactly, but once in a while I have a perfectly human desire to listen to the sweet music of a rattling good cocktail shaker, and to whisper sweet nothings to a sweet someone, where the lights are low and the cover charges high."

"Bob has a sense of duty to Siddern," I murmured.

"Yes, and if he stubbed his toe once, and was caught, how much sense of duty would Siddern feel towards him? He'd be out in the cold with the rest of the ice men in about a second. That stuff is the bunk."

"I think I'll have a frosted chocolate," I said, because, while I agreed with Dudley's views, somehow or other I didn't want to tell him that I did.

I ran into Bob Mainard again next day. Only the flicker of a welcoming smile greeted me; when it faded his face was even more serious than usual.



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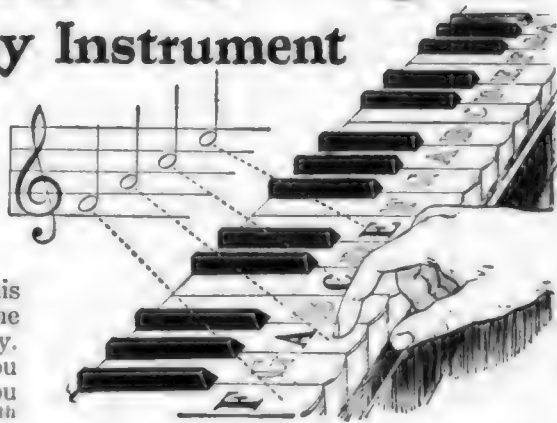
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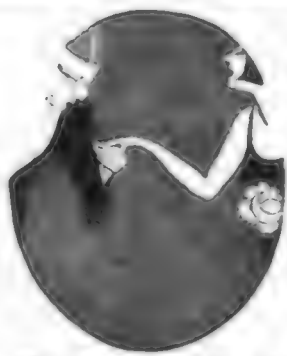
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"Don't be angry if I offer some advice, Blythe," he implored.

"Will there be need for anger," I evaded.

"I hope not," Bob said, "but, anyway, I'm a good enough friend to take the risk."

"Well?"

"It's this. Watch your step. Now listen," he pleaded. "I know you, Blythe, and I understand your actions. I know you like a good time, and that's all. Others may not and this is a hysterical moment, unfortunately. The Dean is a little bit hipped on student morals. He's getting pressure from elsewhere. Remember, this university gets State support and the politicians watch it."

"Go on," I said, non-committally.

"I happen to know about this because I was called into a faculty conference as a representative of the student body," Bob proceeded. "So watch your step. Keep away from roadhouses, and places like that, until the fuss blows over. The proctors will be active for some time, and lots of people don't understand you as well as I do."

"Thanks for your advice, Mr. Mainard," I answered stiffly, "but, if you know me as well as you think you do, you must know that I am quite capable of taking care of myself."

I HAD expected Bob to be uneasy when I rebuked him directly, but he wasn't.

"So long as the responsibility for what is done rests with you, you can take care of yourself. So can I," he told me, gravely. "Sometimes, however, things get out of hand. That's what I'm warning you to avoid. So long, Blythe. I'm running off to practice."

"I hate both your preachings and your practices, Bob Mainard," I flared up, but he only smiled slightly and walked away.

I discussed this with Bess Lathrop a few days later, because the matter weighed on my mind.

"He's right," Bess decided tersely. Then she ran off at a tangent. "Bob sort of likes you, doesn't he, Blythe?" she asked.

"Once he did. Perhaps he still does."

"The trouble he took to warn you indicates more than perhaps. Why don't you like him? He's worth ten Dudley Trenholms."

"Dudley may not be the high moral hero Bob is, but he's lots better company," I answered, petulantly. "Heavens, Bess, I don't want to sit around, eternally waiting while Bob goes about his affairs, making a great name for himself. That's bad enough when you're married, and, even when I am married, if my husband can't spare time to entertain me, I'll just up and quit; that's all."

"Women are certainly self-sacrificing these days," murmured Bess. "They're willing to let some poor man have a good time spending his life entertaining them."

"You're sort of in love with Bob Mainard yourself, I suspect."

"Maybe," Bess admitted, calmly. "However, love or no love, I'd heed to his warning, fair one."

"I suppose you admit I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"Until the fourth, or fifth cocktail, Blythe, dear. After that you need a kind, patient nurse."

"There is such a thing as being altogether too frank, Bess," I said, pleasantly, but I was resentful, just the same.

Autumn brought the usual teas and dances, and thrilling Saturdays, when the football games were played. Those were the times when I admired Bob Mainard most, dashing out ahead of the squad, with the football tucked under his arm as the

token of his captaincy. The wild cheers that greeted him found echo in every fibre of my being. He was so strong, and calm, and self-possessed. In those harsh scrimmages, when he bore down on one of the opposing teams, or was himself borne down, I was a-tingle with fear, but he always rose, with a grave face, however hard the fall might have been.

It was glorious to see him run with the ball and shake himself away from tacklers, going on and on for yard after yard, while everyone shrieked in a frenzy of encouragement and wild hopes, until he was toppled heavily to earth.

We won game after game that fall. The newspapers were full of descriptions of Bob's great playing. They said he was sure of mention for the All-American eleven; and that the chances were he would be chosen one of the first team backs by most of the authorities. The whole campus rang with his name. He was hailed everywhere with joy by the students, boys and girls alike.

I found myself, almost against my wishes, paying some heed to Bob's warning. I refused several invitations from Dudley Trenholm to make up a foursome for a dance at some roadhouse.

Presently, I grew very tired of my retirement and I found myself hoping that Dudley would invite me to another party. I was getting altogether too bored with myself.

On the Monday of the week when the big game of the season, the game with Gage University, was to be played, Dudley telephoned me.

"Still playing the saint?" he asked, jocosely.

"No!" I answered, emphatically.

"I'll meet you at 'The Sundae Shop' tonight," he instructed. "Ada Simmons and Bill Fredericks will be along. We'll shake a hoof or two. Eight o'clock."

"Fine!" I answered, and I was so eager to go that I had to hold myself back to make sure I didn't arrive at 'The Sundae Shop' before eight.

We took a taxi down to the garage across the railroad tracks, and then Dudley Trenholm trundled out the gay, yellow roadster. It was good to pile into it, and better to feel the sting of the cold night air against our faces, above the coonskin coats in which we were bundled.

"This is the life," Ada Simmons fluttered.

"This is the only life!" I thrilled.

"WELCOME back from exile," Dudley chuckled.

It was good, too, to hear the soft croon of the music when we had done with our fourteen mile drive out to Woodmere Inn. I had always loved to dance; that night it seemed more glorious than ever to abandon myself to the barbaric rhythm of the band; and occasionally to float, serenely as a leaf on a Summer's night wind, through the measures of the few waltzes.

The lights about the tables were shaded discreetly. The couples seated around the dance floor sometimes laughed loudly, but, as often, they leaned forward and spoke softly to each other. Most of them petted openly. Two hours slipped away as though they were but minutes. We laughed, and we chaffed, and we danced. We had a few cocktails, but not many. Just enough to keep a glow lit within us.

Perhaps the boys had a few more than Ada or I. Bill Fredericks sometimes stumbled over a word, amusingly, and I noticed he rose from his chair awkwardly.

"Nearly eleven o'clock. Ought to be starting home," he said.

"Guess we'd better," Dudley agreed.

Bill Fredericks reached over to draw

my chair back, and, as I did, knocked over a half-full cocktail glass. Before I noticed what had happened, the liquor splashed on my dress.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I was so clumsy, Blythe," Bill apologized, contritely.

"Never mind," I consoled him. "I'll just go to the dressing room and have the maid sponge it. Then it won't stain."

"We'll wait for you at the back door," they instructed. "I'll run the car up in a minute. It's parked under the far shed, out of sight."

"Run along," I ordered. "I'll be only a few minutes."

The maid sponged my dress and when she had finished said to me, "You stand by that radiator and let it dry, while I go get your coat. No sense taking a chance of catching cold on your way home."

I waited, watching the dark spots fade from my dress as the heat evaporated the water. Presently the maid burst into the room in great excitement.

"You're from the 'U', ain't you?" she demanded, tersely.

I nodded.

"Then stay where you are," she ordered. "There's a bunch of proctors from the 'U' just drove up in front. They're making the rounds looking for students."

I gave a gasp of dismay.

"Now, don't worry, dearie," the maid counselled. "You're safe here. They're all men and they won't come in here."

"BUT my friends," I protested. "The party I was with."

"They're all right, too," she answered. "The boss tipped them and they ducked out the back way. That roadster is streaking for home at sixty miles an hour right now."

"How am I to get back if they're gone?" I asked, wildly.

The maid thought a minute.

"Telephone one of your friends," she suggested. "I guess there'd be a lot of folks glad to come out here to get you."

"The booth's outside. I'm afraid I'll be seen, and I can't wait long, because most of them will have gone to bed in a little while."

"I'll phone for you if you want me to," the maid offered.

I pressed a bill into her hand.

"Do. Please do," I urged, for I was becoming more and more panic-stricken. My fear that the proctors might discover me was sharpened by the additional fear of being alone in Woodmere Inn, which, to say the best for it, did not bear too savory a reputation.

"Who will I call? What number?" the maid's voice broke in on me. I hadn't thought of that. I'm afraid I was too agitated to think clearly. I gave her the last name that came into my mind.

"Robert Mainard," I said. "Siddern 8-58. That's his fraternity house. Don't give the message to anyone but him. Just tell him to send a taxi out for me. For Blythe Ware. Tell him not to come himself. That everything is all right. I just want a taxi to get home."

She had no more than gone when I was sorry I had told her to call Bob. It was sick and selfish of me to trouble him. I must have given way wholly to hysterical fright. It would have been better to telephone for a taxi direct and take the chance of getting a discreet chauffeur. Bob couldn't do any more than that for me, anyway. He could only pick out some driver he knew and send him. I regretted intensely the instructions I had given. If I could only recall the girl and change them, I would have given anything.

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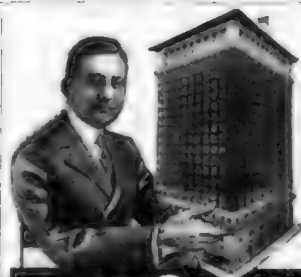
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I went to the door and opened it cautiously. Through the crack, I saw the familiar form of Dean Lowry. His back was towards me, but I couldn't have mistaken him in all the world. Hastily, although silently, I shut the door again, and gave myself to new fears.

After what seemed hours the maid returned.

"Stay where you are, and take it easy, girlie," she counselled. "I got your message through."

Dean Lowry and his party of proctors left about half an hour later. Within another ten minutes Bob Mainard arrived.

I tipped the maid again, bundled my coat high above my chin, and dashed out. "Oh, I didn't want you to come out," I cried. "I just wanted you to send a taxi."

"That's what the girl said who phoned," he answered, "but I didn't think it wise to send a taxi driver. I got a car and came myself."

We both jumped into the machine and in a second we were throbbing along the highway back to Siddern.

I didn't run into Dudley Trenholm that

excited spectators started for the Stadium. I had agreed long before to attend this game with Dudley Trenholm and we had had our tickets in the cheering section for nearly a month. As game time approached, he had not taken his place. The squads came on the field, went through their preliminary practice, and disappeared again before he arrived.

"Forgiven me yet?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Let's watch the game."

"What's the use? Your hero won't play," Dudley said.

"Is he hurt?" I demanded.

"I was in the Dean's office this morning, on the carpet," Dudley said in answer. "They had me up for keeping that yellow roadster in town. It's got to go home and I'm on probation for three months."

"What has that to do with Bob?"

"They had him on the carpet, too."

"Why. Tell me—why?" I asked, terribly afraid that the answer would be exactly what it was.

"He's on probation, also. Dean Lowry caught him driving a car through town one night last week. Monday night it

Limerick Winners

LIMERICKS are the things to uncover the poetic genius of the country. Literally thousands entered the limerick contest which appeared in the August SMART SET. Only six of the contestants could win prizes—a very small percentage of the total number of contestants. These six prize winning limericks, with prize line set in italics, are given here. On page 80 of this issue is another chance to complete a limerick and win a prize.

R. L., Steubenville, Ohio.

Young man, the next time it's your pleasure

The waist of a flapper to measure,
Try an arm. We've been told
It beats all tape-lines sold,
In Getting a Line on a Treasure!

E. E., San Bernardino, Cali.

Each brunette now despairs and despond's,

Because Gentlemen all Prefer Blondes;
So, to this one we preach:
"Sell that coal and buy bleach,"
But be sure that your face corresponds.

M. K., Los Angeles, Cali.

If this is a Wild Western scene
For the section that's wildest we're keen:

And this girl can begin
To rope us all in,
And it isn't just maybe, I mean.

E. M. B., New Florence, Pa.

These boys say their watches won't go;

Of course they have stopped—that we know;

Just a dumb watch would run
From a view like this one,
But a smart one would run mighty slow.

P. D. S., Pomona, Cali.

When this cracker explodes, then afar
In the sky'll be a new movie star,

And astronomers—gee!
Shocked and puzzled they'll be,
You know how these old fellows are.

L. V. W., Collingwood, N. J.

When four hobos are stealing a ride
With a girl in disguise alongside,

Would you not say that those
Were her happy Hobeaux?
Could she vamp all these tramps if she tried?

week. Indeed, I avoided him, for, while I didn't blame him much for rushing off and saving Ada, Bill and himself, I felt some resentment that he hadn't taken measures to protect me.

The morning of the Gage game dawned bright and crisp. In the Zeta Xi Zeta house we woke with snatches of song and began to make ready for the afternoon.

The campus took on a festive air, with Siddern's Purple and Gold banners flapping in the November breeze; and every building gay with bunting.

Through all the gayety, however, there was a note of anxiousness. There was a rumor circulating that Bob Mainard would not start the game.

Afternoon came and the first trickle of

was," Dudley told me. "He's had Mainard on the carpet several times, asking him for an explanation. They're anxious to have him play if he can square himself by telling why he was driving, but he refused flatly to explain anything."

I was stunned. It was too great a blow to bear, that through me, Bob Mainard was being robbed of his crowning glory.

"Bob came out to get me, Dudley," I said. "That's why he was driving a car Monday night. He came to Woodmere Inn for me."

"Well keep your mouth shut. He's protecting you and you're well out of it," Dudley told me.

My first impulse was to rush off some-
[Turn to page 100]

Let this Secret Give YOU a "Million-Dollar" Personality

Do you know how to attract money, success, love, friends, popularity, happiness?

Do you know how to make people like you?

How to instantly command admiration wherever you go?

How to control the minds of others?

How to make people unconsciously do what you want them to do?

How to fascinate the other sex?

How to win and hold the heart of the one you love?

How to be a leader among men, if you are a man, or the center of attraction if you are a woman?

How to overcome shyness, self-consciousness, fear?

How to radiate that subtle, mysterious, irresistible power of personal magnetism that lays the world at your feet?



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What a wonderful thing it is to have hosts of friends, to have everyone glad to see you, to be welcomed with open arms wherever you go, to be showered with invitations for good times. What a priceless asset it is in business to have a "million-dollar" personality—to be able to win others to you, to have people go out of their way to do you favors, to be able to inspire

confidence, loyalty and enthusiasm.

What kindles the fires of love? It isn't the best looking girl who is the most popular. Many a girl who would never be called beautiful is the idol of her set. She fascinates everyone.

Who makes the most money? Not the plodding, hard-working man. No! It's the magnetic, dominant, forceful man.

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Do you ever hesitate for the right word? Do you ever come across unfamiliar terms in your reading? A large vocabulary is one of the greatest aids to social and business success. "How To Increase Your Vocabulary" is a book that will give you amazing command of language—make you a more effective speaker—a more brilliant conversationalist—a more finished writer. Without a penny of cost to you, a copy of this wonderful book will be sent with your copy of Personal Magnetism if you mail the coupon at once.

Would you like to have a magnetic personality? You CAN. Yes, the same forces of personal magnetism flow through you as through any one else. Only they are hidden deep down in your subconscious self, unrealized, dormant, idle. Like a mighty current of electricity, this mysterious force is waiting for you to "press the button" that will galvanize it into vibrant life and energy.

Every one possesses this mystic quality—it is part of life itself. Read what Mr. Theron Q. Dumont, instructor in the Art and Science of Personal Magnetism, of Paris, France, says: "Every person has already all the magnetic power that he or she will ever

have any use for. What you need to know is how to draw upon your storage keeper—the inner self."

For years this eminent psychologist has been teaching men and women to discover their hidden powers of personal magnetism. He has transformed the most timid, colorless, unassertive individuals into vital, compelling, fascinating favorites.

And now Theron Q. Dumont has disclosed his whole wonderful system. In one of the most extraordinary books ever written he has revealed the secrets by which any one, anywhere, can develop a "million-dollar" personality.

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How to attract friends. How a magnetic man wins success in business.

How to gain control of others.

Secrets of fascinating the other sex.

The capabilities of a real lover.

Advice to those about to marry.

Why lovers tire of each other.

How magnetic power keeps you young.

How to overcome shyness, self-consciousness, timidity.

How to become popular, beloved, admired.

Secrets of famous charmers of history.

How great leaders sway others to their will.

How to change your negative qualities into positive ones.

The key that unlocks the door of every heart.

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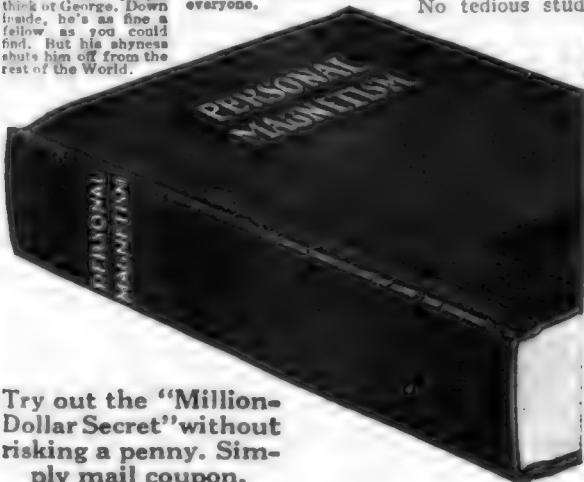
How to banish worry and trouble.

The magnet that attracts everything you desire.



"He's An Awful Clam!" That's what people think of George. Down inside, he's as fine a fellow as you could find. But his shyness shuts him off from the rest of the world.

"Here's Bill!" A shout of welcome. Everybody's glad to see Bill. He's the life of the party wherever he goes. He has a personality that wins everyone.



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This amazing book places in your hands the very "gift of the Gods"—the key to your real inner, wonderful self. Within its pages is a glorious message that will thrill you to the very roots of your being, that will release the flood-gates of mighty forces within you, that will make you fairly radiate magnetic attraction.

No tedious study, no tiresome mental

exercises. It is all a matter of knowing HOW. Once you learn the secrets of personal magnetism, this marvelous force is yours to do with as you will, to win friends, popularity, admiration and love, to become a leader among men, to mould the minds of others, to banish worry, depression, timidity, self-consciousness, ill health. Choose the things you want of life; personal magnetism will draw them irresistibly to you. Start today—NOW.

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DOLLY DIMPLER CO., Dept. 5A, 1895 Salem Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

where and do something to save Bob. He had come to my rescue. It was only right and fair that I should go to his.

The two teams scattered to their places for the start of the game, and the cheers of Gage and Siddern rooters met, crashingly, in mid-field. My glance ran along the bench where the Purple and Gold substitutes sat. Huddled in a blanket was Bob Mainard, the picture of dejection. He was not going to play!

"They're saving his face by letting him appear in uniform," said Dudley Trenholm, "but you notice he's not playing."

I SUFFERED agonies through the first quarter of the game, though not because Siddern was losing then. Deprived of its captain and star by some action it did not understand, the team was excelling itself, making up in the fury of its efforts the loss it had suffered.

But at last Gage's rush no longer would be withstood. Like broken reeds our men were swept aside. The ponderous momentum of the opposing players crushed the Purple and Gold before it. Slowly, slowly, but, oh, how surely, Gage planted the heavy imprints of its cleated shoes on succeeding chalk lines, until with a convulsive heave that sent my heart low within me, the two tangled teams fell over the last of the lines and the Gage rooters billowed to their feet, roaring for the touchdown their team had just scored.

It was late in the second quarter when this happened, so desperately had Siddern fought against the inevitable. Bentz, Gage's captain, carefully kicked the goal, and gave his team a lead of seven points.

Again our cheers sounded on the crisp air, in defiance of our ancient rival, but there was nothing hopeful in the sounds, only grim determination to fight to the end that we knew would be bitter.

I felt like a traitor to a just cause yet fear of disgrace still gripped me. At last I scrambled to my feet and started towards the aisle.

Past the long rows that buzzed with sorrow and wonder at Bob's not playing, I pressed slowly forward, to the field box where Dean Lowry sat. At last, I reached his side. Panting, both from my efforts and from emotion, I told my story to him. Told him that I had been in Woodmere Inn when he visited it; that I had, in panic, telephoned to Bob Mainard for assistance; told him of Bob's response and why he had been seen driving an automobile that Monday night.

"It isn't fair," I cried, wildly. "You can expel me, if you want to. I'm guilty, but Bob is innocent. He only helped me. It isn't fair to punish him."

"I agree with you, Miss Ware. Mr. Mainard is innocent and you are guilty," said the Dean, slowly and impressively. "You will go on probation for three months, starting Monday."

"But what about Bob?" I urged.

"He's released from probation—this very minute," smiled Dean Lowry. "I'll notify the coach at once."

"Then he can play the rest of the game?"

"Yes, thank heavens," said Dean Lowry, with the fine solemnity of a prayer.

Oh, how our boys and girls shouted when they saw that Bob Mainard was to play.

Their cheers rose like the roars and echoes of a thunder-storm in the moun-

tains. I shrieked until my voice was gone, as he moved with his old calm confidence to his place on the field. It was Gage's turn to kick-off. The shrill whistle cut like a knife through November's sharp air and the ball tumbled out of the leather sky into Bob's arms.

He started forward slowly and cautiously, as though he were feeling his way in darkness. Then, as his own team formed before him to screen his path and began to topple over the oncoming Gage men, he saw the route clear for him and dashed ahead with increasing speed. The first flight of our opponents was swept clear and Bob ran on to where the second wave closed in on him. From one side a giant tackler came; from the left two others lurched at him. My heart almost stopped beating, for it seemed certain that Bob was caught. He used the single man as a prop. Placing a hand on his shoulder, he pushed himself clear, at the same time swinging sharply between the other two. They hurtled themselves at his knees and he staggered, but in a second he had caught his balance and was free. On and on he ran, with the wild shouts brazening to the sky, until he had passed the Gage goal line and scored for Siddern.

THREE touchdowns Bob Mainard made in the last quarter of that game, inspired to a speed that would not be resisted. It was the last game of his career, and he made of it a game that would live forever in Siddern's annals.

The frenzied thousands grew hoarse and again hoarse cheering for him; and, oh, my heart pumped incessantly for joy, and pride, and anxiety, and fear, and every emotion that the human soul may know, all jumbled together.

Fraternity and sorority houses were alive with music and with hilarious laughter that night, as young and old alike celebrated Siddern's great victory. On every lip was wild praise for Bob Mainard's glorious playing.

What a cheer rose in the Zeta Xi Zeta house when he dropped in unexpectedly, a trifle lamed from the knocks he had withstood through that heroic last quarter. His face was flushed, his hair rumpled, but his eyes gleamed happiness. Everyone patted him on the back. Men shook his hands. Bess Lathrop ran up and kissed him impulsively. I could have slapped her for it, until I heard what she said to him.

"If you'll dodge into the kitchen out of this crush, I'll get Blythe out there to you."

A moment later I saw him disappear through the swinging door into the service pantry. I didn't wait for Bess to do more than nod to me. She walked beside me and when I was near the swinging door, pushed me through it. I pitched headlong forward, into Bob's outstretched arms.

At last, he spoke. "I know all about your going to the old Dean."

"It was the least I could do," I answered.

"It took courage, Blythe," said Bob, gravely. He paused, and resumed. "You know, I told you I'd have something to say to you in June, if you'd wait."

I looked up into his eyes and smiled.

"I hate waiting, Bob," I protested.

I didn't have to wait any longer. He said it then.

ARE the "sins of the fathers" really visited upon the children? Must I remain an outcast because I cannot answer the question Who Is My Father? After you have read my story in the December SMART SET will you, I wonder, be more lenient in your judgments?

\$100 a Week!

for YOUR services



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I Also Supply a Hudson Coach

IF you are interested in making \$75, \$90, \$100, and even more, a week, I'll show you how to get it. I will give you the chance to make \$5,000 a year without working as hard or as long as you do now.

You can start right out and make as much money as any of these: Christopher Vaughn made \$125 in a week. Henry Albers made \$100 a week. John Scotti, \$97 in his second week. Ralph Mosher, \$100 in two weeks while operating a sawmill eight hours a day. Frank Brown made \$27 in one day. Henry Heintjes, \$30 in one day. Wm. Platte, \$20 in 7 hours. Del Hebert, \$27 in 10 hours. Albert Peters, \$20 in 3 hours. And many, many others are doing as well, or better.

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more than three hundred thousand dollars in advertising, telling housekeepers about the wonderful high quality of ZANOL Products.

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All you do is to simply become the ZANOL representative for your locality. Positively no other duties are required of you. You merely represent us to our many customers in your locality, who, by dealing directly with us, are assured of fresh merchandise at fair prices for highest quality. And, if you become our representative, you will be given a generous share of all the business that comes from your territory.

This is how Edgar Morris made \$210 his first two weeks. Mrs. K. R. Roof, a married woman with children and household duties, made \$50 her first week in spare time. Fred Wilson made \$17.50 in his first six hours. R. T. Moorehead made \$12 his first evening.

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My offer to you is a simple, straight-forward, honest, clean-cut business proposition. You need no experience. It is your big chance to make \$100 a week in a fascinating and most pleasant way. You will positively be amazed at the way the money will roll in to you, just as quickly as you become established as the ZANOL representative for your locality.

This year our representatives will divide two million dollars. You can get your share of this big money, if you act at once.

You will have the same opportunity that enabled Mrs. G. H. Michelsen to clear \$16 in one afternoon. Eugene Ducat made \$45 the first two days. Thos. Chiasson cleared \$33.20 in one day. Mrs. B. L. Hodges averages \$18 to \$20 a day. If these amounts are your idea of real

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No Money Required

Here's an opportunity that may mean thousands of dollars to you in clear, cold cash. Do you want it? Remember, you don't need either capital, experience or special training. I will guide you. I'll tell you where to go, what to do—and what to say. And I do not ask you to risk a single penny; you do not agree to pay anything or do anything. You should do as well as R. Life, who made \$26.73 in one day. B. A. Smith, who makes \$3 to \$5 an hour. Mabel Travis, who made \$22.87 in one day. A. V. Harmon, who made \$26.13 in one day.

Just mail the coupon and I'll send you, by return mail, facts that will amaze you. You will be startled to learn how simple my whole proposition is. You'll wonder why you didn't take it up sooner.

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Infatuation

[Continued from page 55]

capture the most sought-after men at a Prom or a party.

Then I fell in love. Oh, I was no un-kissed angel, but I had declared against love. People, I always said, acted idiotic when they fell really in love. I was right and I was no exception to the rule.

I fell in love with Weston Hall. That, of course, is not his real name. That cannot be told. But probably you have fallen in love with him, too, at one time or another. Most girls have.

I was in boarding school in Washington at the time—father is by way of being an important person, though you would never think so if you judged by this tale—and for three months I spent all my time following Weston Hall's pictures about.

One night when I was standing in front of the mirror brushing my hair after my bath, my roommate—her people were Army—made a chance remark that started the whole thing. I wasn't conscious of myself as I stood there. I was too much in love. My roommate stared at me a long time from her bed, and then she said, "Natalie, you really are too darn pretty to be allowed around loose. No man could resist you if he saw you like that."

"Like that" was in one of those plaited chiffon tubes they call nightgowns.

I looked at myself in the glass, coldly, without vanity, with a searching frankness. There is nothing in the world like the perfect body of a very young girl, unless it be a perfect rosebud, and as I looked, the idea was born.

I would go to Hollywood, I would see Weston Hall, and what was more important, he should see me. I would make him fall in love with me. Why not? I hadn't seen any one on the screen any prettier than the girl I saw in my mirror.

I got to Hollywood. When you are as pretty as I am, and have lovely clothes, and can buy a big, smart roadster, it isn't difficult to get acquainted in Hollywood. The outer fringe is friendly, easy-going, as shifting as the sands of the sea. There is a good-fellowship that costs little and means less, and that asks few questions.

I told one of the girls I met that I wanted to meet Weston Hall and she said that would be easy. She would give a party and invite him. "His wife's out of town," she said.

I hadn't thought of his wife but she made no impression on the flame of my young desire. I think it was only curiosity that made me say, "What is she like?" The little extra girl shrugged. "Plain little thing—awful stuck-up. Never mixes with anybody. But he's a darling."

Off the screen he was a thousand times more adorable than he was on. I tell you, a girl of eighteen who is as much in love as I was with Weston ceases to be sane.

It was an easy matter to get into his house. The big French door of the drawing room gave into the quiet garden, and it was always open. I should have known when I saw that garden what manner of woman his wife was. I slipped in, my dressing bag in my hand, while the servants were busy in the back of the house over dinner. Had I been caught, it would have been an easy matter to explain. After all, Weston had asked me to come

up sometime. Oh, an older woman would have known less mad ways to accomplish the end I had set out to accomplish, and she would have had the patience to carry them through, but I was young and mad and dramatic and burning with impatience.

There was no difficulty in identifying his room. I had plenty of time to get ready. He didn't come upstairs before dinner as I half-hoped he would. I could hear voices, bells ringing, noise, and then it was quiet.

I was sitting in a chair, under a lamp, when I heard his voice, and my heart began to beat, furiously. Then a woman's voice answered him, and my heart stopped altogether. I don't know how I had the strength to fly into that closet.

He and his wife came together into her little sitting room, that adjoined his room. I couldn't see them, of course, but I could hear his voice, and hers.

He kept saying, over and over, "You've come home. Thank God, you've come home." And I never heard a voice so surcharged with happiness.

Then she laughed, the sweetest laugh, like wind in a cottonwood tree, or the rustle of silk. "Yes, darling, I'm home. Are you really glad?"

"Glad? Say, I've been so miserable without you, I've been pretty near crazy. Couldn't stand this house without you, and I've been wandering around like a lost soul. Let me kiss you, to be sure you're real."

After a pause, she said, "I think it's good for you to miss me, a little. It makes you—appreciate me."

"No it's not good for me, and I do appreciate you, Nona sweetheart. You're all the world to me. I'm a good boy now. I mean to be so good. Nothing means anything without you. I can't fit my life in anywhere. I don't know what to do with myself. You're my rudder and my pilot and my—all, I need you, Nona. Promise me you'll never go away again."

At the end of that pause, she said, "I promise," and I knew that I was hearing the voice of a woman really in love, a woman who had been tried in the fire, who had sacrificed, endeavored and suffered, for her love.

When he opened his closet door, he saw me. We stared straight into each other's eyes and my little soul shrivelled before the disgust in his face. I realized what she would have thought had she found me there, and how my rotten, selfish, low desire had threatened the home and happiness of another woman. I shook my head and put my finger on my lips. He shut the door. I heard other doors shut, tight.

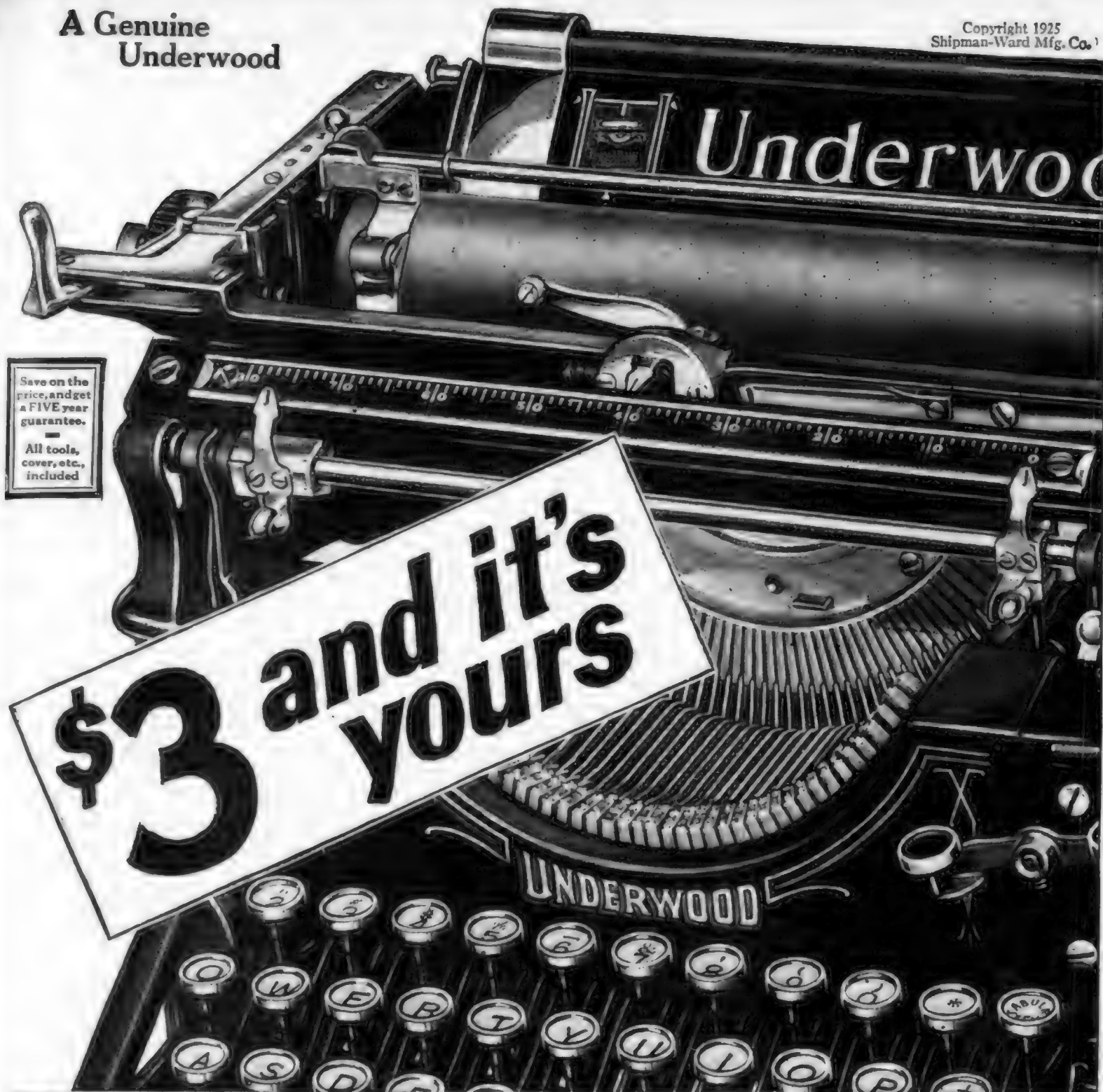
I sneaked out, as I had sneaked in. No, not as I had sneaked in. For I carried away treasure.

I knew the difference between true love and false. I knew that it was worth while to wait, and keep myself spotless and ready, for the day when the man I love comes into my life. If on that day I am worthy to go to him, as his wife, forever, to be the mother of his children and the companion of his sorrows and his joys, I shall owe it all to the voice of a woman that I heard through a closet door.

FEW men are heroes to their valets but occasionally one of their lady friends is worth saving. Any way that's what I thought once in Hollywood where I am valet to a well known movie actor. Read my story of a heart-breaking experience in December SMART SET.

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How to Win a Rich Husband

[Continued from page 24]

her that in order to qualify for the stage she would have to work very hard, and would have to begin at a much lower salary than she was receiving as the highest priced model in the world.

Once she had joined the "Follies" she threw herself heart and soul into her work, putting in from four to five hours each day in strenuous dancing practice. Singing and diction occupied most of the time she was outside the theater. Though she never "went in" for the latest styles, she became known as the best dressed woman in the world. This was not because she spent a fortune on her wardrobe, but because she had infinite patience in selecting costumes peculiarly suited to her and paid great attention to detail. It was not what she wore but how she wore it that gained her the reputation.

By the end of her second season, "Dolores" was receiving \$500 a week from me and had turned down more proposals of marriage from men of vast wealth than any other girl in America. She developed her natural love of all things beautiful and became quite an art connoisseur.

In the train of her admirers was Tudor Wilkinson, the great American dealer in art. She married him last year and now lives in a charming chateau just outside Paris.

Vee Allen, who was with me only one season, was a very quiet, beautiful light blonde. She could have succeeded on the stage merely as an exquisitely lovely picture. Instead, she aspired to become a poem in motion. Naturally, she had a host of admirers, and, while we were down at Palm Beach last winter with the "Palm Beach Girl" she was the reigning beauty.

WHAT made Miss Allen stand out so conspicuously among all the other beauties who were wintering at the famous resort, was the rareness of her appearance in public. Her whole day was practically filled with dancing and singing instructors. She had no interest in the frivolities of the holiday-makers.

Along came "Tex" Feldman, whose family has enormous oil interests in Texas. He was equally ambitious in spite of his great wealth, and he literally swept her off her feet. Dr. Straton performed the marriage ceremony.

Lina Basquette, who married the movie magnate, Samuel Warner, was the hardest worker I have ever met. Her eyes were fixed on stardom, and she achieved it and became the premiere dancer in the Follies. Her success attracted the attention of Mr. Warner. She spoke with him about a part in the pictures. The up-shot was a marriage contract.

I might go into the details of dozens of others, but practically the same thing applies to all of them. Not one of them depended merely on her beauty. Each one realized that a dimple may catch a man's eye, but it isn't deep enough to engulf his heart.

The trouble with most girls is that they are too easily satisfied. They are content to accept any sort of unattached male for a husband, then they blame him because he isn't everything they expected to find in a Prince Charming.

Just setting out to get a rich suitor in the matrimonial market, won't do any good. The girl has to cultivate her own possibilities and charm in order to qualify

for the real man whom she hopes to find. When I find that a girl has secured a place in one of my companies merely to exploit her beauty, I dismiss her. And, incidentally, those are never the girls who make good marriages, or marriages which last.

The moral I have tried to bring out in the cases quoted above, is that in some way or other, each one of the successful ones specialized; she made herself a being apart from the cut-to pattern group.

"DOLORES" became known as the best dressed and most graceful woman in the World; José Collins was an accomplished singer, a charming guest and hostess; Jessica Browne was a wholesome, all-around good fellow and sportswoman; Vee Allen's ambitions caught the fancy of the most eligible bachelor at Palm Beach; Lina Basquette's gay vivacity contrasted intriguingly with her good common sense.

The clever young woman, who is not particularly endowed with beauty, but who knows how to make the most of herself, can give an illusion of loveliness which surpasses that of her more careless sister upon whom nature has lavished far more pulchritude.

Let the Smart Set Girl start now. Today. Let her give herself one season at least to studying her own individual possibilities; develop herself along her own lines of ability and then live up to her own high standard of value.

Be your type. Don't try to make yourself over to somebody else's image and likeness. Specialize. Play up your best features. Don't underestimate yourself. Everybody possesses certain gifts which can be cultivated—the one who excels in anything, whether it be as a dancer, a first rate private secretary, telephone operator, or salesgirl, will attract admirers. Her advancement depends on her own hard work.

You may not have a large dress allowance, but that doesn't prevent you from being perfectly groomed. Buy fewer clothes if necessary, but be sure that they are in good taste and kept in immaculate condition by frequent visits to the cleaners. Leave the wild party crowd alone; if you are a working girl—on the stage or in the business world—you can't afford to waste your time and energies in dissipation.

Don't use make-up to cover up a bad complexion. There is nothing attractive in thick layers of powder and rouge. When cosmetics are applied so skillfully that they blend and enhance nature, they are aids which women with sallow skins can use to advantage; otherwise they are coarsening and hideous and hint at ill-health.

Don't worry about where you will meet your man. The ambitious business girl who works her way into a good position, makes herself attractive and interesting should have plenty of opportunities of meeting eligibles among her associates and their friends.

Avoid vulgar fashion-crazes. A man may look after a dazzling blonde in short skirts and rolled stockings, but he won't spend his life working for her.

In the Follies I give talented girls opportunity for realizing their greatest possibilities. Is it any wonder that these girls marry well—and make good wives?

Any Smart Set girl who sets out with the same earnestness and determination can do as well.

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- 12 Cups
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My Dashing Cowboy

[Continued from page 50]

I knew he meant well enough, but it was not pleasant to have another see our helplessness.

"If you don't mind, ma'am," he suggested, "maybe I can drop in some time this week and do a few chores for yuh. I'd be right glad to do it."

"But you have a job to find," I protested.

"Don't worry none about me findin' a job. I reckon I'll git by all right; I always have."

That was only the beginning of the many things Rance Darnell did for us. He was all boy, unlettered, a rolling-stone, generous to a fault. He had been all over; wherever horses were to be broken he had gone. He was a simpleton with money. He had never saved a cent; flush one day, broke the next. Gambling was his weakness. He admitted it. I told him he ought to be laying away something for the future.

"I GOT that idea too, just lately," he declared seriously. "Cards is all right for folks that know when they're licked and can quit and forget it; but I ain't built that way. Gamblin' is to me like whisky is to some men; it gits in my blood and burns me up, and I can't say no. It ain't the money I've lost—I don't mind that—but when gamblin' really gits you, and you haven't any money to go on with, you'll do most anythin' to git it—even to . . . Well, you make mistakes sometimes, but I'm through. I'm never goin' to touch a card again."

"Did you ever promise yourself that before?" I asked a little breathlessly.

My question seemed to offend him.

"Ma'am," said he, "I don't promise myself anythin' twice. This one ain't goin' to be easy to ride, but I'm goin' to stick and not pull leather."

He began to spend more and more time at our place, until I finally chided him about it, telling him he was not being fair to himself. He had done wonders about the house and barns. I could see that father was depending on him more and more. He was no longer Mr. Darnell, but just Rance, and I was Alice.

"You must get a job, Rance," I said at last.

"I reckoned I might catch on here," he drawled. "I been kinda spreadin' myself to show you I could earn my keep."

"You're joking," I declared impatiently.

"I'm not jokin'," he replied. "You folks need me. I don't want no wages. I can fix up a place in the little barn that will do me. I'd like to be your man."

"Rance Darnell," I stormed, "you can earn the best money there is on the range, and yet you are trying to hire out to us as a handy man. I'll not have it."

But he won eventually and it was really he who kept the ranch together that first winter.

In return for all he did for us, I set about teaching him how to read and write. When he had overcome his embarrassment, he became proud of his progress. Those were happy days for both of us; happy except that inevitable memory would reach out of the past and torture me. At such times I wanted to cry out, "Rance, for God's sake, are they looking for you? Are you wanted? Are they going to take you away from me some day?"

I used to cry myself to sleep. I knew, how could I help knowing, that I loved Rance Darnell?

It was not necessary for me to ask him why he had stepped outside the law; he had revealed himself completely to me, without knowing he had done so. I knew how he regretted what he had done, and I prayed God to forgive him, to call his account paid in full.

Christmas came soon, and I was happy with Rance and father. A day or two later I was apprised of the fact there was no money on hand to pay the interest on our mortgage which was due on the first. Knute Nelson held the paper.

"He'll be reasonable; he knows what we've been faced with," father argued.

I knew better than to take any stock in such idle dreaming. There had been too much laughter at Knute's expense to expect him to relent. The money would be paid on time or he would foreclose. He had done it to others, with less provocation.

Rance was one of us now and he shared the gloom which settled down on father and me. There was no one we could borrow from and nothing to borrow on.

"Don't worry; this will come out all right," he encouraged me. The look in his eyes was so desperate that it frightened me.

"Rance, please, please, don't do anything rash," I begged. "If we have to lose the ranch, let it go; maybe I can get my salary advanced to me. I'll go to town tomorrow and find out."

The trip came to nothing. Rance was waiting for me when I got home and he didn't have to ask the result.

"I'll try, tomorrow," he muttered dolefully. "I've got a friend or two in town; maybe I can raise it."

"But I don't want you to, Rance," I told him. "Our ability to repay you is too uncertain."

"I'll take that chance," he replied sullenly, and for the rest of evening I couldn't get a word out of him. Soon after breakfast the next morning, he rode away. I had never seen him in such a mood, and I was frightened.

Before noon it began to snow. It was Saturday, and I was home, luckily. It was not our first snow, but I realized soon enough that it was the beginning of our first real storm. All afternoon the wind rose and great drifts formed. At three o'clock when I went to the barns to feed the stock, it was all I could do to stand up.

I WAS not worried about Rance. I knew he must have reached town before the storm settled down in earnest, and once there he would be too wise to attempt getting back before tomorrow.

Darkness came early. I tried to read, but the house trembled so violently under the onslaught of the storm that it was thoroughly disquieting. I undressed and went to bed, but I could not sleep. It must have been nine o'clock when I heard some one hanging at the kitchen door. I waited a minute and then I heard some one calling.

It was Rance! "Just a minute," I called back, and slipping on a robe, I ran to the kitchen and let him in.

"Whatever made you chance this storm?" I exclaimed. "It was awfully foolish of you, Rance to take such a risk."

"I was worried about you," he answered, "and I wanted to give you this." He handed me a flat package, that held four hundred dollars!

For a moment I was speechless, then I went up to him and put my hands on his shoulders. "Rance," I whispered, "where did you get this money?"

I could feel him tremble under my fingers. He stiffened, then, and for an instant I thought he was going to crush me to him. He had not answered yet, but the strangest look came into his eyes.

"I got it from two old friends of mine," he drawled at last. "Why do you ask?" he demanded without warning.

I was caught without an answer. For a moment I did not know what to say.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, Rance," I said lamely, "but if I am to use this money I want to be sure that you haven't sold yourself to get it."

"Nothin' like that," he laughed. I saw that he did not want to be thanked, but I could not take the money without a word. I knew he had made some sacrifice to get it.

"Oh, Rance," I murmured earnestly, "I don't know how to thank you. You know how much it means to me though." My voice broke, and it was with difficulty that I choked back a sob. "I'd really given up hope of saving the ranch."

"PLEASE ma'am don't go on like that," he said huskily. "You go back to bed; it's cold out here. I'll get myself a bite to eat and turn in, too."

For the past week he and father had been sharing the rear bedroom.

"If you insist," I said. "Father and I will thank you together tomorrow."

"You don't have to do that," he called after me.

For a while I heard him pattering about the stove. A new sense of security came with his presence in the house, and I was soon asleep.

It could not have been more than an hour later when some one knocked on my window.

"Who's there?" I called.

"It's me Jim Stuart," a voice replied. "You people must sleep like logs. I been banging on the door for five minutes."

"Jim Stuart," I gasped.

Jim Stuart was the sheriff of Humboldt County.

What business had he here especially on such a night?

"Rance!" I groaned, and my hand flew to my lips to crush back the cry.

Two men were with him. They were white with snow, their faces red as fire from the wind.

"Too bad to turn you out this hour of the night," Jim apologized, "but old Knute's been robbed. Somebody lifted four hundred dollars from his safe this evening. We trailed the thief as far as the schoolhouse. He was headin' this way. You ain't seen no one goin' by, have you?"

Four hundred dollars! At that moment there was four hundred dollars beneath my pillow!

Jim saw how I was trembling.

"Don't get scared now," he said kindly.

"Why no, I haven't seen anyone go by," I said.

"I didn't suppose you had; it's a bad night; but I wanted to be sure. I know our man ain't far ahead of us. We'll pick him up before he makes the hills. This storm may hang on until late tomorrow. Don't you go out in it; it's worse than you've got any idea."

They went on then and left me faint and cold in the kitchen. As I stood there, my dreams castles all in ruins about me, my faith in everyone destroyed, Rance opened his door and came out.

"Some one out here talking a minute ago, wasn't there?" he asked.

I nodded.

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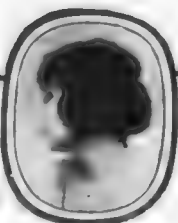
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"Yes, Jim Stuart, the sheriff and two of his deputies."

"Yeh? What did they want?" he demanded.

I stared at him wondering how he could feign amazement so well?

"Knute Nelson's safe was robbed this evening of four hundred dollars. They've traced the thief as far as the schoolhouse."

I saw Rance's face fall. For a moment he stared open-mouthed at me. He started to speak finally.

"Don't," I gasped. "Wait!" I ran to my bedroom and caught up the money he had given me. It burned my fingers as I returned to face him. The fire he had made still glowed in the kitchen stove. I shoved back one of the lids.

"Rance Darnell," I cried, "I am not going to give this money to you. It means nothing to me that Knute Nelson has lost four hundred dollars; it is a small sum to him. I've lost more, a hundred times more, than he has tonight."

"I've never told you, Rance, but I know what happened back there in Utah. I was in the train that morning at Stroud. I saw you ride away. I cried for you. You were so young, and it seemed so needless for anyone to engage in anything like that. I recognized you the night you came to the schoolhouse. I was glad to see you, to know you were alive. I wanted to help you, to show by example, not preaching, that the old way was the wrong way."

"But I failed, I guess . . . and I was so sure of you. You may not know it, but I love you—and I hate you, too—for what you have done; and you can go now; the door is open. There is nothing more to be said."

"You're mistaken, ma'am," he said defiantly.

He took a step toward me as I tossed the package of bills into the fire. "Won't you let me explain?"

"The evidence is plain enough," I said.

His head sank; he turned and shuffled out. Later I heard the faint banging of the barn doors, and I knew he had taken his horse and was riding away.

The storm screamed and rattled the windows. "God forgive him," I sobbed as my knees gave way and I sank to the floor.

I was still there when father awoke. He got me back to bed and tried in vain to make me explain what had happened. Just after breakfast Jim Stuart and his men returned. The storm had died down.

"Well, we got our man all right," he announced. "It was Shangreau, that Frenchman who has been working for the Riggs boys. He had the money right on him."

I could not believe my ears.

"Say that again," I cried.

"I mean it," Jim reiterated. "If you can give us a cup of coffee we'll get along."

And I had prided myself on my faith in Rance!

I left father to take care of them while I dressed as rapidly as my trembling hands would allow. I had no definite idea other than that storm or no storm I was going to find Rance. He would hardly have headed for the hills. There was only one other way north, the long ride to Oregon.

"Are you mad, to go out now?" father demanded as I ran into the kitchen.

"I must find Rance," I exclaimed. "He has gone away and I must find him."

Jim followed me to the barn where I was saddling the mare.

"You can't go off this-a-way," he bellowed. "You'll never come back."

"Get out of my way, Jim Stuart!" I cried.

I headed the mare straight for him and he leaped aside. He tried to catch my bridle but I was out of the barn and away.

I was lost for two days. It was Rance who found me and carried me to the old Ashdown Mine where he had crawled in out of the storm the previous day. He had seen the mare and trailed back to me, freezing to death in the snow.

Later, when they brought me home and I tried to ask his forgiveness, Rance just shook his head.

"There's nothing to forgive," he murmured. "A mistake is a mistake; I reckon there's mighty few of us don't make one now and then."

"Oh, it's good to have you back," I whispered as I nestled in his arms. "No matter what mistakes you have made I'll stick to you, Rance, but I can't help wishing I had been as mistaken about that affair at Stroud as I was over Knute's four hundred dollars."

"Well!" he said soberly. "My being there at all was a mistake, I'll admit, but I was broke, and I had to have money in a hurry—or at least I thought I did. I was mistaken about that, too, for the other fellow had four aces, so that money didn't linger long with me." He paused for a moment and his face sobered strangely.

"You know—making a mistake that way would be all most folks would have to hear to condemn me forever," he mused aloud. "I guess that's why I love you so, Alice, you seemed to recognize that it was only a mistake—that I wasn't bad all the way through."

"I'm sure you're not, Rance," I said.

"No one is—not even the worst outlaw on the range," he went on. "There's Ed Hartsell, for instance, serving twenty years in the Utah penitentiary. Folks tremble when they hear his name."

"I reckon he's held up a hundred banks and the like. You'd hardly expect to find a streak of high-grade in him, but it's there all right. It was Ed Hartsell I rode out of Stroud with that morning. They caught us the third day. Ed wouldn't give up without a fight—and the sheriff knew what that meant—unless they agreed to go light on me. He told him that he and his brother Dare, the one who was killed, had been roped into that affair with the promise that they were just going in to square a grudge."

"So the law is not after you, Rance?" I asked eagerly.

"No. Three months squared me. But Ed took his twenty years without a whimper, and he did it for me."

"I'm glad you paid, Rance," I said. "We can go on straight ahead from here—no worrying over the past."

"That and the four hundred dollars," he groaned. "It was real money."

I stirred uneasily in his arms as I realized that we were still in Knute's net. Rance sensed my thought.

"Don't go gettin' upset like that," he murmured. "Ed Tyrell is goin' to let me have the money, and I guess he'll come across with a weddin' present, too."

I HAD been beautiful but age was beginning to show in my face. I feared that my husband would no longer love his beautiful Betty—so I Had My Face Lifted. Now the wrinkles are beginning to come back. Shall I again gamble against time and nature? Read my story in the December SMART SET and tell me what to do.

I Took My Husband Back

(Continued from page 38)

...a tall, aloof looking girl, with ap-
prent eyes. From the first I realized
that she weighed the value of everything
that came under her gaze, weighed it
spiritually rather than materially, but
weighed it. The minute those eyes fell
upon Reverdy I knew what I was in for.

For Baby's party was cut short, but
she was very gallant about it. There was
only a precious half hour, before nine
o'clock, her bedtime—but she had counted
every minute of it. If it hadn't been for
Angela Pratt's eyes I should have cleared
the decks for Baby's celebration at any
cost of courtesy to premature guests. I
always try to play fair with the children,
and not let any of the things in the sinis-
ter background of my mind disturb them,
but there are situations where they have
to be sacrificed. This was one of them,
so I assuaged their disappointment as
best I could and put on my things.

I got into the Sedan with the Curtins,
and Reverdy, taking his roadster to save
the Curtins the trouble of bringing us
back, took Miss Pratt with him.

The evening developed just as I knew
it would. We lounged around the Cur-
tin's porch and smoked, and had cool
toddling drinks of synthetic gin, and
Angela Pratt took cool possession of
Reverdy.

For three quarters of the time he de-
voted himself exclusively to her. Then
he turned his attention to poor Gwen, and
flirted with her outrageously. She played
up so feverishly and pathetically that for
the first time that evening I was a little
sorry for her. I knew she was wishing
that Tom could see her.

WHEN I was letting down my hair in
my own room a little later, Rever-
dy came in and shut the door after
him, like a sulky little boy who has been
stealing the jam. He walked over to my
dressing table. Then he lit a cigarette.

"Mind?" he said. It is only when I
have a headache that I don't like smoke
in my bedroom.

"No, dear," and the conversation lan-
guished.

"Well, why don't you say something
and get it over with?" he said.

"I haven't anything to say."

"You don't understand my having a
little fun," he suggested helpfully. "You
think that just because a man is married
he shouldn't see anything in any other
woman."

"If you know so well what I think—"

"I don't," he broke in irritably. "All
I know is that whenever I am ordinarily
civil to anyone I feel this vague cloud of
disapproval hanging over me."

If either of us was to bring in the name
of Angela Pratt I saw that I was to be
the one to do it.

I knew that an old fashioned fish-wife
quarrel would have set things more nearly
right between us than all of this sprightly
sparring. It was what he was asking for,
but you can't—unless you can.

The next three weeks sorely tried my
endurance. In the natural course of events
Reverdy's little experiment would have
worn itself out, but this time I had to
reckon with a foeman that meant business.
Angela Pratt had weighed my good looking
husband in the balance and decided he was
worth the taking. It isn't that Reverdy
is so handsome, it's that he's irresistible!
He has wit and charm and the indefinable
quality of personality that makes a room
abnormally empty when he goes out of it.

Reverdy brought Angela to dinner one
night—the night of a benefit performance
in Henry Hall. There was a privately
owned park in the neighborhood that we
were trying to raise the money to improve,
and we had a famous explorer and an
opera singer who had been born in the
town to make up a program for us. I
thought if I was scheduled to chaperon
Angela and Reverdy I would prefer not
to dine alone before the event.

I gave John and Jean an early supper
and tried to make the atmosphere as little
domestic as possible, but they came in be-
fore dinner and gave Angela a chance to
demonstrate the charm of her manner with
children. I'll say it was good. But the
baby failed to be impressed by our visitor.

"She's got eyes like a fishes," she whis-
pered to me. "They stick out on the sides
instead of in front, like people's."

Reverdy was charmed with the incident
of the children's appearance, but glad to
scatter them when dinner was announced.

We were a little late in getting to the
auditorium, as Angela and Reverdy lin-
gered over their coffee with no suggestion
from me as to the time of their starting.

Reverdy didn't come to me after the
party was over, but I went to him. I was
going the rounds of my other children, and
I went in to tuck him up and make sure
that he was comfortable.

It was well along toward the middle of
the month that Madame came upstairs
early one afternoon, and announced that
there was a lady waiting to see me—a lady
who preferred not to give her name. Ma-
dame had happened to be going out
without the children and had met the
stranger at the door. With no premoni-
tion of what was waiting for me, I took
a last look in my mirror, and went down-
stairs.

The young woman who was waiting for
me must have been nearly thirty, though
she appeared younger. She was tall and
slight, and not very clear of skin, with
her eyes set a little on the slant. Rather
good eyes, they were. Her lips were made
up, but she had neglected to use her pow-
der puff for some time.

"Mrs. Reverdy Page?" she enquired. "I
don't know whether you know who I am
or not. My name is Alice Ayer."

"I know who you are," I said.

We faced one another, and her eyes
dropped.

"I am in such trouble," she said, "that
I came."

DID you think there was something I
could do for you?"

"Reverdy didn't come this month," she
said, "I—I found out why through some
people I know, and I—I—"

"I haven't the slightest idea what you
mean," I said.

"That Pratt girl," she said. "Angela
Pratt, you know her. She comes here all
the time." Her voice began to rise, and to
take on the hysteria of Guinevere Lane's.

"Why did you come to me?"

"I thought that we—that together we
might plan some way to stop it. I am so
helpless myself. I—I—"

There had been moments when I had felt
a real sympathy, for this woman who loved
my husband, but this was not one of them.
All I felt now was a scorching, grotesque
sense of outrage at what was happening to
me through her.

"Will you please be a little quiet?" I
said. "I am afraid that my children might
hear you."

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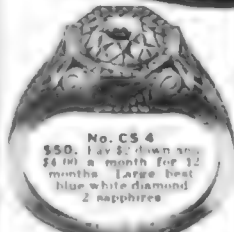
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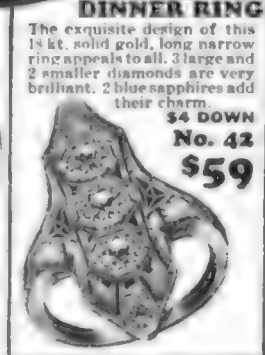
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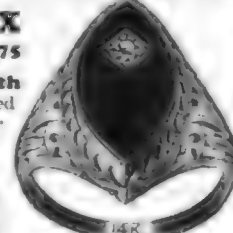
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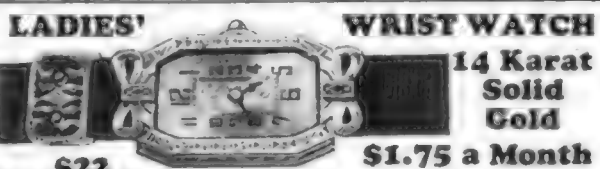
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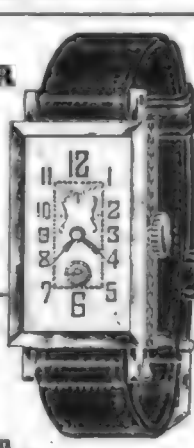
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But she was no longer able to control herself.

"If she knew, she probably wouldn't have anything to do with him. It's only because she doesn't know."

"Is it your general idea that we should tell her?"

"I thought somebody ought to." It was difficult for me to credit the inter-sentence by sentence. "If you don't, I think I shall."

"You are out of your senses," I said. She began to cry, but mercifully without raising her voice.

"We'll both lose him," she said. "Where did you come from?"

"I came from home—on the train this morning."

"And where are you going?"

"Back," she said. "after I've—I've..." At that moment I saw Angela Pratt in her riding clothes at my front gate, and I heard simultaneously the voice of Baby upstairs, waking from her nap. I had to make the choice between the risk of Baby's coming in search of me or of leaving those two women to confront each other. I made it.

Angela ran up the front porch and looked in the window.

"May I come in for a moment?" she asked. "Lila wants you to come to dinner tonight, and I said that I would stop as I went by, and tell you."

"Come in," I spoke rapidly. "This is Miss Ayer. I can't come tonight because Reverdy drove into Boston this morning, and won't be back in time."

THE thing that saved the situation was Alice Ayer's uncertainty about Angela. I avoided mentioning her name in presenting her, and I chattered so fast that I gave neither of them an opportunity to rectify the mistake. I saw Angela's grave registering something of astonishment at my loquacity, and Alice Ayer's face was fairly puckered with the anguish of her uncertainty. She had evidently nothing but a general description of Angela to go on, and she could not decide whether this elegant young Diana fitted that description or not.

The next few minutes were a nightmare but Angela, having nothing to stay for after she had her information of Reverdy's whereabouts, made her adieux as soon as she decently could.

Alice Ayer fairly fell upon me as the door closed behind her.

"Was that Angela Pratt?" she cried. "Was it? Was it?"

I waited till Angela got her mount.

"That was Angela Pratt," I said, deliberately.

I wasn't prepared for anything like the hysteria that followed. It was like the raving and mouthing of some animal, and made me physically sick. I could understand that the sight of Angela had set her off, but what it had set her off into was beyond the limits either of my comprehension or my endurance. The quiet low voiced woman who first made herself known to me was transformed into a maniac creature that beat her breasts, and execrated my husband's name. In fact, I could scarcely distinguish the things she was snarling in her rage and misery.

When the paroxysm was spent, I acted quickly. She was sane, but so weak she could scarcely stand, and I helped her upstairs to the guest room, and made her lie down. I even bathed her swollen face, and made her drink some spirits I had mixed for her. Then I softly shut the door and turned the key on the outside.

I found that Madame had given John and Jean permission to spend the afternoon with some children who live next door to the Curtin's so I telephoned Lila to keep

them all night. I instructed Madame not to let Isobel out of the nursery. Then I composed myself to wait for Reverdy.

My vigil was shorter than I expected. I heard the car turn into the garage just as the clock struck seven. Some seconds later Reverdy came bounding up the porch stairs. I took him into the living room, and shut the door.

"Reverdy," I said, without preliminary, "Alice Ayer is upstairs."

"You know, then?" he said.

"Yes, dear."

"When did she come, and why?"

I explained the circumstances, and he listened without a word.

"What do you wish me to do?" he said.

"Take her away," I said, "and put a stop to the whole situation. I can't tell you how to do that, but it must be done."

"I suppose it must," he admitted. "I know it's an outrageous question to put to you, but do you think it would be fair?"

When I did not answer, he added simply.

"There is a child, you know."

"Couldn't the little girl be sent to school?" I suggested.

"Alice is fond of her. It steadies her to have the care of her." His voice was suddenly very heavy.

"Reverdy," I said, "this thing is just a responsibility to you, isn't it?"

"Why—yes. Not that that makes it any better."

"You should have told me before," I said.

"I was afraid you would turn me out."

I ALMOST crossed the floor and put my arm around him, but I thought of Angela and stiffened. There were things yet to be settled between us before I could admit to him that the problem of that woman upstairs had been my failure as well as his.

"Are you going to turn me out?" he persisted.

"Do what I ask," I said.

He made his way to the door, but stopped with the knob in his hand. "I wonder why you've been so decent," he said.

"Well, as I told you before I have a reason."

"It must be a good one."

We had no further talk the next day for the simple reason that Reverdy took Alice Ayer home that night, and did not come back for forty-eight hours. When he did come back the Curtains were waiting to bear us off for dinner, having understood that we had made the arrangement with Angela.

I am too much of a housekeeper myself to feel that I can ignore a roast of lamb and a chocolate mousse that had been prepared for me, and I am used to tragic under currents. Also, I had the feeling that Reverdy might have given Angela his tacit consent to the engagement at some time when I was not present. If that were so I felt that the settling of our future relations could wait.

After dinner there was bridge, one table, but I was so worn out that I begged off, and went to sleep on the couch by the library window. Angela was not playing, and Reverdy and Fred Curtin agreed to relieve one another at intervals. It must have been during one of these intervals that Angela got Reverdy out on the porch, and made her last effort. When I woke it was too late for me to make my presence known and—well, I listened.

"I have courage enough for anything," Angela was saying, "and love should claim it's own. I know you love me, Reverdy."

Reverdy did not answer her.

"Don't you?" she insisted.

"I'm too much of a moral coward to answer that question," he said after a moment.

"THEN you do," she said. "I'm not a moral coward. I love you enough to give up everything for you. I can see how it is with you and Jeannette. She's a lovely woman, but there is nothing between you."

"There is everything between us," said Reverdy. "She is my wife. When I said that I was too much of a moral coward to answer your question I meant I was too much of a coward to say 'no' to it. You are a very lovely creature, Angela,—and I hate to face the truth. That's all."

"Are you facing the truth?" Angela said, coolly.

"My dear," said Reverdy, "I'm facing the truth for the first time in a good many years. I have a wife who is everything that a man's wife can be to him, and yet I have had for a long time another establishment with a child in it. Instead of trying to handle that situation I've tried to run away from it, and I've sought other kinds of distraction."

Back in our living room that night Reverdy told me what he had to tell about Alice Ayer. He spared me detail.

"I've had to take quite a little money," he said. "I settled it on her, and I am to go and see the little girl once a month. Alice understands that I am not coming to see her, otherwise. I don't mean that she'll stick to the arrangement or that there won't be all sorts of complications, but it is the best I can do to start with. I've told her that I'll never see her if she bothers you again, and she knows I mean that."

"Handle it your own way," I said, "but handle it."

"Then you are not turning me out?"

"I heard you talk with Angela," I said, "I was in the library on the couch."

"Oh!" he said.

"I was asleep," I said, "and when I woke up it wasn't easy to get away."

"It was rather unfair to you," he said, "to tell her about Alice, but I thought I—ought. You mustn't think I haven't flirted with her."

"I don't," I said.

"Until tonight, you know, I've been as outrageous as she was."

"I know," I said.

"I guess you know everything."

"Why was it different with Angela tonight?"

"You know that," he said. "You know that for the first time in my life I've really faced the fact that I *could* lose you."

"Well, you can't," I said. "You know what you've done to me, and if I could be through with you, I'd be through. I'd be through and I'd start again building up things that couldn't be desecrated and spoiled, as you've desecrated and spoiled them."

"Yes," said Reverdy.

"But there's one thing that won't let me," I said, "there's one thing that holds, and I guess when it does hold it's indestructible."

The tears stood in my husband's eyes.

"Marriage, you mean?"

"No dear—love," I said.



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I Didn't Take My Husband Back

[Continued from page 39]

longer loved by the man, the one man you can care for.

He came in very quietly, lighted a cigarette and settled himself in a comfortable chair by the fire.

"Baby all right, my dear?" He smiled so charmingly that I began to doubt all that my friends had said. He couldn't look at me like that if he were carrying on with another woman.

"You know you don't look quite the thing, Helen. You've been devoting yourself too much to the kid. What about going into the country for a month or two. I've got a commission that will take me abroad through the summer. I can't bear the idea of you both stewing in town. What about it?"

I couldn't answer for a minute. Then I told him very quietly that I didn't like the idea one bit.

"That's a pity, Helen, because really, you know, it seems to me the only solution."

"There's something you're keeping from me, Hugh. Why do you want to leave me and the baby?"

"It isn't that I want to, my dear. It's just that I've got to."

"Got to leave me, Hugh?"

He nodded and patted my shoulder.

"It's my work, you know, my dear. I've been getting a bit stale. I must find fresh inspiration somehow."

Inspiration is a word of which every wife must beware. Inspiration always means another woman.

I lost my self-control and asked him if he was going with Sheila Terrant.

I've been told that I should have kept quiet and waited for his confession. But when you love a man as I loved my husband you can't do it. You simply cannot bear the torture of uncertainty. I loved him so desperately that the fear that he was leaving me, that I should never feel his arms about me any more, made my brain dizzy.

He was my husband. Didn't that mean anything to him?

He was very kind—in his speech, almost caressing. He couldn't help it, he said. She couldn't help it. They'd tried hard to give each other up but it couldn't be done. He insisted he'd never done such good work as he had since he had known her. He forgot, I suppose, that that was just what he had told me when we were first married. A man always makes love in the same way to every woman. I wonder, don't they ever know it?

GOD, how cruel a man can be unconsciously. He hadn't the least idea of what he was making me suffer. He saw one thing and one thing only—Sheila with her sleek black shingled head.

He went away and for the next three months I was like a dead thing. I had only cared for the things and people that he cared for. Perhaps if I had not merged myself so utterly in Hugh I might have kept him, but it never occurred to me there was a possibility of not keeping him.

Gradually, the worst pain left me. My friends insisted that I must divorce him but I couldn't. There was no meaning in divorce to me. I had lost him, but because I had lost him I wanted to hear his name. After all it was almost as if he were dead.

I soon came to an end of the money he had left, and I made up my mind that I

wouldn't ask him for any more. I took a small flat in the village. I had a certain small talent for design, and I got a little work to do. I designed wall papers, patterns for printed linen, and later I branched out into period brocades. Sometimes I forgot for quite five minutes that Hugh had left me. Gradually, too, I made friends. I developed individuality. I was forced back upon my own judgment. I was very different from the woman Hugh had left. I was even able to regard Sheila dispassionately, and to wonder if she would keep him longer than I had.

I GOT back my looks and found that men were quite pleased to take me out to dinner. More than one paid me attention but I wouldn't let myself get too interested in any man.

It wasn't that I felt afraid of my ability to keep a man's love. I knew that I was far more attractive than I had been as a girl. But when you have suffered through emotion, you dread its recurrence. My new life was mercifully devoid of love.

It was four years after Hugh had left me that I saw him again at a studio party in the Village. I was wearing a gown of flamingo red which I had designed and made. I was conscious of looking well. The room was crowded, and I was the centre of an animated group. Then, suddenly, I looked over at the doorway. I don't know why, but my eyes seemed impelled in that direction. As I looked Hugh entered. He wasn't a bit changed. It seemed incredible that he could be so utterly the same. He always looked younger than his age, and that evening he seemed quite boyish. He was wearing his favorite brown tweeds, and his face was tanned and wonderfully eager.

My first sensation was that of bewilderment. I kept on telling myself that it wasn't possible he was here. Then I grew resentful. Why had he come back to trouble my hard-won peace? Then I grew steady and strangely self-controlled. I didn't want him to speak to me. I was conscious of the sudden sense of triumph that I shouldn't be heart-broken if he didn't come near me at all.

But he did come. I found him by me, standing very quietly with his old, delightful smile. He might have left me only an hour ago.

"I like your dress," he said. "You're looking very charming, Helen."

He studied me curiously, and I knew he was wondering what I was going to do. I think he expected reproaches. He felt sure that, at any rate, I would show emotion; he was prepared for anything except smiling indifference.

And that was what I gave him.

I was pleased with myself that night. I was able to watch myself, to analyze my sensations—and to analyze him. Every little while I felt the old ache for the touch of him. But he didn't suspect it, and each time the ache passed more quickly. We talked a lot and he found me interesting.

When I got up to go, he came with me as a matter of course. It was a curious situation, and I found it almost amusing. He called a taxi and got in beside me. Just for a moment I almost lapsed into the old accustomed ways. I stopped myself just in time, from slipping my hand in his arm, but I did stop, and he was astonished. I

really think Hugh expected to take up life with me where he had left it!

He was disappointed.

I asked him in for a drink and a smoke, and he enquired, almost humbly about Dinah, who was growing more like him each day. He apologized—that is the only word I can use—for not having sent us any money. I said that I had managed quite comfortably.

We agreed to have a long discussion the next day upon business matters, and then I sat up quite naturally and said I was tired. He didn't seem to want to go; he looked desperately uncomfortable and stood with his back toward me, fidgeting with an ornament on the mantelpiece.

"I'm not with Sheila now," said he. I think he expected me to cry with joy. I didn't even smile.

"No?" I said. "Oh, well, I didn't think it would last very long. You're too fond of change, you know."

"That's cruel," he flashed round at me. "I suppose you won't believe it, Helen, but it's true. I've always cared for you."

"I know," I said, calmly, and—it was my moment of triumph—"I care for you, too, in the same way. Good-night, Hugh."

I smiled and gave him my hand, and, considerably astonished, he politely shook it, and then left abruptly.

For the next few weeks, he came and went, discussed his plans, asked my opinion of his work and occasionally took me out to dinner. I really enjoyed our friendship and told myself how much better and safer our present relations were than in the old days. I think I lulled myself into the belief that Hugh wasn't going to fall in love any more.

My eyes were opened one summer evening. We had been out to dinner and I had worn rather a pretty filmy sort of frock. It was a heavenly night, and Hugh, intensely temperamental, seized my hand in the taxi and drew me towards him. I put him in his place, and gloried in the fact that I could do so.

"That's all right, my dear," I said. "You're fond of me, I'm fond of you—and that's that." He laughed and suggested we should go for an hour or two to a friend of his, a sculptor. I liked his friend, was always interested in what he said and the time passed quickly. Then suddenly my interest seemed to flag. I was conscious of an unaccountable depression and instinctively I looked round for Hugh.

He was talking to a girl, very young and very vivid, with deep brown eyes and wonderful red hair. He was looking at her with that flame-like intensity that could move any woman. I knew that look—I had met it in the taxi only that evening.

That night I realised what was going to happen. Hugh would either return to me, or start an intrigue with the girl. The

issue lay in my hands. All that night I walked up and down my room. My arms ached with intolerable longing to hold him.

Next day I sent word I had a headache. I remained in all day, and by the time the evening came I was terribly lonely and very sorry for myself. Just when I had had as much as I could bear of my own society the telephone rang.

It was Hugh speaking. He told me he was coming round.

"Not to-night, I think, Hugh."

"I'm coming," he said, and deliberately rung off.

I sat waiting by the window, living through those four long years when he had left me and the child for no better reason than the desire for a woman who had no permanent place in his life.

He came to me in the old impetuous fashion. He slipped his arm round my neck and bent his head until his eyes looked into mine. Then he kissed me, and at his touch a flame surged through my blood.

"I only really love you, Helen. I've learned that at any rate—you'll take me back, my dear?" he cried.

If I hadn't seen him the evening before with the girl at his friend's studio, I should have yielded. Flesh and blood were in revolt against denial. But just as he was looking at me now, he had looked at that slim young thing with the red gold hair. I loved him, loved him desperately; but he wasn't capable of being true to any woman. He could only love me—or someone else—for a short time.

I stood up and put my hands on his shoulders.

"It's no use, Hugh," I answered. "I can't risk being hurt again."

He pleaded with me more eagerly than I had dreamt of. But I was firm, though it hurt cruelly, and at last he went. When the door shut behind him I felt as though the gates had closed upon my youth.

Yet great happiness always means great pain. Had I been foolish, cowardly, to shut out from my life the wonderful God-sent inspiration of Love?

I have been asking myself that question a long time now. Hugh still comes to see me, practically every day. He insists on making me charming presents and taking me out . . . But—he has started another affair, a married woman this time!

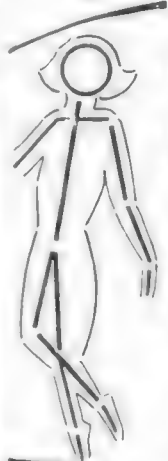
Am I jealous?

Well, I don't sleep very easily and sometimes, for no reason, I find myself crying. It's not enough to have him as a friend. Yet—if I take him back I shall lose not only his love but his friendship. Have I made a mistake? Oh, I wish I could make up my mind. What should a woman do—risk everything for a short, blinding spell of ecstasy, or avoid pain by accepting a long, drawn-out period of mild affection?

I still wonder. I still suffer and love.



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Men Who Have Kissed Me

[Continued from page 43]

laughed with such genuine amusement that I broke into a shaky smile.

"I'm Netta Stevens. I'm head model and wear the most 'sensitive gowns in the way that makes fat old women buy them. Like this!"

She threw up her head in a haughty stare, curved her beautiful body into a faintly arrogant pose, and drifted past me as if she owned the earth.

"Gets them every time," she explained casually. "What's your name?"

"April. April Rogers."

"You look like April. It suits you. Just a little more kick, and you'll be

leading a devil of a life. Have you got a boy friend?"

"No," I murmured with a faint smile. "I've only just come to New York I don't know anybody."

"You must have a boy friend," insisted Netta with emphasis. "You want someone to pay for your good times. A girl can't keep alive without good times and we can't afford them ourselves on our screws. Besides, you can't have a good time without a man. Leave it to me, and I'll get you off. It's very important to get the right kind of boy friend, especially for a kid like you. You don't want some



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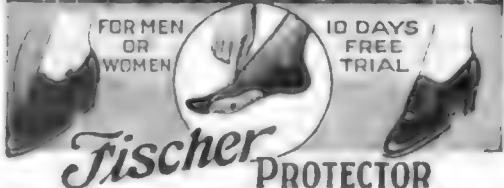
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experienced old brute who'll scare you to death and then chuck you cos' you don't know the ropes. You want a boy who'll kiss you and take care of you—for a bit, anyway."

She laughed again. Silently I admired her big brown eyes, perfectly kept teeth and irresistible atmosphere of courage and vitality.

"I needn't ask if you've got a boy friend?" I said in open admiration.

A swift shadow flickered over her eyes. She glanced round to see if we could be overheard.

"Oh, I run to a friend and a flat," she retorted carelessly. "D'you know what that means, or are you too young?"

"Oh yes, I know. Even country girls know about men," I explained with gentle contempt. "Is he good to you?"

"Oh, Billy's not a bad sort as men go. He's away just now. But I want Ronnie Mainwaring for you. He'll come in with Mrs. Bertie, his mother—he always does. She's got a fitting this morning. Ronnie's a nice kid, just over twenty and he adores girls. He's got what he calls ideals, and that makes him easy. He was keen on me, but I'm not a baby-snatcher and, anyway Ronnie lives at home and Mrs. Bertie knows too much. Come on, or else we'll be late."

I FOLLOWED her, rejoicing, into a paradise of salons where life went to a music of soft, amorous silken garments. Wayward, expensively-shod feet glided over thick carpets, as women curved their pampered bodies into brocaded chairs and ransacked the treasures of the place to enjoy, if possible, a new thrill.

Again and again I watched Netta trail past some society woman whose greedy eyes envied her perfect young body and satin shoulders made more naked by a mere hint of shoulder strap. Or again she would patter up and down with the quick, eager step that set off a walking-suit to perfection.

At half past eleven, warned by certain secret information secretly conveyed, Netta drifted across to me.

"They're coming," she murmured through still lips, "Mrs. Bertie Mainwaring and Ronnie. Don't do a thing till I tell you. Don't even look at him. Go and pretend to brush those hats on that stand."

There entered the salon a typical modern woman of forty-five, faultlessly attired, her cool stare and faint suggestion of boredom scarcely revealing the fact that she fought the passing years desperately.

With her came a boy of twenty or so, evidently her son. His clothes came from the right places; his manners were charming; his intelligence rudimentary and his experience nil. Of responsibilities he knew and understood nothing.

Mrs. Bertie Mainwaring passed into the fitting chamber; her son remained outside to wait for her.

It became evident that Netta and he were acquaintances. He strolled across to the small collection of hats and fingered one dubiously. Then he glanced interrogatively at Netta. With a smile suggesting humble gratitude at being noticed she writhed towards him. They entered into conversation, obviously concerning the hat, for Netta placed it coquettishly on her dark, wavy head and posed submissively for Man's inspection. Ronnie's glance wandered discreetly to me, meekly brushing already immaculate headgear.

"Miss Rogers!" called Netta's business drawl, "bring the saxe panne beret, and the vieille rose cloche, please."

I came, bringing my treasures, my eyes not less velvet than the saxe panne. Ronnie extended a hand for the cloche hat and his fingers touched mine. A faint

color ran into my cheeks; I dropped my eyelids.

"If you would excuse me one moment, sir," murmured Netta. "These are just a few samples. I believe we have what you wish in the millinery."

She curved away in professional humility with one swift, wicked glance at Ronnie.

Still fingering the hat, he whispered: "Netta told me about you. I asked her—I had to. You're such a dear. I want to know you awfully, I do, really. Won't you come out with me on Saturday? I've got a ripping two-seater. We could go out into the country and have tea somewhere if you've nothing better to do. It's a scarlet car, and she'll do seventy easily. Do come. My name's Ronnie Mainwaring. What's yours?"

I told him, casting anxious eyes where Netta kept watch in the offing. Inwardly I smiled at his eagerness. I could almost see him quivering from the effect of my youth and fairness.

"Thank you," I murmured after a pause, during which Ronnie's heart sank with uncertainty. "I'd love to come. Will you pick me up at the fountain—in front of the Plaza, please? Will half past two do?"

Even as he assented eagerly, came Netta's warning voice from the distance.

"Miss Rogers wanted in the fitting-room, please. Miss Beresford, will you show the gentleman hats?"

All that week I woke in the morning with the sensation that something nice would happen soon, Saturday and Ronnie.

"You must grab him from the beginning and hold him tight," repeated Netta again and again. "You've got the chance of a lifetime. He might even marry you. He's young enough and silly enough to do anything. At the worst, it means a jolly good time for you as long as you can make it last."

I smiled, the calm smile of perfect content. These plottings and schemings left me untouched. I loved the idea of playing with fire.

"I wish I had something to go with the car, Netta. He said it was scarlet. I've nothing but dark blue."

"I'll lend you something—a scarlet jumper and a white skirt. You can wear flesh-colored stockings and a little white felt hat. Nothing sets off a girl's legs like flesh-color. Come round to the flat after business and we'll fix you up."

DAY by day the wisdom of this world came to me in the dressing-room chatter. I was popular and the girls talked—of their boys, their adventures, their hopes and escapes. All day I breathed the scented, sensuous atmosphere of clothes and learned from the well-bred, indolent women who bought them.

On Saturday Ronnie Mainwaring, checking his fifteen horse-power sports car at the curb opposite the fountain caught his breath at the sight of a slight figure with long, flesh-colored legs ending in small white shoes. He swung down beside me and raised his cap. I, outwardly shy and sweet, inwardly calm and interested, admired under lowered lids his perfectly cut plus-four suit, double breasted leather coat and great gloves.

"Good afternoon, April, darling."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Mainwaring."

"Say, Ronnie."

"Ronnie, then."

I smiled and looked full at him. His hands trembled as he helped me into the car and tucked the rug around me.

"Where shall we go?" he asked breathlessly.

"Anywhere you like," I murmured. I took for granted his ability to drive, to

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find the right place, to look after me generally in the pathetic faith with which all girls are born.

"Let's make it Westchester, then, and picnic. I've got a basket-lunch in the back of the car. We can dine somewhere when we get back."

He started the engine and introduced me to the vice of speed.

At last we turned from the main road and climbed up and up a narrow lane on second gear. The lane gave place to green hillside; finally Ronnie halted at a little patch of wood below the crest of the hill.

"Here," he said simply.

He lifted me out of the car and stood me on the ground beside him. His left arm went behind my head and he kissed me with long, breathless kisses. I let him; he could never shake my inward calm, but I loved the sensation of having this big, handsome boy in my power.

"You mustn't!" I half whispered when he paused.

"I must," he returned unsteadily. "You're the darlings thing and I love you. Let's sit down."

He spread a rug on the grass and side by side in the sunshine of early summer we fed one another on Ronnie's chocolates.

"You're a brick," he murmured, drawing me to him so that my head nestled against his tweed shoulder. My hat had fallen to the ground, and my fair hair was merely a wavy mop. "And you're a mysterious witch, too, because you're as cool as ice. I can't make your heart beat a shade faster, and mine's thumping like blazes."

"I'm a girl, you see. Boys are sillier than girls. Are kisses so frightfully exciting? Haven't you ever kissed a girl before?"

The little, slow drawl maddened him still more than the feel of me in his arms, or the young profile turned toward him. My left hand played idly with the buttons of his coat. Suddenly I laughed—softly, triumphantly, half tenderly, and pressed my face against his heart. It was my moment; I had conquered, by myself, of my own power.

"Silly!" I crooned. "You are a baby over girls, Ronnie—a nice baby, though. Aren't you?"

"Praps," came his voice, half muffled, his lips against my bent head. He leaned forward.

"You've got the loveliest legs, April—simply heavenly. Haven't you?"

I WAS not shocked. Nevertheless I knew what was expedient.

"Don't," I said in a small, cold voice, and drew away from him.

"Why not?" he pleaded. "You're the prettiest thing, April, and you said yourself I'm only a baby. I adore you. Where's the harm?"

Smiling inwardly I turned a haughty face to him. I knew my power.

"Because I don't like that sort of thing. We're out here alone and I expect you to behave decently. How would you like some man to take your sister, if you've got one, out motoring and not play fair?"

What wonderful instinct guides young girls along their chequered path? No words could have touched Ronnie more deeply than those two—"play fair." He had been playing games all his life. A flush broke over his face and spread to his very throat.

"My God, April, I am a brute!" he exclaimed. "I'm not fit to kiss your hand, let alone you. I don't know what I was thinking of. I ought to have known—and you just a kid earning your own living in New York. Say you forgive me! I'll

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than my white, bare arms and shoulders opposite him. There were flowers on Netta's tiny dining table and red wine in our glasses. The smoke of my cigaret curled upward dreamily. I raised my eyes and smiled at him.

"Do you love me still, Ronnie?"
"Love you? My God!"

His voice shook. He stretched out his hand, took mine and laid his cheek against it in absolute surrender.

I pushed back my hair and sighed wearily.

"Do you mind if I'm a sleepy girl and go to bed early? I'm rather tired tonight. I'd have put off this joy-evening only I thought p'raps you'd be disappointed. If you'll promise to be very good, you may brush my hair for me, if you like; will you?"

The incipient passion faded from Ronnie's eyes. At once he was all protecting, as I had calculated. The risks of the game disappeared.

"Course I will, darling. Who wouldn't be good to you. Will you come back when you're ready?"

I wandered away on lagging feet. In Netta's bedroom I smiled at my reflection, dusted my face and neck with a powder puff and undressed slowly. It would be well to keep him waiting. I crept lovingly into a silk night gown of Netta's, put on over it a long pink silk dressing-wrap, picked up a brush and comb, and sauntered back. Ronnie stood in speechless rapture.

"You look about fifteen," he murmured.
"Do I brush it like this? Am I hurting?" It seems an awful stiff brush for a little girl's head."

When he had parted the little girl's hair to my liking, I glanced up.

"I'm ready. Will you tuck me up and say good-night?" I glanced at the clock. It pointed exactly to 9:25.

Ronnie followed me, deliciously awed at seeing a young girl's bedroom for the first time. Typically enough, he dismounted Netta entirely. Slowly I slid out of the dressing-wrap.

"Turn away and shut your eyes a moment," I commanded. Ronnie turned. He heard a quick scuffle behind him. A voice said: "Now you may look."

He looked, and saw me sitting up in bed with only my bare arms and shoulders visible. I looked so good and pure and little he could almost have wept. Something in his eyes almost made me ashamed to be loved so much. I held up my mouth like a child.

"Good-night, Ronnie."

He knelt at the edge of the bed and kissed me very gently. My arms stole around his neck.

"You are a dear to me," I whispered.
"Who wouldn't be?"

BREAKING on his words came the click of the hall door. Netta stepped across the brief hall, humming something about coming back to the shack, and entered her bedroom without knocking. She found Ronnie standing by the bed, a little confused, a little defiant.

"My godfathers and godmothers—" she began, and then revelation seemed to illumine her mind. "I suppose you've fixed it up at last then? But you really can't begin your honeymoon at once, in my flat, young man. Kindly pull yourself together just a little."

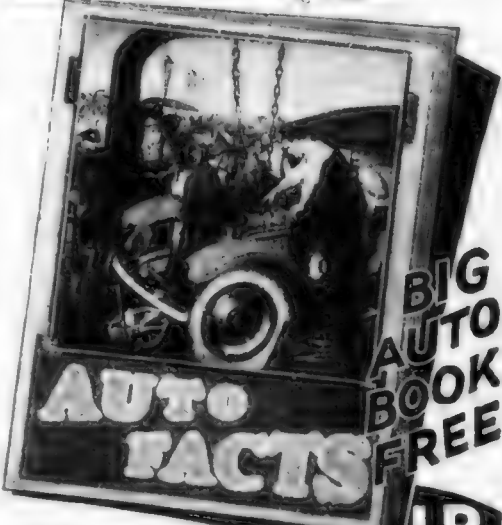
Ronnie almost staggered. Had he crossed the Rubicon? Was it irrevocable? Must he? Then his eyes returned to me.

"We haven't, but it's not my fault. Will you, April, darling? Could you? Do you like me enough?"

"What for, Ronnie?"

"To marry me," ended Ronnie, getting out the horrid word like a man.

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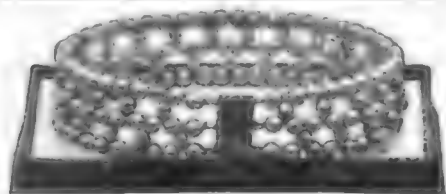
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"If you really want me to," I answered. Returning Harlemwards after my visit to Netta, I encountered Guy Senlake to whom I had spoken often of Ronnie, sitting on the plush settee, smoking a pensive cigaret.

"Salaam," he observed solemnly. "Tarry awhile, and tell me the news. You look as if something had happened."

"I'm engaged," I explained, resting as usual on the arm of the settee. "It's rather exciting, isn't it?"

"To whom? Your young man of the car? What's his name?"

"Ronnie Mainwaring. His mother's Mrs. Bertie Mainwaring, and they live on Park Avenue."

"I congratulate you," murmured Senlake thoughtfully. "I seem to know the name. Think you'll both be happy?"

"Why not?"

"Ah! There you have me. I envy him your youth and beauty. Look here, tomorrow's Sunday. Come for a walk after breakfast and tell me all about it unless you're going out with him. Will you?"

I nodded.

Sitting next to me in my Sunday best on a bench near the bridge path in Central Park, while a Sabbath sun bathed the world in gold, Guy conversed with a honeyed tongue.

He kept his eyes on the riders, watching, as afterwards I realized, for a pair he hoped would not fail him. Meanwhile I, though I was touched by his loneliness, had more concern for my own affairs.

Senlake made a sudden movement. His eyes, constantly alert, had perceived a couple of riders entering the park.

I looked. I saw Ronnie and a girl go past at a walk, both perfectly mounted, perfectly turned out. The girl, riding astride in immaculate habit, was a thoroughbred from boot to hat. She rode as one rides who has ridden from babyhood. I saw a new Ronnie, a stranger to me—the Ronnie of Park Avenue and all it implies. The riders passed on engrossed in one another. I turned to Senlake with pale face and blazing eyes.

"How did you know they'd be here?"

"I rang up last night and found out. I know friends of theirs. I just said I was somebody else."

"I hate you!" I stormed. "But for you I'd have married him and been happy—for a time, anyway."

"But Ronnie wouldn't be happy. You've

got on the wrong hat and you're showing too much of your legs even for nowadays. They notice these things in Park Avenue," murmured Senlake, who knew when cruelty is kindness.

AFTER a struggle with myself, I did coldly: "You've won—but I never want to speak to you again."

I chose the sitting room at Aunt Mary's as a scene for my renunciation. I asked:

"Do you still love me, Ronnie?"

"Of course," he answered with an effort.

"Better than the girl you were riding with yesterday in the Park?"

Ronnie flushed.

"We can leave her out of it. She hardly comes into the question."

"No," I retorted, "you can leave me out of it. She comes into it more than I do."

"What d'you mean?"

I got up, sat on the edge of the table and swung a far too obvious leg.

"I mean this. As far as you're concerned I'm a joy-girl. We've done nothing wrong, but that's your attitude. You'd never have asked me to marry you, only Netta made you. Your people'll fight me like cats, and if we married they'd ignore me, and you too, as much as they could. That's not good enough for me. You're not the only man in the world. I'm only seventeen. I don't love you, and I don't want you at any price. See? If you could deny all this, I'd listen, but you can't, so don't try. Let's say good-bye, and end it."

Ronnie got up and stood looking at me. His lips framed noble and contradictory words, but the leaping of his heart in sheer relief choked him.

"If that's how you feel," he said, and strove to look injured, "why, good-bye. If you ever need a friend—"

"I doubt it," I answered very clearly and distinctly. "This is good-bye, Ronnie. Don't make any mistake about it."

Alone in my hall bedroom, I brooded forlornly on life and its bitterness till my eyes drowned themselves in a rush of tears. I went slowly to the window and gazed up at the stars for comfort, as in my bad moments I always did.

I heaved a great sigh over the mystery and adventure of life. Then I crawled into bed to sleep—perhaps to dream of the other men in this great world. At seventeen there is always another adventure, another man—just 'round the corner.

LIFE was a dull affair after I broke with Roger Mainwaring and I was eager to follow Netta Stevens into a new world. There I soon learned that my job depended upon my willingness to play about with men quite as much as it did on my beauty and ability. I waited for a sign from heaven or a temptation from hell to determine my next step. The next part of my story, Men Who Have Kissed Me, in December SMART SET will tell you which came first.

How Can I Get My Reputation Back?

[Continued from page 79]

attractive that the right kind of young men will be attracted to you and will like you for yourself, not because you are an expert petter."

Here's a girl who has a real problem. "Dear Mrs. Madison," she writes in part. "I am a seventeen year old college girl at the University. I am considered one of the best looking girls at the U and the flappiest of flappers."

"But if they only knew! I have never entertained a boy at my home in my life! I have never gone out with one! Not

because they don't want me. I go about with more young men at school than I care to and they all invite me out.

"In my flappy way I tell them I am engaged to the 'most wonderful fellow'—that I don't care to go out with anyone else."

"I'll tell you now why I never went out in all my life. My father and mother are foreigners. Girls of their nationality are not supposed to go out. If they do, an old-fashioned type of man will refuse to marry them."



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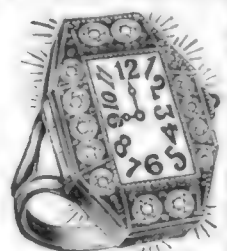
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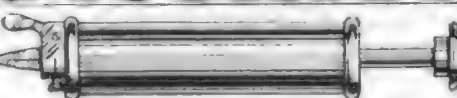


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"When the right time comes, a man she has never seen before will call on the girl of their nationality. If she likes him, they become engaged at once. But they can't go about alone until they are married."

"My mother tells me that if I'm good, at twenty-one I'm to marry a nice man who loves home and children—some old-fashioned fish, I suppose. I can't even go with girls who go with boys. It's terrible!"

"I have everything money can buy me—more dresses and hats than I can use, a fur coat. But what are all those things without the fun of youth! My father says he will kill me if I ever go out with a young man."

"I don't wish to deceive my parents. I'm afraid to take chances. To tell the truth I'm afraid to run away from home. What shall I do?"

"UNHAPPIEST GIRL."

I am sorry, dear "Unhappiest girl," that you are missing so much of the fun you love. Yet you have much, for which to be grateful—parents who love you and give you a good home, money, an excellent education!

Why do you not make the best of things as they are since you cannot change them? Secure the best education you can—wait until you are twenty-one and meet the man your parents pick out for you.

Possibly you will love him—how thrilling and romantic that will be! If he repels you, at twenty-one with your excellent education you will be in a better position than you are now, to refuse to marry him and to ask your parents for more freedom. Should they refuse to grant this, you may be able to support yourself and live more in accordance with American customs. Let us hope that all will yet end happily and harmoniously for you and your parents.

Here's a tragedy resulting from unthinking determination to enjoy freedom at all hazards, regardless of right and wrong. Such freedom is slavery:

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"A little more than a year ago I met Peggy. I was twenty-one, she was eighteen and married.

"Her mother died when she was a baby. Her father gave her everything but never looked after her.

"She married a sailor at seventeen, lived with him a month, then separated. Ours was a case of violent love at first sight.

"And how we loved! We were together constantly. The first moment I saw her I knew she was the only girl. All interest in other girls at that instant stopped.

"We were so happy I wanted to jump and shout for joy. She loved me if possible even more than I loved her.

"But my mother objected because Peggy was married but principally because she is extremely modern. Conditions became almost unbearable.

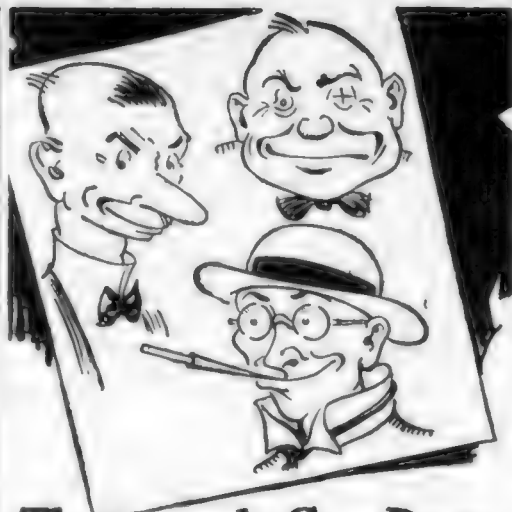
"One evening Peggy and I were in the Park. Nothing else mattered—we were together.

"My mother arrived, having followed me from home. We had a heated discussion. Mother ordered me home.

"Finally I told Peg to go to her home and I would meet her there. Then I did a cowardly thing. I ran from Mother, jumped in the car, snatched up Peggy and left town with her that night.

"We traveled through five states—two weeks of bliss. Soon she would have her divorce and we would marry, return home and defy them all.

"Then I was arrested and taken in custody charged with violating the Mann



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Act. Peggy was held in the house of the Good Shepherd as State's witness.

"Mother bailed me out. I sent Peggy magazines, food, etc., every day.

"Because my reputation was good and Peggy's past, somewhat wild, I was sentenced to only 90 days in the work-house. Peggy was released.

"At the end of my term I started my search for Peggy. God in heaven only knows where she is! I have hunted, hoped, prayed—all in vain.

"I fear that without me she may go to the dogs. I know she still loves me—I know it. She proved she was true when we were together. She was headed wrong when I met her, but turned a new leaf.

"Please can't you suggest some way that I can find her? I just can't go on without her. I am only half living this way. Will you help?"

"DESPONDENT."

Have you reported your sweetheart to the Bureau of Missing Persons, of the police department, my friend? Doubtless they will help you in your search.

Have you advertised for her in the local papers? I agree with you that after all you and she have shared and suffered together, you should marry, provided she is now divorced.

Let us hope that she may read your letter in Smart Set and seek you out.

You see for yourself I am sure how lawless freedom, which is only license, leads to sorrow and disaster. When you find the woman you love as I hope and pray you may—try to live with her a life of true freedom, which means obedience to laws and wise convention.

Elsie is perhaps happiest of all the correspondents I have quoted, for she is a pal of her mother.

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"My mother, I think, is the funniest mother there is, and the nicest. I must confess I love her more than anything in this wide world. Yet I need your help.

"I am seventeen. I went to High School two years and am now working in an office. Mother thinks I'm too young to go to dances, too young to have a regular friend.

"She doesn't want me to go on petting parties and she forbids my bringing company home. If I have more than one friend a week, she says I think of nothing but boys.

"Now I listen to my parents. I seldom come home with a friend. I'm nearly always home before eleven. But lots of the girls and young men I know, have dropped me.

"Should I continue to listen to Father and Mother? I am positive I can take care of myself. Mother often says, 'Elsie can take care of herself better than I did when I was her age.'

"If you advise me to go on being a good little girl and not doing a thing my mother doesn't want me to do, why I will. I'm just asking your advice. I'm going to be very glad and happy when I hear from you."

"ELSIE."

Bless your heart Elsie, you are going to be happy because your letter shows you are blessed with a temperament that attracts "joys", not "glooms."

Perhaps your mother is just a little old-fashioned, dear. But how wise you are in following her advice until you are sure of a better way.

Have you talked things over with her very sweetly? Point out that you need the companionship and friendship of girls and young men of your age and long to

invite them home so that they can get to know her also, as well as your father. Your mother wants you to be happy, so I believe she will let you bring friends home now and then, when she understands.

There's one comfort Elsie—you are growing older every moment. In a year, your parents may feel you are old enough to go about more freely, dance and have a sweetheart. Keep on talking things over with your mother. Her advice is always safe.

What wonderful stories from life these letters are! How we would like to read on to the end of each story, and find a happy ending!

There is every chance for a happy ending to your love story, dear girls, if you follow wisdom as well as your impulsive emotions, in working out your heart problems.

Answers to Correspondents

Dear Peggy:

The fact that you are two years older than your fiance need not prevent you from making a success of your marriage. But isn't he rather young at seventeen to be engaged? Do you think he is old enough to undertake the responsibility of marriage? Would it not be better for you to go about with each other but also with others, and decide to be just good friends for a year or two?

Dear R. J.:

If you love Bob why do you not accept his invitations occasionally, since he is a suitable friend in every way? Don't try to act either like a flapper or an older woman, but be your own sweet natural self. Remember if he ever loves you, my dear, it will be for yourself.

Dear T. E.:

According to the weight that you state in your letter, you are 33 pounds overweight. Isn't it just possible this may affect your popularity in these days of the slender type of beauty? Why do you not try to lose a few pounds?

Do you dance well? Joining a very good dancing school and learning to do the late dances extremely well should add to your social value.

Keep up your courage. You have your own individual charm and it is needed and wanted. Read the smart magazines and papers, memorize clever stories and jokes. This will help you develop a light and amusing line of conversation. We all like to be entertained.

Do your part in adding to the general gaiety, and I am sure you will not lack invitations or good friends. If you will watch Smart Set, you may see in the near future, an article in this department on popularity.

Dear Mildred:

Be a loyal true friend and you will make and hold friends.

At fifteen to think of boys who interest you as good friends and treat them in a natural, sisterly way. You will have plenty of time for serious love in later years.

Dear Susie:

Keep the young man you admire on your list of friends but do not try to prevent his going about with other girls as well. You also are wise to enjoy the companionship of all your friends—both girls and young men. You would be very foolish to give up all other friendships for this one young man, since you are not engaged to him.

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The emotion that rules you is intense infatuation—not true love. This infatuation has affected your judgment to such an extent that you are endangering your future and that of your lover—possibly your very lives—for the sake of an emotion that cannot possibly bring you lasting peace or self-respect. It is killing your sense of duty. Such an infatuation is destructive in its influence and results. You must overcome it or it will overcome you and ruin your life.

My Dear Mrs. G.:

I suspect that you and your husband love each other far more than you realize. It's that temper of yours that's making the trouble.

You know it takes two to quarrel. Why don't you stop quarreling with him? Don't you realize you are spoiling the most beautiful thing in your life? The next time he is angry with you say to yourself, "This is not his real self. He doesn't mean it." And smile.

You will have to control your temper before you find happiness. So you may as well begin practicing now.

We can't have everything in this world. But if you study the fine art of love and marriage you can make your home so harmonious and your husband so content, that you will realize you possess the greatest blessings that can come to any woman—love, home, a good husband and happy marriage.

Mrs. D.:

If only for your child's sake, Mrs. D., keep your home together. It is never wise to marry without love. But having done so, be true to your bargain. Your religion forbids divorce. You would not find peace in violating its tenets, would you?

Put the other man out of your life. If you cannot love your husband, at least try to be a good loyal friend to him, and show your appreciation of his kindness to you by giving him a cheerful, restful, comfortable home and treating him with sweetness and kindness.

Dear Kitty:

Your friend is evidently fond of you, or he would not spend so much time with you. You say you love gaiety and that he is too tired to go out with you at night.

Do you love him enough to give up parties and fun for his sake the rest of your life? This you will probably have to do if you marry him since he is naturally quiet. If you feel he is not worth this sacrifice, I am afraid you and he are not suited to each other, and will not be happy if you marry.

Dear Martha:

Why should you feel that just because you are fond of your friend you are entitled to dictate his friendships? Why should he not have other friends besides yourself?

You will be much happier, my dear, and your friendship with the young man who interests you will last much longer, if you give up trying to monopolize him. Be a generous friend and try to feel happy because other people also appreciate your friends.

Dear Agnes:

Your sweetheart is wise in feeling that he should not marry you until he is working steadily and can support you in comfort. But he should make an earnest effort to find work. It certainly isn't fair to take up all your time and prevent

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your encouraging other young men who might become seriously interested, unless he is making every effort to earn a good living and save money for marriage. Under the circumstances, if I were you I would not take him too seriously. Keep him for a good friend but go about also with other friends.

Dear W. I.:

Don't worry about "sex appeal", dear. Every girl who is healthy and happy and interested in men and who makes herself dainty and attractive, appeals to men as charming and lovable. You need not make any special effort to cultivate the quality. Be your natural self. Treat men as you treat girls, with frank friendliness, and you will not lack friends, attention and when the right time comes, true love.

Dear May:

Why should you give up your delightful friendship with Albert just because he admires other girls? Don't you think he would be foolish if he didn't like girls and enjoy their companionship?

Aren't you glad that he is popular and well liked? If you are sensible, you will also go about with and encourage the friendship of young men whom you like and fine congenial.

This idea of friends trying to monopolize each other is ridiculous. You should each build up a large circle of fine congenial friends—both girls and men. Then you will have a larger choice when it comes to selecting a life partner and will be far more likely to choose wisely.

Dear Mrs. L. F. J.:

It's a pity your husband makes himself unhappy over groundless jealousy, isn't it? He might be so happy because of your love for him. If you are careful not to give him cause for jealousy, his trust in

you will doubtless grow as the years pass, and his jealousy will die a natural death. Meantime, be grateful that this flaw, which so often seems to accompany love, is the only drawback to your married happiness.

Dear Jeanette:

My reply to "Agnes" in this issue answers your question. Do not become engaged to a man who cannot support a wife and has no immediate prospect of being able to care for her.

Dear Blanche:

At seventeen, it's not remarkable that you have not fallen in love. Enjoy all the good times that come along, with whole-hearted fun. Love will come soon enough my dear.

Dear Edna and Mildred:

My reply to T. E. in this column applies in part to your problem of popularity, girls, even though you are only sixteen. Pay attention to your appearance and grooming. Young men like to feel proud of girls they go about with. Also, cultivate some special talent such as playing a musical instrument or dancing, which will add to the general good time when you are invited out.

Dear Fanny and "Boots":

If I were you, I would avoid petting parties. Promiscuous kisses are very cheap and while they may bring a little surface popularity and attention from men, they are not going to help you form fine, lasting friendships, nor will they earn the true love of the "man of your dreams." Save your kisses and caresses for him. If you are jolly and attractive and tactful, you will not have to pet in order to interest young men. All success to you!

Because I Loved Him So

[Continued from page 37]

counted out the money, five one hundred dollar bills. He held them out to my father. "I think that is the correct amount, Mr. Manning."

My father drew back.

Ranny sprang forward, caught my father by the lapel of his coat, and stuffed the bills in one of his pockets. "Now, Mr. Manning, I've refunded your money." He looked my father full in the face. "I am a man who earns every dollar of his money; who knows the value of a dollar; and it was worth every cent of it to spend that hour in the garden tonight with your lovely daughter."

Then he slipped into my hand a card on which was written his name, his address and telephone number, and said good night.

My father looked stiffly over his head. Next morning at breakfast I had it out with Father. Up to that time we had never differed. Now the hard feeling that was within him, born of that experience with my mother who had run away when I was about seven, spoke out bitterly, and the stubbornness that was within me replied.

From my mother I had inherited a love of adventure, a certain daring; from my father an iron will. I liked Ranny Bennett; he was the only interesting man I had ever met. Even my father, angry, relentless and positive, could not say one word against him. Our talk ended briskly. "I forbid you to see him again, Margot."

When father had gone down town to his

banking house, I went upstairs to my own room and called up the number Ranny had given me.

Ranny answered in such a sleepy voice! "I didn't promise to wake up early, did I, Margot?" Then he asked me to go to the matinee with him that day. I accepted delightedly. He told me how to meet him. I was to come directly to his studio. We would have luncheon. He would take me to the theater.

I went to Ranny's studio. It was a marvel, a museum of music, antiques, strange comfortable chairs, oddly placed couches, and Ranny living there as though to the manner born, music, flowers, strangely planned luxury, and all to help Ranny in his work. He was full of it; music he was going to write; scores he was writing now; musical compositions to stir the song-loving souls of the world.

That was a wonderful afternoon! After the play we had tea in Ranny's studio, lighted by the sunset, and Ranny sang.

I reached home in time for dinner. I meant to tell my father where I had been, but he was still distant, remembering the quarrel that morning.

After that I saw Ranny again and again! I went to his studio; went with him to sit long afternoons in the back of a stage box, we two alone, my hand naturally in his, our heads together, our eyes beyond the play.

One afternoon, I reached home later than usual. Ranny had taken the long

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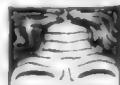
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drive with me, out through the lovely Long Island roads in a taxi. That day for the first time we had separated like two souls, torn apart at the very gates of their own self-made Elysium.

It was half past seven; dinner was waiting. I found my father pacing the veranda. The taxi, with Ranny in it, had safely rounded the curve of the winding roadway. Father came toward me.

"Where have you been, Margot?" he demanded.

I was not a coward, but I felt afraid then. There was a look in my father's face I had never seen there before. Yet, in me there was that blood that flared back at him.

"I've been out with Ranny Bennett."

"How often have you seen this musician, this song and dance man?" my father asked.

I looked him squarely in the face and answered, "I've seen him every day since that evening here!" The truth was out.

My father stormed and swore. I spent the night in angry tears.

Next afternoon I slipped over to see Ranny. We talked for hours in his studio, and Ranny asked me to marry him.

I told him, yes.

Ranny went home with me that afternoon to see my father. The meeting was one I shall not forget. There was my father, excited, threatening; Ranny, cool, earnest. My father, whose days were spent juggling with gold, could not leave money out of this. He tried to buy Ranny to go away. Then, abruptly, he veered.

"If Margot marries you she shall never have one cent of my money."

Ranny turned a serious look upon him. "I earn a fortune every year, Mr. Manning. I can settle a hundred thousand dollars on Margot this minute." He actually drew out papers, a pen.

"Stop! This is nonsense!" exclaimed my father, angrily. "You are a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow, to come here like this and steal away my only child."

I turned to Ranny pleadingly. He understood my look.

"I'll go, Margot, since you want me to, but," he paused threateningly, "I'd like to stay here and settle this as man to man."

"Please, Ranny, go now."

He left quietly, slowly, reluctantly, with a long last look at me!

The very next afternoon I went to see Ranny for the last time and in that journey I discovered that I loved him enough!

"Are you sure you love me, enough?" Ranny asked.

"Love you, yes!" I answered. "More than life, Ranny!"

SO WE went down in the subway to the Municipal building; and there we were married. We came back to Ranny's studio, had dinner and then Ranny sang for me.

The next morning I called up my father and begged him to forgive me. He slammed the receiver upon its hook, and, though I tried hard all day I could not get him again.

Ranny bought me all the things I needed; waited on me joyfully. He was all love and life and tenderness. Hourly we drew nearer to each other. When the day came for us to sail for Europe, it was not like the sailing of two persons upon an ocean liner. It was like the setting forth of two souls upon a sea of love, charted and sure. Ranny and I loved each other.

We went to London, and there in that city, all richness, all wretchedness, all refinement, all crudeness, the extreme of culture and the extreme of ignorance, we began to live.

To live did I say? But what a life!

In the set in which I had been brought up a man and a woman, if devoted, need



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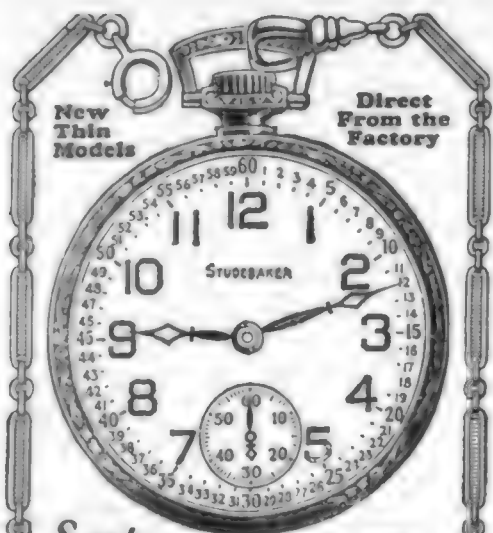
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never part, but, in my new life, this could not be. Ranny had work to do. He must earn the living for himself and me. This took him away from me for hours.

I had been too well brought up to lose my repose of manner, but marriage gave me that which I had never known before, a sense of responsibility. Ranny belonged to me! I must take care of him! I wanted always to be looking after him, feeding him, making him comfortable. I was madly jealous of him.

I think he understood it or he would hardly have been so gentle.

"But I must leave you, Margot. The rehearsal is at eleven."

"Rehearsal!"

"Why, yes! I'm putting on a musical production. That's why we came to London."

"I thought it was our wedding tour."

"My Sweet, listen! I must work. I'll be back as soon as the rehearsal is over."

"When is it over?"

"Certainly, I must attend to business."

"So, I'm an afterthought."

"Now that's silly. Haven't we planned the work together? Didn't I play for you? Don't you hear all my songs first?"

IT WAS true. I knew it, but I could not let him go out that morning. He stood there, music roll under his arm.

"Just who's going to be at this rehearsal?" I asked with a curl of my lip.

"Everybody!" He dared not mention the name of a girl of whom I had taken an unreasoning jealousy, Ranny's latest musical find, June Ransome.

"Is June going to be there?" I pressed.

"Of course! She has the musical lead. She's the Star, you know it."

"And you're coaching her?"

"See here, Margot!" Ranny laid down his music roll. "This is foolish! Can't you see it?"

I was torn with love for him; tortured with jealousy; racked at the thought that he was going to be with June.

"No! I can't see it."

He looked at me, angry for an instant. Then he said quietly, "Come to the rehearsal with me, Margot. You can sit and watch us work. I'd love to have you sitting there in the theater, watching us on the stage!"

"In that big theater alone? No, thank you!"

But I went! I saw Ranny on the stage with June. I heard him teaching her his conception of his songs. Once, when the man who sang opposite June, made a false step, Ranny sprang into his place and took the steps. And he and June danced together, sang together, his arm around her shoulders, her arm around him. Ranny had his coat and collar off. He swung June. She caught him and he whirled her off the ground. There she was, perched on his shoulder, one arm around his neck, the other arm waving in the air; and her high sweet voice joyously singing: "Because he IS my man!"

I sat in the gloom of that dark theater tortured, tormented. I wanted to cry out. "Don't you dare to touch my husband."

In the cab, all the way home, I sobbed quietly. "I can't bear it."

Ranny laughed. The rehearsal had gone well.

"You'll get used to it, Margot. It's all mimic life. I'm training June. She's going to be a great singer."

But those rehearsals! June telephoned for Ranny to come to her house one night. It was drizzling. She was afraid of her throat. That new song must be tried out.

"But you're not going?" I asked.

"Surely!"

"Going to the home of that musical comedy actress, to her room alone?"

"There'll be the accompanist," he told me. "The accompanist! That automaton!"

"But, Margot, you don't want my opera to fail."

"Your opera!" Scorn for his work cropped out.

He was exasperated for the first time. "Well! I'm going. You knew I was a musician when you married me."

"But there were other things I did know."

It was a cruel thing to say. He went out with a slam of the door, and he stayed out very late.

THE next night he went again to June's hotel. "To rehearsal no doubt," I thought sneeringly. He found me reading, quite indifferently when he came in. Quite indifferently! When I had walked the floor; wept until there were no tears left in me; stared out of the window and wondered if it was hard to die. Wondered how long a wretched girl like me could live on—with a broken heart, until I lost the capacity to suffer.

One day there came a shock. I received a letter from my father. Up to this time, he had remained silent, but his letter told me that he had forgiven me. Perhaps he had been in the wrong. He would like to see me. Could I come home on a visit?

Ranny and I had scarcely spoken for days. Nights he went to June's rooms, he frankly told me so. I simply could not bear it. I could not. I prepared for an explosion, and it came. I lighted the fuse that fired the mine. Ranny came home that night, his clothes disheveled. The parlor was dark, but I switched on the lights. He stopped in the middle of the floor. I stood, leaning against the piano, facing him. In the brilliant light, he looked grotesque, his coat unbuttoned, his necktie awry. I sprang at him with quick words.

"Where have you been?"

He looked sullen. "I don't know."

"You don't know! You mean—you won't tell."

"Yes!"

"You've been to June's hotel?"

"All right!"

"What have you been doing?"

"Dancing, singing, playing."

"Was June there?"

"Naturally."

"Anybody else?"

"No!"

"You admit it?"

"I do."

He was angry. My meaning had been so unmistakable.

"When I married you, Margot, did I promise to give up my work, let you select my associates, boss me, henpeck, nag?"

"But your attentions to June. What am I to infer?"

"Anything you please!"

"Then I please to believe that you are living with her."

"Go ahead!"

He walked past me; went into his room, shut the door, and in a few minutes, he was asleep. I heard his heavy breathing through the door.

That very night, for sleep was impossible in my excited state, I cabled to my father.

"Conditions intolerable. I'm coming home, Margot."

I arrived alone at midnight. The house was brilliantly lighted, the grounds ablaze, and, then, I saw why my father had not met me. He was entertaining, a grand fête planned before the news of my swift home coming.

Yes, after the first minute's greeting, I saw that my father would not have changed it if he could. He stopped just long enough for a warm embrace; and a "You're just in time, Margot."

"In time for what?" I asked in surprise.
"The Cinderella—"

The Cinderella! My heart was breaking. I had expected sympathy; condolences. Instead I found my father laughing! I had come home!

The whole atmosphere seemed different! My father was different! I had left him as an innocent child. I had come back an experienced woman, ground in that five months through the mill of life. My father was urging me.

"Dress quickly, Margot. Your old room is ready."

"But, Dada," my old pet name for him, "I'm tired."

"Nonsense! You'll get over it!"

I went up stairs to my old room. I hardly knew it. My girlish knick-knacks had been thrown out. It was an enormous, mature looking bedroom now. Matilda, my old maid, dressed me in a trice. My father had ordered a gown for me. It was a black chiffon, unrelieved, billowing black through which my white shoulders gleamed. She hung pearls around my neck; put seed pearl slippers on my feet.

I went down with the feeling that I was on exhibit. But, once down in the great ballroom, that feeling vanished. Women merely nodded to me. But the men crowded around me, saying flattering things, pretty nothings. It was so strange! Only that springtime I had threaded my way among them as a petted child. Now, in the autumn, though I was only eighteen, I was one of them. I had graduated into the set that can afford to love and unlove!

Among them, handsomest of all, was Ned Morris. His first wife had divorced him in Baltimore. His second in Paris. And, here he was, married most sedately to Arline Morton, and settled down. I saw Arline paired off with my father. Ned grabbed me!

"Come on, Margot! The Cinderella! It's nearly twelve."

"I don't know how to dance it." I hung back.

"Dance it. Hell, you kick it."

They were gathered about in couples, getting ready to trip across the lawn to the lake. It was Indian summer, chilly.

My father cried out:

"Diamond slipper buckles to the lady who reaches the lake first."

We dashed off in couples down the sloping lawn back of the house to the shore of the lake. Arline, with my father, was first. She was a plump, sedate little blonde, whose big blue eyes seemed always searching for Ned, her husband. Ned and I arrived last.

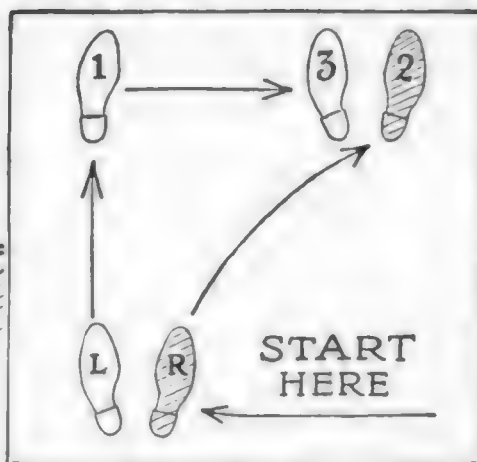
We lined up along the border of the lake. The women all on one side, flaming figures in their gay gowns against the dark night! The men were on the other side of the little lake. At the stroke of twelve they were to plunge in the lake and swim across to us, each man to the woman he wanted for his partner!

THE ladies were to take off one slipper and hold it out over the water, and the man who reached us first, swimming across the lake in his clothes, would put it on his prize.

It looked so odd. The men, lined up in the night, bareheaded, in full dress, along the far shore of the lake, waiting for the stroke of twelve, and we women, shivering in our chiffons, one slipper off, silver, gold, blue, scarlet, jewelled, shimmering under the stars, held out in our extended hands, waiting for a cavalier to swim across and put it on. I stood on one foot, my pearl slipper in my hand, bending over the lake.

It was on that bank that Ranny and I had sat, five months before, while he sang to me in the starlight, and talked of his

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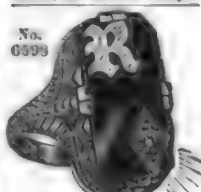
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work, his hopes, his dear love for me, but I must not think about Ranny!

A great bell sounded, the bell in our house tower. The men plunged in. The race was on. My father swam for a dowager next to me. A dozen men swam for me.

I wanted Ned to get me. He was dark, so much like Ranny. But his eyes were not as steady, nor his hands. Ned won! He drew himself up on the bank; put on my slipper; grabbed me, all dripping as he was; and danced me across the lawn to a deep arbor.

"Isn't it awful!" I exclaimed, forgetting wholly that my father was the host.

"No, it's just fun!"

"But the others! They'll catch cold."

"Don't you worry about the others, little one. Nobody's going to catch cold. Dip does you good! Don't dip enough! Nice dip!"

"Ned," I said, "you're drunk. I'm going right in."

"Stay here, Margot. Everybody's having a good time. Even Arline!"

Arline was his own wife.

Ned put his arms around me. "Pet just a little, Margot darling. Come!"

"Impossible!"

I drew away! Oh, if Ranny could have seen him, half drunk, reaching for me!

"Not impossible 'tall. Let me kiss you just once, Margot."

I let him peck my cheek, but he grabbed me then. He gave me a hug and a rousing smack.

I put my hands over my face and began to cry. I was so miserable.

"Don't cry, Margot. Good girl."

"I'm lonesome."

"That's nice. So'm I! Both lonesome! Nice!" He hugged me hard; and I was too miserable to stop him. He was a human being, anyway. And I was so desperately lonely and homesick for Ranny!

Arline brushed past us. She was with Zippy Post, the only unmarried man there, a cub just out of college. Neither Arline nor Zippy spoke to us.

A bell sounded, calling us back to the house. The dancing was about to begin. The men went up-stairs to the guest rooms. They came back in dry clothing, outfitted at hap-hazard, with anything that fitted, and such clothes—golfers, Highlanders, riding masters, jockeys, white tennis suits. How had my father provided such a variety of clothes, all sizes and types! Then we danced the night out.

IN THE days that followed I tried to get something out of life. Ranny had always wanted to be busy. I wanted to do something, but though I met the younger set in town for luncheon, or had tea with them, there wasn't any aim to it. My father gave dinner parties for me, trying to make me feel at home. We had not discussed my divorce from Ranny. That could be managed any time.

One day, after my father went out, I picked up a letter lying in the hall. It began with "Larry darling." It was signed "Nannette." I read it, before I realized that my father's pet name was Larry. It was about a diamond necklace. So my father was buying diamond necklaces for models! Nannette was the most famous of them all.

How clean Ranny's life seemed by the side of this. Ranny who played the little pipe, wrote his scores, came and went so steadily, always working.

My father gave a fancy dress ball. I went as the Prince of Wales, in a light polo suit! I arrived at the front door of my father's house late, riding a trick pony. At a touch of the spur he lifted his

hind hoofs, and tossed me over his head. I landed on my feet, to wild applause of the crowd on the piazza.

Ned was there. He was Henry VIII, rich in velvet and jewels. He took me in a corner and tried to put his arm around me. "These trick sleeves," he complained, wrestling with his velvet guffings.

"Can't we get away alone, Margot? Arline never takes her eyes off us. I feel as if I were being bored through and through with blue steel."

"She does look dangerous, Ned."

Far off in the grounds my father had erected a little theatre. We were to have a play later on. Ned and I walked slowly over to the tiny playhouse. We went in the stage door, tramped across the little stage, and into the Star's dressing-room. It was all dark, except for the faint streamers of moonlight. Ned took me in his arms.

AND, then, a strange thing occurred: the most paralyzing, numbing thing that had ever happened to me in all my days of terrible experiences. The door burst open; and Arline stood in the doorway. Behind her was Zippy Post. Behind Zippy stood his valet.

Arline had put one over on us! She had spied on us, and taken us by surprise. The surprise was complete. My frightened outcry showed it. We were alone in that room. Two witnesses would bear Arline out in it. The fact that she was my father's guest made it stronger for her.

"You see!" she exclaimed to the valet. "That's my husband." She pointed to Ned still by my side. His brain was so logged that he kept his arm around me. "Do you see? Isn't it shameful?"

"It's a h'awful shame, Mrs. Morris," agreed the valet.

"Do you see?" she cried to Zippy.

Zippy put his arm around her.

"Come, Arline, dear. This is too much for you."

They departed. Ned got to his feet swearing. We slipped out separately. I went home; up to my room; and, there, all night I sat by my window wondering what would happen. I who had blamed Ranny for compromising situations.

In the afternoon a stranger called to see me. I went into the hall where he waited. He was a lawyer's clerk. He served me with a notice of Mrs. Morris's application for a divorce, naming me as correspondent.

I had a scene with my father!

Days later I was served with a subpoena to appear in Domestic Relations Court, Morris vs. Morris.

A subpoena! I had refused to see Ned, but this was a legal summons. I could shut out the world; close my ears to the gossip, but I could not refuse the demand of the law. I must go to court and face all the people in that disgraceful affair. And I was alone. Ned had fled to Europe.

One evening my father and I were at dinner. A few old friends were dining with us. They had coaxed me down stairs. They were full of sympathy. But I could see by their eyes that they believed me guilty. They chatted so industriously of other things so patiently avoiding my trouble.

We were going to have coffee in the drawing room by the fire. The night was chilly, and as we settled around the fire, the big front door swung wide, as though pushed open by an eager hand. It let in a sweep of air. A man was in the hall: he was arguing with the butler. He insisted upon coming in unannounced.

There was a quick step in the hall. He was inside the door of the drawing-room. We all turned and stared at him.

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How shall I describe how he looked? Dark and handsome; big serious eyes; mouth clear-cut; nervous hands that seemed waiting to grasp something. We rose with one accord; and stood there, as if frozen in our tracks. Ranny came toward us! He faced my father!

"I've come to get Margot!"
"Ranny!" I uttered. Then I shrank back. Surely he did not know that I, his wife, had been named as correspondent in a divorce suit.

AS FOR my father his wits were so scattered that he could scarcely find voice. His reply was incoherent.

"My daughter—" It sounded as though he were trying to tell Ranny.

Ranny waved his hand. "That's nothing! I don't care! I've come for her."

I had to speak. "You don't know, Ranny. I've been served with papers."

Ranny's face turned red. The veins upon his forehead swelled as if he were trying to restrain himself. He spoke quietly:

"Do you want to come home with me, Margot?"

"Yes, Ranny, but the divorce papers."

"To the devil with them." It was the first time I had ever heard him swear.

"Right or wrong, you're my wife."

My father had found his senses.

"How did you know about this—this unfortunate affair?" he asked.

"From that fool, Ned Morris. He came to me in London—blubbering."

"And you came right over to me, Ranny?"

"Certainly. What else—would I do?"

"But Arline!" I exclaimed. "She's suing Ned so she can marry Zippy Post."

Ranny shook his head. "That's all off! I saw Arline. She's dropped her divorce suit. Patched it up with Ned."

"Ranny—how did you do it?" I cried.

"Oh, she's dying to go on the stage. I've agreed to put her on in a musical comedy if she'd drop the suit! She's willing. She's rather fond of Ned anyway."

He could not hold me back now. I went to him.

He held me to him, shielding my face from the others, wrapping me around with the cloak of his spirit, whispering, comforting. I was trying to tell him that it was because I loved him too much. He was saying, "I know—I know."

My father went toward him, his footsteps faltering. I thought he was going to fall.

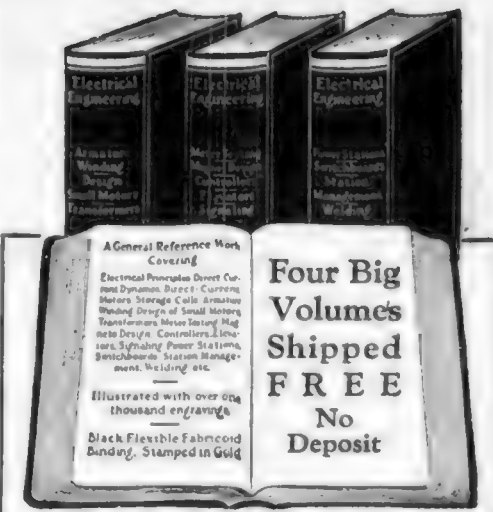
"Let me take your hand, Sir!"

Ranny held out his hand. His other arm was around me. My head was on his shoulder. "There, there, Little Princess in the Tower, don't cry! You knew the Prince would come for you when you needed him."

My father swallowed hard. "You're a gentleman, Sir." He spoke respectfully, as to his superior.

Ranny looked him full in the face. "I love Margot. She's my wife. I'll always love her. I know she's good and pure, but right or wrong, she's mine."

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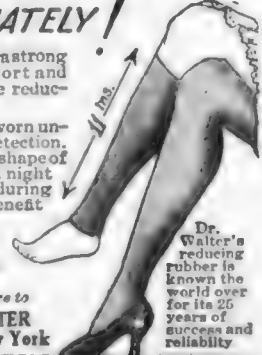
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The China Girl Called Cherry Li

[Continued from page 28]

acquaintance as she had clung to me. I often think that had it not been for this sudden friendship there probably would be no story for me to tell, for because of it I was left to wander about the big room by myself.

As I wandered spellbound, I got to thinking of the man Fu Yung. What was he really like? What were his thoughts, his ideas, his desires? Was there anything revolving back of the mask he presented to the world? When one considered only the inscrutability of his face it seemed possible that he was without emotion. Yet as he spoke to me there was a gentle persuasiveness in his voice that hinted at a compelling personality.

"You like it here, my friend?" he asked softly. "This does not offend you, I see that. Perhaps you will come again, after you have touched the cool hand of my Cherry Li?" He barely whispered the name but Cherry Li appeared mysteriously, as though conjured out of the air. I glanced over Fu Yung's shoulder and caught the troubled look in Beth's eyes. She had half risen as though to come toward me but as I looked at her she sank back on the divan with a gesture of hopelessness.

"MY LITTLE Cherry Li," went on Fu Yung, in the same dull voice. "She is sweet. She is fragrant as the cherry blossom itself."

A little brown hand was held out to me, half shyly, half in friendliness. Only once did her dark-fringed eyelids flutter up. They were lowered almost immediately but there had been a promise, a challenge, a call from somewhere that was too strong to be resisted. Unmindful of Beth and of the impossibility of such a situation I held Cherry Li's hand in my own for a full minute before I let it go. Yes, it was cool and soft and sweet and pleasant, as Fu Yung had promised. I knew then that the strangeness of the Orient had reached out and drawn me in. I knew that whatever the consequences I was under the spell of Cherry Li and would see her again.

Fu Yung moved away and Cherry Li followed close at his heels. The pride of his household, he did not miss an opportunity to capitalize on her charm and she was accordingly introduced to each of the men in turn. Fu Yung seemed to think the women of no importance.

"It will please me to serve the honorable guests with the tea and cakes of my fathers," Fu Yung now said, and in silence we followed him into another heavily scented room. Clapping his hands again to call his servants, he bade us all be seated. My wife had come quickly to my side and now leaned over to whisper, "I hate it, darling. Take me out. I hate it. I'm afraid!"

I patted her hand reassuringly. "We'll all be going in a minute or two," I said. "Try and stick it out. This is only make-believe." But I knew it wasn't.

Fifteen minutes later we were wending our way back through the streets of Chinatown to the place where we had first left the bus. I carried with me the

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diminutive image of Cherry Li as she had stood beside the towering Fu Yung. And I thought again that there had been a message in her eyes meant only for me. With a sickening feeling of inevitableness, I realized that it would not be long before I should again be traversing the streets on which loomed the mansion of Fu Yung.

All the next day I was restless. The spell of Fu Yung and Cherry Li still persisted. I went about with Beth on her vague errands: to buy a gift for her sister Natalie, to visit the brass shops in Allen Street where she was trying to find an antique that refused to be found, then a long session at the hairdresser's while I wandered up and down the street in front, like one in a daze.

As evening drew near an invisible hand reached out and in its path lay Chinatown. I had the actual physical sensation of being drawn somewhere against my will.

All through dinner I was distraught. I wanted to get away, to be by myself, but how? What excuse could I make to Beth that would give me this freedom without arousing her suspicions? Miraculously Beth herself solved my problem.

"Do you care if I run up to Morris Hall tonight and see Emily and Josie?" she asked. "It's ages since we were all together and I'm dying to see them again. They're so busy with classes all day."

"By all means," I agreed, "and I'll take myself to a prize-fight." What luck! What unbelievable luck! Emily and Josie were school friends of Beth's, studying at Columbia University.

As we parted outside the restaurant I had no feeling of guilt. The mysterious summons from Chinatown was still compelling me to do its bidding and I must obey.

Half an hour later I was knocking at Fu Yung's polished teakwood door. Once again two slit-eyes set in a yellow face peered out from the darkness beyond, but instead of the welcome I had expected the door was shut smartly in my face!

I did not at once go away but stood there pondering my next move. I felt relief at what had happened. On the other side of that black door lay something that terrified and fascinated me. It was not physical fear, but the fear of the unknown that gripped me. Just at the end of the street lay safety and beyond that was the sweet wholesomeness of my wife.

MEN speak of Fate and laugh. "Don't blame it on Fate," they say. "It's your own damned fault." Was it my fault that as I was on the point of turning my back on that black door of Fu Yung forever, it suddenly opened and Fu Yung himself was standing there with his inscrutable smile or was it Fate?

He led me this time not into the big room where he had received us the night before, nor yet into the room where his opium smoking guests while away the hours. He took me up a second flight of stairs and we paused before a closed door. Softly he knocked and softly also the door slid back. The room was quite unlike anything I had ever seen. My first impression was that never had I seen so many beautiful flowers. I found later that they were artificial but they were none the less beautiful to look upon.

Fu Yung indicated a chair and in his most mysterious way smiled and said, "May the illustrious visitor find that which he seeks in the house of my fathers." He turned quickly and disap-

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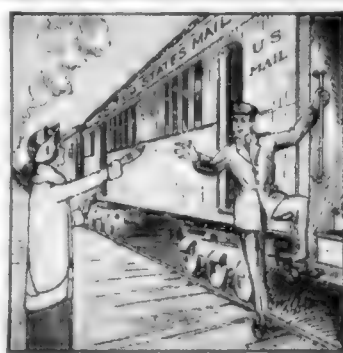
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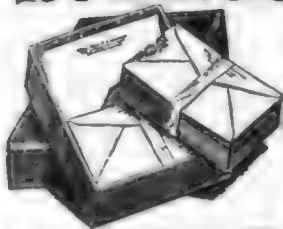
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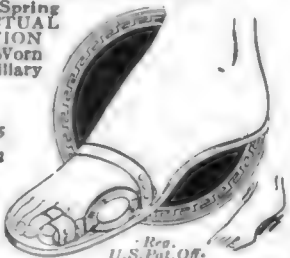
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play an accompaniment while she sang to me of life and love and the wisdom of her ancestors. I think that nowhere in all the world was there a sweeter voice than little Cherry Li's. Into every note she poured forth the beauty of her soul, telling me things that no spoken words could tell. Sometimes she sang the tuneless songs of her own people, but most frequently, because she knew it pleased me most, she sang English translations set to American music. One song comes back to me now as I open the flood gates of memory, the song of the Chinese maiden as she embroiders a scarf for her loved one.

"I have picked out your name in letters of gold

On a tree,

I have stitched it in silk and have prayed it will hold

You to me."

THE weeks lengthened into months until three of them had come and gone. Time had lost all significance for me. Rarely did I note the passing of a day. I lived in a dream world, and they were only beautiful dreams that came to me here in the house of Fu Yung, beautiful like the soft shades of the far off hills in China, constantly changing color, now blue, now gold and then a soft silver. Sometimes Fu Yung himself would come to me when Cherry Li was at her prayers. On the occasions of these visits he would, with his long, slender hands, hands that held me as gently as Cherry Li herself, bathe my hot head with scented water that breathed of lotus blossoms.

Only once under the roof of Fu Yung did anything shock me into full consciousness. Each morning I lay idly watching Cherry Li busy with her toilet. It was some time before she would permit me to watch this ceremony, but once she had lost her shyness she brought her box of cosmetics and flowers to my bedside and made herself beautiful in my presence. A tiny mirror which she propped up before her guided her deft little fingers swiftly and surely.

Then, one day, she was called away by a servant. Leaving her things where they had been she pattered softly to the door. Scarcely realizing what I was doing I found myself looking into the mirror. The face that looked back at me was one I had never before seen! The cheeks were sunken, the hair was thin and lifeless, the shapeless lips were a tight white line. The eyes were set deep and dark and hollow and in them was no sign of recognition, no intelligence.

It was a full minute before it penetrated my befuddled brain that this creature looking back at me was I! The shock of such a discovery temporarily cleared my mind and with a shriek that rang through the dwelling of Fu Yung's fathers I tore the bed covering from me and leaped to the floor.

Instantly Cherry Li came running terrified to my side. The sound of softly pattering feet in other parts of the house added to my confusion. Then the gaunt frame of Fu Yung himself crowded in the doorway and just beyond were other faces, expressionless yellow faces, with slit-eyes.

Quickly as it had come the horror left me. I was too weak from the past drug laden weeks to resist the soft pleading of Cherry Li and the command of Fu Yung that I lie down.

Troubled, she hugged me close to her, trying vainly to stop the terrible trembling that shook me from head to foot, trying



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quite as vainly to understand the torrent of incoherent words that poured from my lips as I implored her, even grovelling at her feet, that she tell me the mirror had lied. When the storm had subsided and I had control of myself once more, I told her in a dull, hopeless voice what the drug had done to me. I pulled her over to the window which I flung wide open that the full glare of the sun might strike me.

"Look, Cherry Li," I said. "See my eyes, my hair, my lips, the lips you love. See what has happened." I held up my hands, emaciated and shaking. "They cannot even hold you to me as they once did. They are weak. They are of no use."

I could not bear to look at them myself and I pulled the window shut and fell to my knees. I am not a religious man, but the attitude of prayer brought an involuntary prayer to my lips. I folded my hands as devoutly as the most holy man and called upon my Maker to help me climb from out this pit of blackness and despair, while the frightened eyes of a bewildered girl looked on.

I date the change in Cherry Li from that morning.

Her spirit was gone. Her eyes no longer smiled. Her voice was dull and listless. She moved slowly and with an effort when she moved from my side at all. Even her songs were different, dirgeful, monotonous, infrequent, and the flowers were gone from her hair. Her morning toilet that had been a happy rite was done before I woke from my dream-laden sleep.

Then one day she raised herself from my side and looked sadly into my eyes.

"What is it, little white flower?" I asked gently, stroking her head. "Why do you look sad?"

"You smoke pipe no more," she announced firmly. "Maybe now it too late. Maybe you no can stop never. But you try. Your Cherry Li help you."

I only half realized the meaning of what she was saying. I smiled and caressed the little birdlike head that poised so daintily above her small shoulders. She took my hand away and pressed it to her lips and then held it tightly in her two little brown ones. Again she repeated slowly what she had just said while I struggled for understanding. If only the dreams would cease, if only for a moment.

"And I go back to the country of my ancestors," she added. "Cherry Li belong there. Rich man wants her. That is good. You get well. You forget this!"

Do you see what I mean when I say that in the yellow body of this child-woman before me there was a soul as white as the driven snow?

WITH no more fervor than usual Cherry Li kissed me a few nights later just before the drug claimed me. There was nothing in her ministrations out of the ordinary and I sank into sleep, peaceful in the belief that she had forgotten her recent decision to leave me. I did not want ever to leave my flower of the night, nor lose the ecstasy she brought me. Even the knowledge that I was a pitiful remnant of the man who had first come to her had ceased to trouble me. I was resigned, completely, to anything and everything.

It was Fu Yung who woke me the next morning. "You leave the mansion of my fathers this morning," he announced firmly but kindly. "Cherry Li has work elsewhere. Back in China a rich nobleman awaits her and she must go. She is

on her way. It is the will of her ancestors."

"But I don't want her to go, Fu Yung," I protested weakly. "I never want her to go. I want Cherry Li always by my side. I want these beautiful dreams always to be mine. Don't send me away!"

I sat up suddenly as the full significance of his words and mine came to me. I passed a trembling, hot hand over my eyes as if to brush away the vision of the yellow man standing before me. I thought I must be dreaming and that when I opened my eyes again Cherry Li would be there with her red lips and her sweet, sad smile.

BUT the image of Fu Yung persisted. And the more determined he was that I should go the more enraged and infuriated I became. With my hands, now grown thin and transparent as the hands of a dead person, I tried to beat down this creature who stood between me and Cherry Li, between me and Paradise, but Fu Yung only stood still and held me in his arms as I rained feeble blows on his chest. At last weakness overcame me and I sank sobbing and gasping and shaking to the floor at Fu Yung's feet.

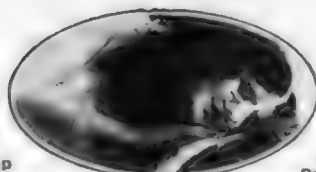
Late that afternoon while I was lost in the deepest sleep his pipes could bring, Fu Yung moved me to the house of his friend, Tom Ling. I awoke in my new surroundings as completely bewildered as a man could be. Everything was strange. Even the scent of the place was unfamiliar. "This," I told myself, "is the first unpleasant dream I have had!" And I shook myself to dispel it. The figure of a man loomed suddenly and noiselessly before me. "Some of Fu Yung's black magic," I laughed uncomfortably. When the figure was joined by another and smaller one I sat up quickly and squinted my eyes in an effort to pierce the dim light.

A strange voice addressed me. "We are your friends," it said. "I am Tom Ling. This (indicating the smaller figure) is my wife. Fu Yung tell us keep you here. He pay. We make you well again."

When I realized that a trick had been played on me I flew into a rage. I raged against the treachery of Fu Yung. I raged against the desertion of Cherry Li. I raged against this good man and woman before me and made as if to crush them with my feeble hands. All the while Tom Ling and his wife stood motionless before me. Even I, half-mad as I was, fell back before such stolidity. I turned to the bed. I ripped the covering from it, tore it with my hands, with my teeth and flung it away as far as I could. I picked up a chair and brought it crashing to the floor. I started for the half open window and then a swift, engulfing blackness stopped me.

I lay, for how many days I do not know, in a condition of utter unconsciousness. I do not remember that even a dream lighted the darkness and when consciousness returned it found me barely alive and without the will or desire to struggle longer. I thought peace had come to me at last but the bitterest struggle that ever a mortal faced still lay ahead of me.

It was Tom Ling and his wife who nursed me back to health and strength. Minutely they carried out the slightest command of Fu Yung who had taken upon himself the responsibility of curing me. Scientifically he measured out each morning the amount of opium I was to have that day, and although there were times when murder ate at my heart Tom Ling would give me no more.



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It was months before I was entirely cured but I still stayed on with those who has nursed me back to life. The physical torture that had wrecked my body for the past months was gone, but the mental torture remained. That I could ever again face the outside world seemed incredible. I dreaded the day when I must turn my back on Chinatown. I could not bear the thought of facing life. And still I lived on!

The day finally came when Fu Yung told me I must leave his friend's house. With maddening insistence he kept affirming my recovery. Every objection I raised was met with patience and decisiveness. I must go. Happiness awaited me out there. My friends who had grieved at my disappearance would be overjoyed to see me once more.

Of Beth, Fu Yung, of course knew nothing, but it was to Beth that I dragged what was left of my miserable self at the end of the day. And it was Fu Yung, the yellow man, who gave me hope and faith and courage as he walked by my side, down that never-to-be-forgotten street of forgotten men. We had to pass his tea house on our way and as we drew nearer I involuntarily glanced at the upper window where Cherry Li had watched for my coming on that fatal night. It seemed to me I saw her tiny, lovely face framed there. Then it vanished.

I GRIPPED Fu Yung fiercely by the arm. "Cherry Li!" I gasped. "She is there!" Still weak from my illness I was trembling from head to foot. If the strength had been mine I would have thrown myself on the shiny black door and beaten it down, but the voice of Fu Yung came gently and softly into the tumult raging in my head.

"No, my friend," he said, a little sadly. "Cherry Li is far away in the land of her people. You will never see her again." And then I realized that what I had thought was Cherry Li was but a trick of my fevered imagination. There was no one in the window. It was only a great, gaping ugly black hole that she would have made beautiful.

At the end of his street Fu Yung left me, just as though he were going to see me the next morning as usual. It was not indifference he felt; he was merely reflecting the attitude of his people toward life, unemotionally and humbly accepting what they believe to be the will of their ancestors. The only indication he gave that this was farewell was an American handshake and, "I must leave you here."

I stood and watched him as his gaunt form swung majestically down the narrow street, and even as he turned in at his own doorway he did not look back. I was but a figure in the past, and to Fu Yung the past was a long time dead.

"Surely this must be another strange dream," I told myself as I went slowly along the street of yellow men. And each step served to convince me that this was so. The streets of Chinatown, as on the night when I first saw them, teemed with humanity but no one paid any attention to me. Nobody noticed that I was thin and that my clothes hung loosely from my shoulders. Nobody noticed that I was white!

The strange notion came to me that perhaps in these past months during which I had assimilated the habits of these yellow people I might also have taken on their physical characteristics. I stopped in front of a store window in the hope that it would reflect the figure before it. I could have cried aloud in my relief when the face that looked back at me was not



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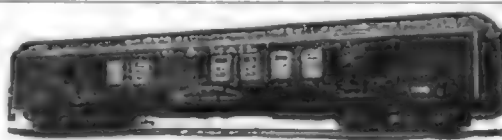
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the face of an Oriental—but my own as I had last remembered it. White!

At Mott Street and the Bowery I hailed a taxicab. At the last moment Fu Yung had thrust a bill into my hand and as I drew it from my pocket now my heart warmed again toward the yellow man with his cold face and his kind nature.

To the taxi driver I gave the address of the hotel where Beth and I had been living temporarily until we could find a small apartment suitable for our needs. It was only the barest possibility that I would find her there now, and less than a possibility that they would know where she was if she had left. I could not make myself think that she had gone back home until she had exhausted every possibility of finding me, or became certain that I no longer lived.

BETH was not at the hotel but had left a forward address, and it was to this address on the east side—that I directed the driver.

He drew up before what was obviously a cheap rooming house. As he drove away and I put my foot on the bottom step that led up to the door whose number corresponded with the one written on the paper clutched tightly in my hand, I offered up a silent prayer to the God I had spurned. If I was about to find love and forgetfulness and forgiveness I would know that my Maker, too, had forgiven me. If Beth's heart turned to stone when she learned that I had been alive all these months when probably she had thought me dead, I could only believe that she was interpreting the will of the Almighty. In this way would I know that I had strained His patience and love too far, and that after all, Beth was only human.

I wonder if I have made Beth stand out in your mind. I wonder if I have made you realize that she is one woman in a thousand, a woman whose faith cannot be shaken in the man she loves? If not, then what I am about to tell you will sound incredible. "She would never do it in real life," you will say. But all that I have told you is "real life." It happened to me, just as other, less strange things have happened to you.

Remember. I did not know what sort of reception awaited me. I did not know to what extremities Beth had gone that would bring her into a house like this. So you may know what a tangle of thoughts passed through my mind in the few minutes it took to reach the door of her room. And then I knocked.

"Come in," it was Beth's voice. Now that the actual moment of our meeting had arrived I was afraid. I couldn't bring myself to turn the knob of the door.

"Come in!" It was Beth's voice again, this time a bit impatient, and then I heard her coming to the door. I felt the rattle of the knob as her hand gripped it. Then there was silence. The door did not open as I had expected and I wondered why. I felt the knob rattle again as she let go. I heard her step back a few paces and I was still more greatly mystified.

Then her voice drifted out to me again, steady and sure and incredibly happy.

"Come in, David," she said, and her voice trembled with eagerness and excitement and wonder. And then, as I crossed the threshold, my arms outstretched like a blind man feeling his way, "I knew it, David. I knew you would come."

Of our reconciliation it is impossible to write. It was too painful, to fraught with emotion and too beautiful to bare to you who, after all, have only a casual interest in our life together. That is something I shall never uncover until the day comes when all our secrets shall be known.

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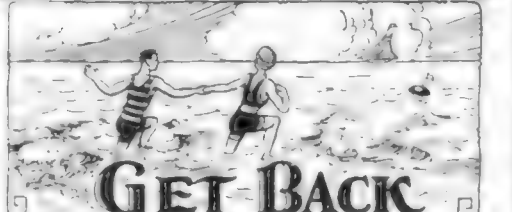
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Only God Himself knows what Beth and I suffered as we clung there in that sordid room under the roof.

I shall never realize the pain and torture I put Beth through, but sometimes when I watch her now, when she forgets that I am about, I get a hint from her face of the things she endured. There is a look there that nothing I can ever do will banish. It is my punishment. With my own selfishness I crucified the soul of the woman who loved me. The marks of the cruel nails are still there.

TWO days later we turned our backs on New York for good. Beth had taken a position immediately after she became convinced the mystery of my disappearance would be long in solving. "It was the only thing to do," she said bravely. "For a while the police department was interested and did what they could to find you. But as time wore on even they lost interest, and then I had to engage private detectives. That cost money and I had to live in the meantime. I was afraid to touch the money in the bank, David, until the time came when I hadn't the strength left to go on, or until I knew for certain that you were dead. It was not knowing whether you were dead or alive that kept up my courage."

We came west to a little town in Michigan where I have been able to start again in business in a small way. In three years I have gone far toward putting the past behind me, as Beth has had to do. I did not explain to her what had happened to me. I simply told her that she must either trust me or there was no possible chance of anything in the future for us. It was the only way. I had hurt her cruelly enough.

This is the first time in three years that I have let my mind dwell longer than a fleeting moment on what occurred in the house of Fu Yung. Occasionally in dreams, the dreams of normal sleep, the vision of little Cherry Li comes before me. And into my day dreams comes, too, the last vision I had of her sad little face peering down into the street from her look-out window. The strange feeling persists, in spite of reason and the assurances of Fu Yung, that it was she and not her image. And then I wonder whether she really went back to China to the rich merchant? Or was that story only a ruse to persuade me to leave Fu Yung's dwelling?

The passing of time has convinced me that Cherry Li made the supreme sacrifice to save me from death and degradation. For this she stifled her love. For this she faced years of emptiness and longing. That is why in my mind Cherry Li stands on her own particular pedestal. Pure and good and honest. This confession is as much as tribute to her courage as it is a warning to other young men blinded by curiosity and ignorant of their own weaknesses.

I am convinced that it was no miracle that disentangled me from the web of Chinatown. It was the sweet sacrifice of a brave woman of an alien race that made it possible, the sacrifice of Cherry Li.

I LEARNED about life while in a mad house. You doubt that? Nevertheless it is true. I who was sane was shut up with insane people but today there is no bitterness in my heart. I lived through that terrible ordeal and now I am free. I Was Shut Up for Six Weeks in a Mad House, is my own story, written under my own name, Maude M. C. Foulkes, for the December SMART SET

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Mother O' Mine

[Continued from page 77]

with a heartiness and an abandon that I, as a child, could not recognize as hysteria.

It was the sound of her laughter, and the fact that, as the outsiders broke in the door, she spoke; that convicted her of murder in the second degree. For, as a burly policeman came toward her, through the flickering light, she looked him squarely in the eye and, without a trace of drunkenness, addressed him.

"He's dead," she said. "dead as a door-nail. And I'm—glad!"

Someone wrapped me, a sobbing baby, in a shawl, and carried me away to a bare, clean place that smelled of soap and I was bathed and put to sleep in a neat, white bed. The next day I was taken to a place in the country where many other children lived, children who wore blue checked pinafores, and little, round toed shoes.

Surely the people at the orphanage where I stayed until I was nearly grown, knew the background from which I had sprung. Surely they knew of the murder trial of my mother—the papers, for a short space were full of it. But never, by word nor by deed, did they make any sign of their knowledge. I was, to them, just like the other children. If there were any difference, at all, in their attitude toward me, it was in the added tenderness that they showed. I never knew, until years later, that my mother was given fifteen years at hard labor. And that never—during her trial—did she ask for me, her only little child.

When I was fifteen I was sent, with some other girls, to a business college. In some way the state had arranged for a scholarship. I liked the routine of the place—I enjoyed the lessons in book-keeping and shorthand. I became proficient in typing. My teachers praised my "neat" work, my accuracy.

At sixteen I had taken my place in the business world, as a stenographer in an impressive law firm. I was one of the tiniest cogs in a great wheel—but I was a part of that wheel! As I walked past the rows of private offices—with the names of officials upon them in gold leafed letters—I made up my mind that, one day, I would occupy such an office. I told myself that I would succeed.

I did! At eighteen I had taken a place in the luxurious reception hall, and my work was praised by the powers that be. At twenty I was a confidential secretary—the youngest in the firm. Before I was twenty-five I had made my dream come true. I sat in a private office and my name was printed in gold leaf letters on the plate glass of the door.

I WAS quite satisfied with the way in which I lived. I had a pleasant room in a pleasant hotel given over to business women. I ate my meals in the restaurant of the hotel—solitary, of course, but happy in the daintiness of the service and the wholesome food. I studied, of an evening—I had plans that would carry me far. Plans, that, one day, might place me well forward in the ranks of those women who had arrived. Oh, I was quite satisfied—with my work and with my life and with myself—until Roddy came.

I shall call him Roddy, to you. Roderick was his Christian name—a name from the pages of a blue and gold book! His last name I shall not tell, for that would be unfair. He was, perhaps, thirty when he came to our law firm as a junior part-

ner. He had all those attributes that I most admired—he was straight and tall and clean of limb. He had poise and carriage and clear eyes. And—most of all—he had family. He was family.

Because he got into the habit of asking questions of me when he was puzzled, we were thrown much together. It was only a short while until I lunched with him, and dined with him. I went to the theater with him. And, sometimes, of a Sunday, we took a picnic luncheon into the country—for he had a smart little car that transported us, magic carpet wise—into the far places. It was on one of these Sunday jaunts that he first spoke to me of myself.

"Mary," he said to me, "Mary, you're a solitary small person. So efficient and so sure of yourself, and yet—so utterly alone. Haven't you any people?"

I answered quite truthfully, or so I thought:

"I'm quite alone, Roddy, but don't be sorry for me! I've always been alone, ever since I was a little kiddie!"

"Well," Roddy said, smiling, "you don't need a family, Mary—as some girls might. You have a wonderful air of completeness about you, and of assurance. One would know that the right sort of blood ran through your veins. Class; it shows."

There was silence for a moment, as I stared at the road ahead. I was thinking of the blood—the right sort of blood—that I possessed; of a tenement room; of a man, snoring in a drunken stupor; of a frowsy woman, bending above a frying pan.

But I didn't tell Roddy. Why should I? Hadn't I dragged myself away from that room, through the measured, lonely hours of an orphan asylum, through the hard work of a business college and the grind of a job to be met and conquered!

I looked at Roddy, from out of the corner of my eyes. He had been born to the purple—oh, I knew. I had heard the senior partner speak of his connections. I had seen photographs of a white columned manor house in Virginia. I had seen a reproduction of Sargent's portrait of his mother, which hung above the fireplace in the drawing-room of that manor house. But, looking at him, I did not feel any sense of inferiority. He wore his clothes well, but I also wore mine well. He talked well—but I, too, expressed myself with ease and a certain charm.

Would any of you blame me for not telling Roddy, then? I think not!

And so it went on. The friendship grew. It ripened—oh, miraculously—into love. I don't think Roddy realized it as soon as I did, for all he began to take an interest in small houses and furniture shops, but I knew, of a certainty, one day when his hand happened to touch mine. We were going over some papers. A matter, as I remember it, involving a will. From the time his hand rested on mine, even though it was a chance contact, I forgot what was going on around me, for my heart was singing, and my brain was in a whirl. I suppose Eve felt so, in the garden, when she saw Adam coming toward her through the flowering trees. The—the mate feeling.

I knew then, but the knowledge was slow in coming to Roddy. It wasn't until—later. Weeks later. And then—

He had invited me to go with him to dinner, and the theater. I had hurried home, rather early, from the office, somehow wanting to look my best upon this



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evening. I had a sense, you see, of something about to happen—that sense that women are wont to call intuition! I told myself that Roddy was about to speak of the love that I knew was in his heart. For, of late, it had been looking at me out of his clear eyes.

I wore my prettiest dress and hat. They had been made for me by a French woman who lived in my hotel. They were becoming—of a dull, gray blue. I am small and blonde, and the gray blue found an answering color in my eyes. I didn't need rouge—that night. My lips and cheeks were red with excitement, and with something else!

We went to dinner. We didn't talk much—just looked at each other, across the table, and smiled, and smiled. I have no memory, today, of what I ate. It was only when we were lingering over our coffee that I asked a question. A trivial enough question it seemed, too.

"RODDY," I said, "it's rather stupid of me—but I haven't asked what play we're going to see. Not that," I laughed, and there was joy in my laughter, "not that it matters!"

Roddy's very voice was an echo of my mirth.

"Why," he said, "we're going to that play that everybody's been talking about this winter. I had a dickens of a time getting seats. It's way down on the East Side—in the slums, really. One of those new, sort of arty theaters."

For a moment, just a moment, I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I had not entered the twisted streets of the city's slum since that night, twenty years before, when a policeman had carried me away. I hated the whole section. But—I could not explain to Roddy. I could not even ask him to change the tickets for something else.

We went to the theater in a taxi. It was easy to shut my eyes and ears to the bustle of the narrow streets through which we passed—easy while Roddy's arm held me close; while my head rested against his broad shoulder. All through the play in the cunning little theater—and it was a good play—we held hands. Like a couple of children, newly awakened from an age old sleep. Some of the words of the play escaped me—drowned out by the rising wonder in my soul. A wonder that the pressure of Roddy's fingers, holding my own, made very real.

I left the theater in a mist of emotions. I think that Roddy felt just as I did. Excited, strangely stimulated, amazed!

"We'll stroll along, Mary," he said, "until we come to an avenue. And then we'll catch us a taxi. You don't mind, do you—?"

Of course I minded, but I couldn't say so. It would have been quite useless to try to explain. But it was acute agony, for me, that walk through the streets of the city's dingiest slum. I shuddered, all at once, as a white cheeked, wide eyed child looked up at me from a sluggish gutter where she—who should have been in bed, for hours—was playing with a paper boat. Roddy felt the shudder—my body was close to his—for he spoke solicitously.

"Cold, dear?" he asked. He didn't know that the pale child had made me think—of another child.

We had just rounded a corner from a wee alley into a wide, rather brightly lighted street, when I saw her. So close that I could have touched her with my hand. A woman, in an utterly dirty dress. A woman with the marks of suffering upon her face—and the marks, also, of dissipation. A woman in a ragged coat, with

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a black bonnet set awry upon a disheveled mass of hair turned prematurely white—hair that, had it been well cared for, might have seemed magnificent. A woman followed by a group of yelling ragamuffins who taunted her, who jeered at her. A woman with a foot which dragged uselessly after her, as if, years before, a bone had been broken and improperly set.

My hand—clasped down suddenly, above my mouth—stilled the scream that had risen to my lips. It—it could not be! Why, she had passed out of my life two decades ago. To me—she was dead. My only memories of her were hideous ones. And yet—even as the thoughts raced through my mind—my body was swaying away from Roddy's side. Toward her—toward the past—

You wonder how I knew her—I who had not even allowed myself to think of her for years? It is hard to tell you how I did know. Only, as I looked at that disreputable, piteous figure I saw a body lying upon a littered floor, a chair held upright in strong arms—I saw a crumpled, useless leg, bent under the body. And I saw a dark, ogre-like creature towering mountain high above that prone figure. Oh, I knew instinctively—but surely, even before I heard the woman speak.

For speak she did as she whirled suddenly—and with a flash of the old fire—upon her tormentors.

"Make fun o' th' way I walk," she screamed—"make fun o' my leg, will yer? Well, I got it fightin'—which is more 'n any of you would dare to do! Make fun o' me—y' brats! Why I killed th' man 'at gimme this leg! I—"

The ragamuffins, awed by her words, her vehemence, had fallen away. But I

stood in my place, rooted to the ground with horror. And, standing there, felt Roddy's hand upon my arm.

"Come away, dearest," he said, softly. "don't listen to that woman! She's saying things that I don't want the girl who will be my wife to hear—"

He had spoken. Roddy! He cared. And, oh, I wanted to listen. To go with him—into the world of light and music and laughter and happiness. The world that I had earned. I owed this woman nothing. She was only my mother through an accident of birth—she scarcely remembered, now, the fact of my existence! She had given me nothing but life—a gift that she had never made anything but ugly. I owed her nothing. And yet—

Oh, somehow, I could not leave her alone and broken, in the streets. I could not do it. Even though I almost hated her!

I broke away from Roddy's detaining hand. I spoke, I'm afraid, with an undercurrent of hysteria in my even voice.

"But I must go to her—" I said, simply, just like that.

Roddy was staring at me. So was the woman who was still standing—drooping with fatigue—where her tormentors had left her.

And then Roddy spoke—

"Why, in God's name—" he asked.

I answered. And, as I did, I saw in imagination the portrait of a beautiful woman, hanging above the fireplace.

I answered:

"Because, she is my mother."

I was conscious, as I walked toward the woman, that Roddy's hands were outflung, toward me. But I was also conscious (for this is a true story—not a pretty piece of fiction) that he didn't try to follow.

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Little Spitfire

[Continued from page 53]

the point—she had also just as much right to get drunk, but she had more to lose, in either case—her beauty, her daintiness, her delicate health. He said she was like an exquisite flower, and smoking did not fit. I told him that he was old-fashioned and narrow-minded.

The argument excited me. My poor, wild nerves could not stand the strain. Suddenly I lost control of myself and I jumped to my feet, something like the way I used to fly at my brother, and I almost screamed, "I won't be bossed. You can't talk to me like that. I'll do as I please, and I won't be bossed."

"Please don't," he said, as he got to his feet. "It's only your starved nerves."

But I went on storming at him. He saw it was no use to talk, and he reached for his hat. "I'm sorry," he said, "but we can't get on if you take things like this."

"All right, you can go," I said, through my tears. "I never want to see you again."

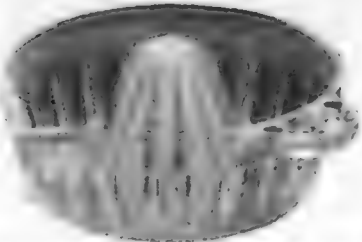
And so, he was gone. When I went upstairs, I saw Dr. Harvey's book, about foods, on my dresser. I threw it down on the floor with a slam, and it went skidding under the bed. Then I cried. I thought a lot of Don, and now everything was over. I was partly ashamed and partly sorry for myself. But I thought that it was only my nerves, and that he should overlook it

because I didn't mean it and he knew it. "Of course, you didn't mean it," said Mother later, when I told the family about it.

"Well, if you didn't mean it," said Courtney, "you had better tell him so, and apologize decently." I thought I couldn't do that, but she rubbed it in. "Pearl doesn't need to think, just because she's nervous, that everybody has got to get out of her way. Other people don't have to stand for it." And that started another argument.

I took a magazine to bed with me that night (another of my bad habits) and adjusted the reading lamp alongside. I opened up to a toothbrush advertisement, and I recalled what Dr. Harvey had said. "Use it for cleanliness, but it won't save you. Building material for sound teeth can only come from food." Was that the truth? Was that really what was wrong with me? Then, all of a sudden, I seemed to know that it was true. It was like a person getting religion, I suppose. I knew that here was the secret of all my trouble. These nervous, hysterical outbursts were "starved nerves," as Don had said. Of course it was true.

I laid the magazine aside and crawled under the bed to get Dr. Harvey's book. I took everything I read as personal. I went back over my childhood—my sweets—



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and-candy childhood, my fussiness about foods, my whims, and my indulgent mother humoring me. Poor Mother! She had been ignorant of the truth. She had served plenty of good food, but I would not eat it, and not realizing its importance, she had never taken a strong hand with me. Father always said she spoiled me. He had been right.

I THOUGHT of these things as I read the book, and I read until I went to sleep over it. I took the book with me to the office the next day. I lived with it. I learned of the need of lime and iron and phosphorus and other organic minerals. I read about vitamins. I learned that vitamins B and C had a lot to do with appetite—that the absence of these had a lot to do with lack of appetite, and of course I had always deprived myself of these, that is, the foods containing them. I learned that the white bread I ate was deficient, but that the whole wheat bread and the bran were rich in vitamin B, which was called the "antineuritic vitamin." I read of repeated epidemics of beriberi (an inflammatory nerve disease) in Newfoundland some fifteen years ago, on a diet of white bread, molasses, tea and fish, that were cured when they supplied whole wheat bread instead of white, showing that there is something in the bran of the wheat that the nerves need. This was quoted from United States Government bulletins. And that was partly what my poor, starved nerves needed.

When I saw Dr. Harvey again a day or two later I confessed the whole story of my preverse food habits. He had said—"not the sweet stuff." I asked him what to do about that.

"I have an idea," he said. "It's radical, but it might work. It cured me of ice cream."

"How was that?" I asked.

"When I was a boy I was crazy about ice cream and my idea of Heaven was to have all the ice cream I wanted. So one day Mother gave me a dollar and told me to go down to the ice cream parlor and eat one dish after another until I had my wish come true. That cured me. I can eat it now, but it's about the last thing I would ask for."

"Do you mean I should do that with sweets?"

"It's just an idea. Buy a two pound box of candy on your way home. And then eat nothing but sweets at the table. Lots of sugar on everything, even in your milk. Then when you are thoroughly sick from it, just try some nice carrots or string beans or some of these other things you think you don't like."

I tried it. At the third meal I didn't want anything at all. I took some marmalade on crackers, and couldn't eat it. By this time I had a terrific headache and was all upset. I was weak. I drank some hot water. And then Mother insisted that I eat something sensible. There was some bean soup. Plebian bean soup was about the last thing I would want ordinarily, but nothing in my young life had ever tasted better.

That was really the beginning of the change. I found out how good these wholesome foods were. I learned to like whole wheat bread. Dr. Harvey especially advised that I let myself get good and hungry—half starved. "If you can't feel like that three times a day," he said, "then eat twice a day, so that you will be hungry enough to learn to like these foods that are good for you. Walk home from your work, to get an appetite."

Mother got an extra quart of milk, just for me, and I made it my business to finish it, even if I had to drink up the end at night before I went to bed. I stirred the

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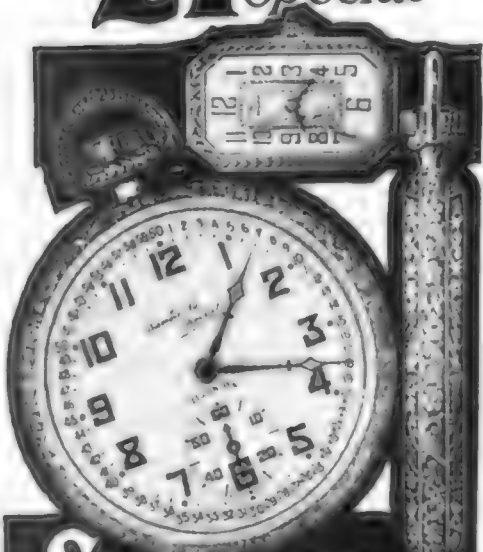
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cream up in it. Milk contains vitamins A and B, but it is also rich in mineral salts, especially lime. I learned that milk contains more lime than a saturated solution of lime water. I needed that lime for my teeth. Lime is needed for the nerves that control the heartbeat, to make the blood coagulate if one gets a cut, for bone growth and for many other things, I learned.

I DID not notice much difference the first week, except that I was not so tired. By the end of the month I had gained six pounds, a lot of strength, and I was quite free from headaches. I was happier and my work seemed easier. I learned to laugh at things that I once resented. I was getting over being so "touchy," because I no longer was afflicted with underfed nerves. I did not jump at sudden sounds, and had no more twitching of the face.

I had more friends, and I found now that my sister was a wonderful girl, and that she thought a lot of me. Then my brother came home from the navy on a visit. I was upstairs when he greeted Mother and Courtney.

"And where's little Spitfire?" I heard him ask.

"Oh, she's gone," said Courtney. "We've got a new Pearl in the house—you wouldn't know her. She eats carrots and tomatoes and everything."

He was surprised when he saw me. "Gosh, who's this? I hear that the wild cat has got to be a nice little tame pussy."

"Oh yes, and drinks milk out of a saucer," I said, laughing, "though I guess I still have a temper."

"Only it's getting weak," said Mother, "because she doesn't use it so much."

There was one other result that surprised me. Six months later there was a little filling job on my teeth. Dr. Harvey had gone to England, about a legacy or something, and so I went back to my early tormentor, the dentist who tended to my teeth for so many years.

"Say, what's been happening to your teeth, anyway?" he asked.

"What's the matter with them?" I said, wondering.

"Why, they're as hard as granite. I remember they used to be so chalky and crumbling I hardly dared to use tools on them."

"It's whole wheat bread—and real food," I said. "I've learned something."

But what did I do, finally, about Don who after all was responsible for the change in me? It was a few days after our last meeting that I had received his letter. I did not open it until I got to my room. It showed that he had some pride on his own account, but also that he had plenty of love for me.

"My Poor Dear Pearly Girlie:

"I cannot tell you how I feel about parting the way we did. I surely did not mean what I said the way you took it. I only want to help you.

"The more I think about it the more I know that you are not yourself. But on the other hand, we really cannot get on unless you are ready to see that there must be a cause for your poor health, your headaches and toothaches and nerves. I think I know the cause, but so long as you are so sensitive that one cannot even talk about it, I don't see what I can do. Apparent-

ly, even my solicitude for your welfare is unwelcome. If I am only a source of annoyance, then the best thing I can do is to stay away. If you want me, ever, you need only to say come. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, my poor Pearly Girlie, but I'll not inflict myself upon you if I'm not wanted. Don."

I read it with swimming eyes, and my first impulse was to sit down and tell him to come back, but then I stiffened. If he was proud, so was I. He seemed to put the blame on me,—where it belonged. I hesitated. He was somewhat unyielding. It was my move next, he thought. He wanted me to ask him to come. Never!

Just the same, I knew that he loved me, and I loved him. Would I humble myself by making an apology? Did I want him that much? Then I thought it was not quite a case of humbling myself—it was a matter of playing fair. As Courtney said, if I owed him an apology, I should make it. Ah, and then he would come and—we would have another scene! Then he would never, never come again. Could I trust myself? I sat down and wrote a note stating that I was unworthy of his interest in me, but I tore it up.

I REALLY had Don in mind all the time. I had the feeling that I was doing things for him. That made it easier even when I walked in stormy weather for the exercise. I was lonely for him, but I had the consolation that at least now he would approve of what I was doing, my struggle to get back what I had lost for so many years. As the weeks went by I began to feel that not only would he approve, but he would help me—now that I would no longer stand against his desire to help me. By this time I was thoroughly ashamed of the way I had treated him. Oh, I wanted my Don. Now that I was gaining, I could not be wholly satisfied with my improvement unless he knew about it. All of a sudden the impulse was irresistible, and I wrote:

"Dear Don:

"It is two months since I got your letter. By this time you may no longer want to hear from me, but I am writing because I owe it to you.

"I am taming my wild nerves. If what you eat makes you what you are, then certainly I ought to be a very different girl when you see me again, if you do. Anyway, there is more of me than there was before, at least eleven pounds more. You may be interested to know that.

"Thank you for the nice things you said in your letter—also for the other truthful things. There is need for honesty and sincerity. I am trying to cultivate a little of it, and so, I apologize.

"That's my real purpose in writing. I am still not asking you to come, understand. Neither should beg the other, but you may come—if you wish to. PEARL."

You can almost figure out the rest of my story for yourself. There are perhaps two questions still lingering in your mind, about it. I can answer those questions with a couple of words for each.

He did. And—
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IS THERE anything in life bigger and finer than love? I thought there was. I thought my art greater than love—but that was before I knew, that was during the time when I was The Girl Who Was Afraid of Love. Later I learned how to look for the beautiful in life and I learned, also— But read my honest story in

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I Lived a Lie

[Continued from page 20]

Bert. Beyond that, we were merely going for a drive, and certainly that was innocent enough.

Bert was rather good-looking, tall, and blond with bright blue eyes that never seemed still for an instant, and a lot of pep. Some of the girls of our crowd, who were older than I was, knew him very well and said he was a regular devil, but he was very nice to me, during our drive. He kept telling me how I had improved in the past year, while he was away at college, how good-looking I was, what a corking figure I had, things which any girl loves to hear.

When he asked me where my bathing suit was, and I told him in my hand bag, he laughed, and seemed to think it an awfully good joke. He wanted to know what Dad had been so grouchy about the day before, and when I told him he laughed some more, and said father wasn't keeping abreast of the times, that girls nowadays had not only found out they had legs, but were proud of them.

It was half past three when we got to the beach, and a few minutes later we were in the water. I think it surprised him, to find out I was as good a swimmer as he was. Anyway we had a fine time, racing one another, diving, lying about on the warm sand. He made a lot of the usual remarks, asking where I had been all his life, pretending to be crazy about me, and promising to be my sheik if I'd be his Sheba.

Underneath it all I couldn't help seeing he liked me a lot, and I liked him, liked his bright, quick eyes, and the breadth of his shoulders. There was something vital about him. I felt it whenever he took my hand, or leaned his bare shoulder against mine. I suppose he did it purposely, but I didn't mind. There is something about the water, the hot sand of a beach, that makes most people pagans, I think. At least it always has me.

ABOUT five o'clock, when we were ready to get dressed, Bert said that instead of having dinner at the beach, we would drive to a place I knew called the Rendezvous, where they had a wonderful jazz-band. I'd once heard my brother telling some of his friends about a party he'd thrown there, and I'd seen an account in the papers, not long before, of a raid in which a number of people had been arrested, so I said we'd better go somewhere else. When Bert found out why I said that he began to kid me for being a poor sport, said the place was all right, and that was where we were going. So we did.

I must say there wasn't anything very exciting about it while we were there, just a lot of people eating dinner, dancing and drinking. Bert said they didn't sell anything, except by the bottle, but he had some gin, in a large flask. I took some of it, with ginger ale. It tasted very good and gave me a big appetite for dinner, and made dancing seem a lot more fun. Bert, I soon found, was as good a dancer as he was a swimmer and we got along fine.

It was about half past nine when a rather noisy party came in, two very sporty looking girls with two men. One of the men was my brother Tom, who is three years older than I am. I didn't want him to see me. He would have been furious. Tom is like father; he



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thinks it's all right for him to play around as much as he pleases, but terrible, for me to do it. I was afraid he would tell father, and get me into a mess. I spoke to Bert about it, and as soon as Tom and his crowd had gone in to dance, we left.

Bert seemed rather put out at having our evening over so early. It was going on ten o'clock then, and we had an hour's drive ahead of us, so I told him it was time to start anyhow, that I couldn't stay out very late.

"What do you call late?" he grumbled as we got in the car.

"It will be eleven when we get home," I told him.

He laughed at that.

"Anyone might think you were a babe in arms," he said. "What's eleven o'clock, especially on a Saturday night?"

"I'm not as old as you are," I laughed, "and Dad would be furious if he knew I'd been out at all, especially at a place like the Rendezvous. But we can sit on the porch for a while when we get home. The family doesn't usually leave the club before twelve."

THE very first thing he did, when he dropped into the porch swing alongside me, was to gather me up in his arms and give me a long kiss. I was breathless, of course. I had never been kissed like that before and it was the biggest thrill of my life then. I don't know how long he held me that way. The blood was pounding in my brain so I could hardly think. I was limp, gasping for breath, yet in spite of all that, I was both glad and sorry when Bert raised his head for an instant and broke the spell, for even with all my thrills I had begun to feel terribly afraid.

He took a long breath and tried to kiss me again. I knew the only thing to do was to get up, so I struggled to my feet, pushing hard against his shoulders when he tried to pull me back into the swing.

"That'll be all, right now," I laughed. "Don't get rough."

"Aw, sit down, can't you," he whispered. "What are you afraid of?"

"I can't sit down when you act like that," I said.

"Like what? I only kissed you."

"You know," I told him, and my voice was trembling. "You mustn't kiss me that way."

I ran around behind the swing, where he could not reach me.

"You're silly," he whispered. "Petting's all right. Everybody does. Come on back, won't you?" But I wouldn't.

"It's getting late," I said. "You'd better go."

He didn't like that, and took hold of one of my hands and squeezed it till tears came into my eyes.

"Don't do that," I cried. "You hurt me."

He got up, then, and looked at his watch. It must have taken us longer to drive back than I thought, because it was twenty minutes to twelve.

"That isn't late," he said.

"Maybe not for you," I told him, "but it is for me. I don't want mother and Dad to come home and find you here. They'd raise the roof. Run along now. When they come, I've got to be in bed."

I was, too. As a matter of fact, it was after one when they arrived, but I wasn't asleep. I didn't go to sleep for hours. While I had felt angry with Bert, when he hurt my hand, I found that I didn't feel a bit angry with him now, and almost wished I hadn't sent him away

so soon. Women are like that. When they run away, they hope they are going to be pursued.

I woke up the next morning, too late to go to church. Mother and Dad had gone, of course. Not that they were particularly religious, but there was a little crowd of married people that always met at each other's houses on Sundays after church, for a round of cocktails. So I didn't see either mother or Dad until dinner time, two o'clock.

I thought about Bert a good deal during the afternoon but there wasn't a chance to get away, for some of the girls came in and stuck around till tea time, playing the piano, and talking. I asked Frances Gaynor if she knew Bert and she laughed in the funniest way.

"The boy thinks he's a sheik," she said. "I don't care for his strong arm methods, myself. Anybody who kisses me has got to do it artistically."

"You must have tried him out," I said.

"I have. Over at the club the other night. When he began mauling me I slapped his face. His work's too crude, for me. I like my petting done by experts."

I didn't say anything, and put Frances' remarks down to peevishness because he hadn't given her more of a rush.

It was Tuesday afternoon before I saw him again, and then I met him on the street. I kept expecting him to call up, and when he didn't, being a little fool, I spent a lot of time walking about, hoping I'd run into him. Finally I did; he was just coming out of the drug store. He walked home with me, and we stopped out front for a while and talked. I had on a new linen dress mother had given me for my birthday—simple, but very smart—and I saw that Bert was impressed. He wanted to know when he was going to see me again, and suggested taking me to town that night for a movie. I said I'd go, but I told him not to come to the house, because of the feeling Dad had against him.

Mother had seen me talking to Bert, and spoke of it when I went in. He had a bad reputation, she said. He drank a lot, and was pretty wild.

I said that all the boys drank, nowadays, and that I didn't think he was any worse than Tom. Mother thinks anything Tom does is all right. I couldn't help remembering the women I'd seen him with at the Rendezvous that night, and I couldn't help thinking, too, how I'd seen Dad, at times, when he'd been out on a party. I guess parents think that their children don't notice what's going on, but believe me, they do. So when Mother began to jump on Bert for drinking, or going about with girls, I couldn't see why she should be so critical of him, and let Tom get away with murder.

"YOUR brother may drink a little, at times," she said, "and I'm very sorry for it, but he's a good boy, for all that, and I don't think Bert is."

Now it's a funny thing, but as soon as a girl's parents begin to knock a boy it only makes him more interesting. I suppose if mother had told me Bert was a splendid young man, and encouraged me to go with him, I'd have lost interest, but as soon as she made him out a dangerous character, somebody I shouldn't go with, why of course that was the very thing I wanted to do. It seemed a lot more romantic to have to meet him secretly, than it would have if he had just called for me in the ordinary way. We all like a

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little spice of mystery, of danger, of doing the things we shouldn't. It annoyed me to think how unjust mother was, condemning Bert, but saying Tom was perfect. When dinner was over, I said I was going around to see one of the girls, and instead, rushed off to meet Bert at a dark corner near the High-school, where nobody was likely to be at that time of night.

I'm not defending my actions, so far as Bert is concerned. I was a fool, but it was my first romance, and being only sixteen, I hadn't had enough experience to know the difference between love, and just thrills. I thought I did, of course. All the girls in our crowd thought so. We'd read all sorts of stories, and seen all sorts of movies, and done a little petting on our own account, and to hear us talk, you might have thought there wasn't an experience in life we didn't know all about.

WHEN we were sitting in the movie house that night Bert held my hand and on the way home in the car he kissed me. He kept on, telling me how much he loved me, but he didn't say, he wanted to marry me. Of course he didn't. Bert wasn't the marrying kind.

Before we got home he told me about a friend of his, a man in town, who was giving a little party down at his place on the shore Saturday night, and he wanted to know if I'd come along. We could be home by twelve o'clock, he said, or half-past at the latest. I said I would see what I could do and let him know.

Of course I was eager to go. Bert said there would be three or four couples in the party, friends of his, with their girls, and that we would have some swimming in the afternoon, and a shore dinner and dancing at night. I knew that I could get away just as I had the week before, by pretending I was going to spend the evening with one of the girls, but there was always the danger that mother might get one of her headaches and not go to the club, or that Tom might be around, or that the girl I was supposed to be with might make some break. So I put off giving Bert an answer until I could think things over.

As luck would have it, I didn't have to do much thinking. Mother and Dad had an invitation, the very next morning, to drive down to Atlantic City and stay with some friends over the week-end. Tom was to go along, because he was rather sweet on one of the girls in the family, and mother was secretly hoping he'd marry her. So they said I'd have to keep house while they were away.

Saturday afternoon a little after two Mother and Dad and Tom drove off, and ten minutes later I was in Bert's car headed for the shore.

It took us over an hour to drive down, and when we got there the others had already arrived, and were in the water. The house was a little bungalow affair, with a living room in front and a couple of bedrooms opening off it. In the rear there was a kitchen, where Bert said we girls would have to cook dinner. One of the bedrooms had been set aside for the girls to dress in, and the other for the men. Bert showed me where to go.

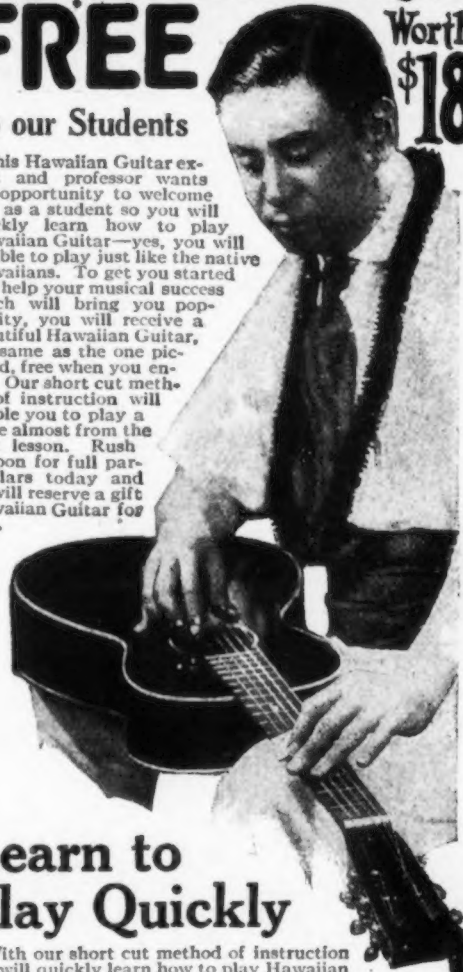
I found a lot of shoes and stockings and clothes tossed about on chairs, and the bed, so I put mine in the closet. Just as I was getting into my bathing suit Bert called to ask me if I was ready and in a couple of minutes I joined him in the living room. Before we started, however, Bert insisted on kissing me.

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There were some trees and bushes in front of the house, and a path that went down to the water, ending in a little pier. The others in the party were sitting on the wharf, or diving from the springboard at the end of it.

When I came down with Bert he introduced me. The three girls were all very young, not over eighteen or nineteen, any of them, and I heard afterwards that two of them were stenographers, who worked in town, and one was the daughter of a man who kept a garage in Newark. They seemed lively and full of fun, although one of the stenographers was rather hard and swore more than any woman I had ever met.

The men were young fellows like Bert, and were out for a gay time. We played around, diving and swimming and cutting up, until after five, and then one of the boys said it was time to begin thinking about dinner. We went up to the house, and the girls began to unpack the hamper with the food in it.

There were four big sirloin steaks we had to cook on the kerosene stove in the kitchen, a box of potato chips to be heated, and lettuce and tomatoes for salad. While we were fixing the steaks the boys set the table in the living room, and make cocktails in the biggest shaker I have ever seen. It must have held half a gallon, at least. All the time we were cooking, they kept bringing cocktails out to us. I drank two, maybe three.

BY HALF past six we had dinner ready, and I was mighty glad of it, for I was afraid if Bert and the others drank any more cocktails the party would be over then and there. They were all gay and lively, and hungry, too, and the steaks were very good.

We sat around, after dinner, smoking and talking until dark, still in our bathing suits. I smoked, too.

About nine o'clock one of the boys got the radio started and we danced. It was terribly hot. I had never danced in a bathing suit before, but nobody seemed to think anything about it. The girl from Newark wound a thin silk scarf around her body. She said she was the Queen of Sheba, and as it was so hot, she was going to have another dip, to cool off. Then she ran down to the pier and jumped in. We could see her clearly enough, because the moon had come up.

The man who was with her followed and I could see the two of them swimming about in the moonlight. It wasn't a minute before the others ran down after them, all except Bert and me.

He looked at me in the queerest sort of a way.

"Aren't you game?" he said.

I shook my head.

"No," I told him. "I don't feel like going in again. I'd be afraid, after eating so much dinner."

The others were calling to us to join them. Bert went down and spoke to them. I don't know what he said. I could see one man and a girl in the rowboat, and another pair in the launch. The third couple had disappeared.

When Bert came back he just swept me into his arms and began to kiss me, more savagely than he ever had before.

(To Be Continued)

I was playing with fire, of course, but I was awfully young—and I didn't know. That isn't an excuse, I know, but when you read my story in December SMART SET you will understand—as I understand now.